

MILTON'S
POEMS,

&c.

VOL. I.



NOTICE

TO THE

MEMBERS

OF THE

ASSOCIATION

11





*Three Poets in three distant Ages born,
Greece Italy and England did adorn.
The first in lofsiness of thought surpass'd;
The next in majesty; in both the last:
The force of nature could no further goe,
To make a third she join'd the former two.*

Dryden.

THE *Galg V. f.*
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN MILTON:

V O L. I. *K*

CONTAINING,
PARADISE LOST.

WITH MR. ADDISON'S NOTES;

And a new set of handsom cuts.



L O N D O N,
PRINTED IN THE YEAR
M. DCC. XXXI.

29

THE

POLITICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN MILTON:

VOL. I.

CONTAINING,

PARADISE LOST.



LONDON:

PRINTED IN THE YEAR

MDCCLXXI.







PARADISE LOST.

B O O K I.

THE ARGUMENT.

This first book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject; man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was plac'd. Then touches the prime cause of his fall, the serpent, or rather Satan in the serpent; who revolting from GOD, and drawing to his side many legions of Angels, was by the command of GOD driven out of heaven with all his crew into the great deep. Which action pass'd over, the Poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his Angels now fallen into hell, describ'd here, not in the centre (for heaven and earth may be suppos'd as yet not made, certainly not yet accus'd) but in a place of utter darkness, filiest call'd Chaos: Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning lake, thunderstruck and astonish'd, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him: they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay 'till then in the same manner confounded: they rise; their numbers, array of battel, their chief leaders nam'd, according to the Idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope of yet regaining heaven, but tells them lastly of a new world and a new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report

A

in

in heaven: for that Angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandæmonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the deep: the infernal Peers there sit in council.



F Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world & all our woe,
With loss of EDEN, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat, 5
Sing heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top
Of OREB, or of SINAI, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the heav'ns and earth
Rose out of CHAOS: Or if SION hill 10
Delight thee more, and SILOA's brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of GOD; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above th'AONIAN mount, while it pursues 15
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

And chiefly thou, O SPIRIT, that dost prefer
Before all temples th'upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st: thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings out-spread, 20
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence, 25
And justify the ways of GOD to men.

Say first, for heav'n hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of hell, say first what cause
Mov'd

Mov'd our grand Parents, in that happy state,
Favour'd of heav'n so highly, to fall off 30
From their creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?
Th' infernal serpent! he it was, whose guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd 35
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from heav'n, with all his host
Of rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring
To set himself in glory above his Peers,
He trusted to have equall'd the Most High, 40
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim,
Against the throne and monarchy of God
Rais'd impious war in heav'n, and battel proud,
With vain attempt. Him the almighty power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky, 45
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamant chains and penal fire,
Who durst defie th' Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night 50
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded though immortal: but his doom
Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain 55
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay,
Mix'd with obdurate pride and stedfast hate:
At once, as far as angels ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild: 60
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
As one great furnace flam'd, yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible,
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe;
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace 65
And rest can never dwell; hope never comes

That comes to all; but torture without end
 Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
 With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd:
 Such place eternal justice had prepar'd 70
 For those rebellious; here their prison ordain'd,
 In utter darkness, and their portion set
 As far remov'd from God and light of heav'n,
 As from the centre thrice to th' utmost Pole.
 O how unlike the place from whence they fell! 75
 There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
 With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
 He soon discerns; and wett'ring by his side
 One next himself in pow'r, and next in crime
 Long after known in PALESTINE, and nam'd 80
 BEELZEBUB: To whom th' arch-enemy,
 And thence in heav'n call'd SATAN, with bold words
 Breaking the horrid silence thus began.

If thou beest He --- But O how fall'n! how chang'd
 From him, who in the happy realms of light 85
 Cloath'd with transcendent brightness, didst out-shine
 Myriads tho' bright! If he, whom mutual league,
 United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
 And hazard in the glorious enterprize,
 Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd 90
 In equal ruin: Into what pit thou seest
 From what height fall'n, so much the stronger prov'd
 He with his thunder: and till then who knew
 The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,
 Nor what the potent victor in his rage 95
 Can else inflict, do I repent, or change
 (Though chang'd in outward lustre) that fix'd mind
 And high disdain, from sense of injur'd merit,
 That with the Mightiest rais'd me to contend,
 And to the fierce contention brought along 100
 Innumerable force of spirits arm'd,
 That durst dislike his reign; and me preferring,
 His utmost pow'r with adverse pow'r oppos'd,

In

Book I. PARADISE LOST.

5

In dubious battel on the plains of heav'n,
 And shook his throne. What tho' the field be lost? 105
 All is not lost; th' unconquerable will,
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,
 And courage never to submit or yield,
 And what is else not to be overcome:
 That glory never shall his wrath or might 110
 Extort from me, to bow and sue for grace
 With suppliant knee, and deifie his power,
 Who from the terror of this arm so late
 Doubted his empire; that were low indeed,
 That were an ignominy and shame beneath 115
 This downfal; since by fate the strength of Gods
 And this empyreal substance cannot fail;
 Since through experience of this great event,
 In arms not worse, in foresight much advanc'd,
 We may with more successful hope resolve 120
 To wage by force or guile eternal war,
 Irreconcilable to our grand foe;
 Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy
 Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heav'n.

So spake th' apostate Angel, though in pain; 125
 Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair:
 And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer.

O Prince, O chief of many throned Powers,
 That led th' imbattell'd Seraphim to war
 Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds 130
 Fearless, endanger'd heav'n's perpetual King,
 And put to proof his high supremacy;
 Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate;
 Too well I see and rue the dire event,
 That with sad overthrow and foul defeat 135
 Hath lost us heav'n, and all this mighty host
 In horrible destruction laid thus low,
 As far as Gods and heav'nly essences
 Can perish: For the mind and spirit remains

Invincible, and vigor soon returns, 140
 Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
 Here swallow'd up in endless misery.
 But what if he our conqueror (whom I now
 Of force believe Almighty, since no less
 Than such could have o'er-power'd such force as ours)
 Have left us this our spirit and strength entire, 146
 Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
 That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
 Or do him mightier service, as his thralls
 By right of war, whate'er his business be, 150
 Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,
 Or do his errands in the gloomy deep;
 What can it then avail, though yet we feel
 Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being
 To undergo eternal punishment? 155
 Whereto with speedy words th' Arch-fiend reply'd.

Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miserable,
 Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,
 To do ought good never will be our task,
 But ever to do ill our sole delight, 160
 As being the contrary to his high will
 Whom we resist. If then his Providence
 Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
 Our labour must be to pervert that end,
 And out of good still to find means of evil; 165
 Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
 Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
 His inmost counsels from their destin'd aim.
 But see! the angry victor hath recall'd
 His ministers of vengeance and pursuit 170
 Back to the gates of heav'n: the sulphurous hail
 Shot after us in storm, o'er-blown, hath laid
 The fiery surge, that from the precipice
 Of heav'n receiv'd us falling; and the thunder,
 Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage, 175
 Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now

To

Book I. PARADISE LOST.

To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn,
Or satiate fury, yield it from our foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild, 180
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
There rest, if any rest can harbour there: 185
And re-assembling our afflicted pow'rs,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from hope; 190
If not, what resolution from despair.

Thus SATAN talking to his nearest mate,
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blaz'd; his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large, 195
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name, of monstrous size,
TITANIAN, or EARTH-born, that warr'd on JOVE,
BRIAREOS or TYPHON, whom the den
By ancient TARSUS held, or that sea-beast 200
LEVIATHAN, which GOD of all his works
Created hugest that swim th' ocean stream:
Him haply slumb'ring on the NORWAY foam,
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff,
Deeming some island, oft, as sea-men tell, 205
With fixed anchor in his skaly rind,
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invest the sea, and wished morn delays.
So stretch'd out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay,
Chain'd on the burning lake; nor ever thence 210
Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will
And high permission of all-ruling heaven,
Left him at large to his own dark designs,

PARADISE LOST. Book I.

That with reiterated crimes he might
 Heap on himself damnation, while he sought 215
 Evil to others; and enrag'd might see
 How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth
 Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shewn
 On man by him seduc'd; but on himself
 Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd. 220
 Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
 His mighty stature; on each hand the flames *roll'd*
 Driv'n backward slope their pointing spires, and ~~royal~~
 In billows, leave i'th' midst a horrid vale.
 Then with expanded wings he steers his flight 225
 Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,
 That felt unusual weight; till on dry land
 He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
 With solid, as the lake with liquid fire;
 And such appear'd in hue, as when the force 230
 Of subterranean wind transports a hill
 Torn from PELORUS, or the shatter'd side
 Of thund'ring ÆTNA, whose combustible
 And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
 Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds, 235
 And leave a sing'd bottom all involv'd
 With stench and smoke; such resting found the sole
 Of unblest'd feet. Him follow'd his next mate,
 Both glorying to have 'scap'd the STRYgian flood,
 As Gods; and by their own recover'd strength, 240
 Not by the sufferance of supernal pow'r.

Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,
 Said then the lost Arch-Angel, this the seat
 That we must change for heav'n? this mournful gloom
 For that celestial light? be it so, since he 245
 Who now is sov'rain can dispose and bid
 What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
 Whom reason equall'd, force hath made supreme
 Above his equals. Farewell happy fields,
 Where joy for ever dwells! hail horrors! hail 250
 In-

Infernal world! and thou profoundest hell
 Receive thy new possessor! one who brings
 A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.
 The mind is its own place, and in it self
 Can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of heav'n. 255
 What matter where, if I be still the same,
 And what I should be, all but less than he
 Whom thunder hath made greater? here at least
 We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
 Here for his envy; will not drive us hence: 260
 Here we may reign secure; and in my choice
 To reign is worth ambition, tho' in hell:
 Better to reign in hell, than serve in heav'n.
 But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
 Th' associates and copartners of our loss, 265
 Lye thus astonish'd on th' oblivious pool,
 And call them not to share with us their part
 In this unhappy mansion, or once more
 With rallied arms to try what may be yet
 Regain'd in heav'n, or what more lost in hell? 270

So SATAN spake, and him BEELZEBUB
 Thus answer'd: Leader of those armies bright,
 Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foil'd,
 If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
 Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft 275
 In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
 Of battel when it rag'd, in all assaults
 Their surest signal, they will soon resume
 New courage and revive, tho' now they lye
 Grov'ling and prostrate on yon lake of fire, 280
 As we erewhile, astounded and amaz'd,
 No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious height.

He scarce had ceas'd when the superior fiend
 Was moving toward the shore; his pond'rous shield,
 Ethereal temper, massy, large and round, 285
 Behind him cast; the broad circumference

Hung on his shoulders like the Moon, whose orb
 Thro' optic glass the TUSCAN artist views
 At evening from the top of FESOLE,
 Or in VALDARNO, to descry new lands, 290
 Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.
 His spear (to equal which the tallest pine
 Hewn on NORWEGIAN hills, to be the mast
 Of some great Ammiral, were but a wand)
 He walk'd with to support uneasy steps 295
 Over the burning marle (not like those steps
 On heaven's azure!) and the torrid clime
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.
 Nathless he so endur'd, till on the beach
 Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd 300
 His legions, Angel-forms, who lay entranc'd,
 Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
 In VALLOMBROSA, where th'ETRURIAN shades
 High over-arch'd embow'r; or scatter'd sedge
a float Afloat, when with fierce winds ORION arm'd 305
 Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
 BUSIRIS and his MEMPHIAN chivalry,
 While with perfidious hatred they pursued
 The sojourners of GOSHEN, who beheld
 From the safe shoar their floating carcasses 310
 And broken chariot wheels: so thick bestrown,
 Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
 Under amazement of their hideous change.
 He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
 Of hell resounded: Princes, Potentates, 315
 Warriors, the flow'r of heav'n, once yours, now lost,
 If such astonishment as this can seize
 Eternal spirits; or have ye chos'n this place
 After the toil of battel to repose
 Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find 320
 To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven?
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
 T'adore the conqueror? who now beholds
 Cherub and Seraph rowling in the flood,

With scatter'd arms and ensigns, 'till anon
His swift pursuers from heav'n gates discern 325
Th' advantage, and descending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n. 330

They heard, and were abasht, and up they sprung
Upon the wing; as when men wont to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight 335
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their General's voice they soon obey'd,
Innumerable. As when the potent Rod
Of AMRAM'S Son, in ÆGYPT'S evil day,
Wav'd round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud 340
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious PHARAOH hung
Like night, and darken'd all the land of NILE:
So numberless were those bad Angels seen
Hov'ring on wing under the cope of hell, 345
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires:
'Till, as a signal giv'n, th' up-lifted spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even ballance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain: 350
A multitude! like which the populous north
Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass
RHENE or the DANAW, when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the south, and spread
Beneath GIBRALTER to the LIBYAN lands. 355
Forthwith from ev'ry squadron, and each band,
The Heads and Leaders thither haste where stood
Their great Commander; God-like shapes and forms
Excelling human, Princely Dignities,
And Pow'rs, that erst in heaven sat on thrones; 360
Tho' of their names in heav'nly records now

Be

Be no memorial; blotted out and ras'd
 By their rebellion, from the books of life.
 Nor had they yet among the sons of EVE 364
 Got them new names; 'till wand'ring o'er the earth,
 Thro' GOD's high sufferance for the tryal of man,
 By falsities and lies the greatest part
 Of mankind they corrupted, to forsake
 GOD their creator, and th' invisible
 Glory of him that made them, to transform 370
 Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
 With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
 And Devils to adore for Deities:
 Then were they known to men by various names,
 And various Idols thro' the heathen world. 375

Say, Muse, their names then known; who first, who
 Rouz'd from the slumber, on that fiery couch, [last,
 At their great Emperor's call, as next in worth
 Came singly where he stood, on the bare strand,
 While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof? 380
 The chief were those who from the pit of hell
 Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
 Their seats long after next the seat of GOD,
 Their altars by his altar, Gods ador'd
 Among the nations round, and durst abide 385
 JEHOVAH thund'ring out of SION, thron'd
 Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac'd
 Within his sanctuary it self their shrines,
 Abominations! and with curst things
 His holy rites and solemn feasts prophan'd, 390
 And with their darkness durst affront his light.
 First MOLOCH, horrid King, besmear'd with blood
 Of human sacrifice, and parents tears,
 Tho' for the noise of drums and timbrels loud
 Their childrens cries unheard, that past thro' fire 395
 To his grim idol. Him the AMMONITE
 Worship'd in RABBA, and her wat'ry plain,
 In ARGOB and in BASAN, to the stream

Of utmost ARNON. Nor content with such
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart 400
Of SOLOMON he led by fraud, to build
His temple right against the temple of God,
On the opprobrious hill, and made his grove
The pleasant valley of HINNON, TOPHET thence
And black GEHENNA call'd, the type of hell. 405
Next CHEMOS, th' obscene dread of MOAB'S sons,
From AROAR to NEBO, and the wild
Of southmost ABARIM; in HESEBON
And HORONAIM, SEON'S realm, beyond
The flow'ry dale of SIBMA, clad with vines; 410
And ELEALE to th' ASPHALTIC pool:
PEOR his other name, when he entic'd
ISRAEL in SITTIM on their march from NILE;
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarg'd 415
Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove
Of MOLOCH homicide, lust hard by hate;
'Till good JOSIAH drove them thence to hell.
With these came they, who from the bord'ring flood
Of old EUPHRATES, to the brook that parts 420
ÆGYPT from SYRIAN ground, had general names
Of BAALIM and ASHTAROTH; those male,
These feminine: (For spirits when they please
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure, 425
Not ty'd or manac'd with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they chuse,
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,
Can execute their airy purposes, 430
And works of love or enmity fulfil.)
For those the race of ISRAEL oft forsook
Their living strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial Gods; for which their heads as low 435
Bow'd down in battel, sunk before the spear

Of despicable foes. With these in troop X
 Came ASTORETH, whom the PHœNICIANS call'd
 ASTARTE, Queen of heaven, with crescent horns;
 To whose bright image nightly by the moon, 440
 SIDONIAN virgins paid their vows and songs;
 In SION also not unsung, where stood
 Her temple on th' offensive mountain, built
 By that uxorious King, whose heart tho' large,
 Beguil'd by fair idolatresses, fell 445
 To idols foul. THAMMUZ came next behind,
 Whose annual wound in LEBANON allur'd
 The SYRIAN Damsels, to lament his fate
 In am'rous ditties all a summer's day;
 While smooth ADONIS from his native rock 450
 Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood
 Of THAMMUZ yearly wounded: the love-tale
 Infected SION's daughters with like heat;
 Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
 EZEKIEL saw, when by the vision led 455
 His eyes survey'd the dark idolatries
 Of alienated JUDAH. Next came one
 Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive Ark
 Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off
 In his own temple, on the grunsel edge 460
 Where he fell flat, and sham'd his worshippers,
 DAGON his name, sea-monster, upward man
 And downward fish: yet had his temple high
 Rear'd in AZOTUS, dreaded through the coast
 Of PALESTINE, in GATH, and ASCALON, 465
 And ACCARON, and GAZA's frontier bounds.
 Him follow'd RIMMON, whose delightful seat
 Was fair DAMASCUS, on the fertile banks
 Of ABBANA and PHARPHAR, lucid streams,
 He also against the house of GOD was bold: 470
 A leper once he lost, and gain'd a King,
 AH'AZ his sottish conqueror, whom he drew
 GOD's altar to disparage, and displace,
 For one of SYRIAN mode, whereon to burn

His

Book I. PARADISE LOST. 15

His odious offerings, and adore the Gods 475
 Whom he had vanquish'd. After these appear'd
 A crew who under names of old renown,
 OSIRIS, ISIS, ORUS, and their train,
 With monstrous shapes and forceries abus'd
 Fanatic ÆGYPT, and her priests, to seek 480
 Their wandring Gods disguis'd in brutish forms,
 Rather than human. Nor did ISRAEL 'scape
 Th' infection, when their borrow'd gold compos'd
 The calf in OREB; and the rebel King
 Doubled that sin in BETHEL, and in DAN, 485
 Lik'ning his Maker to the grazed ox,
 JEHOVAH, who in one night when he pass'd
 From ÆGYPT marching, equal'd with one stroke
 Both her first-born and all her bleating Gods.
 BELIAL came last, than whom a spirit more lewd 490
 Fell not from heaven, or more gross to love
 Vice for it self: to him no temple stood,
 Or altar smok'd; yet who more oft than he
 In temples and at altars, when the priest
 Turns atheist, as did ELY's sons, who fill'd 495
 With lust and violence the house of God!
 In courts and palaces he also reigns,
 And in luxurious cities, where the noise
 Of riot ascends above their loftiest tow'rs,
 And injury and outrage: and when night 500
 Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
 Of BELIAL, flown with insolence and wine.
 Witness the streets of SODOM, and that night
 In GIBBEAH, when the hospitable door
 Expos'd a matron to avoid worse rape. 505

These were the prime in order and in might;
 The rest were long to tell, tho' far renown'd,
 Th' IONIAN Gods, of JAVAN's issue held
 Gods, yet confess'd later than heav'n and earth,
 Their boasted parents. TITAN, heav'n's first-born, 510
 With his enormous brood, and birthright seiz'd

By

By younger SATURN: he from mightier Jove,
 His own and RHEA's son, like measure found;
 So Jove usurping reign'd: these first in CRETE
 And IDA known, thence on the snowy top 515
 Of cold OLYMPUS rul'd the middle air,
 Their highest heav'n; or on the DELPHIAN cliff,
 Or in DODONA, and thro' all the bounds
 Of DORIC land; or who with SATURN old
 Fled over ADRIA to the HESPERIAN fields, 520
 And o'er the CELTIC roam'd the utmost isles.

All these and more came flocking, but with looks
 Down-cast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd
 Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their Chief
 Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost 525
 In loss it self; which on his count'nance cast
 Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride
 Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
 Semblance of worth, not substance, gently rais'd
 Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears. 530
 Then strait commands that at the warlike sound
 Of trumpets loud, and clarions, be uprear'd
 His mighty standard: that proud honor claim'd
 AZAZEL as his right, a Cherub tall;
 Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd 535
 Th' imperial ensign; which full high advanc'd,
 Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
 With gems and golden lustre rich imblaz'd,
 Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
 Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds: 540
 At which the universal host up sent
 A shout that tore hell's concave; and beyond
 Frighted the reign of CHAOS and old Night.
 All in a moment thro' the gloom were seen
 Ten thousand banners rise into the air, 545
 With orient colours waving: with them rose
 A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
 Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array,

Of

Of depth immeasurable: anon they move
In perfect Phalanx to the DORIAN mood 550
Of flutes, and soft recorders; such as rais'd
To height of noblest temper Heroes old
Arming to battel; and instead of rage,
Deliberate valor breath'd, firm, and unmov'd
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat; 555
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage,
With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
Breathing united force, with fixed thought 560
Mov'd on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil: and now
Advanc'd in view, they stand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length, and dazzling arms, in guise
Or warriors old with order'd spear and shield, 565
Awaiting what command their mighty Chief
Had to impose: he thro' the armed files
Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views their order due;
Their visages and stature as of Gods; 570
Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his strength
Glories: for never since created man
Met such imbodied force, as nam'd with these
Could merit more than that small infantry 575
Warr'd on by cranes: tho' all the Giant brood
Of PHLEGRA with th' Heroic race were join'd,
That fought at THEBES and ILIUM, on each side
Mix'd with auxiliar Gods: and what resounds
In fable or romance of UThER's son, 580
Begirt with BRITISH and ARMORIC Knights;
And all who since, baptiz'd or infidel,
Jousted in ASPRAMONT or MONTALBAN,
DAMASCO, or MAROCCO, or TREBISOND;
Or whom BISERTA sent from AFRIC shoar, 585
When CHARLEMAIN with all his Peerage fell

By FONTARABBIA. Thus far these beyond
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
 Their dread commander: he, above the rest
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent, 590
 Stood like a tow'r: his form had yet not lost
 All her original brightness, nor appear'd
 Less than Arch-Angel ruin'd, and th' excess
 Of glory obscur'd: as when the Sun new-ris'n
 Looks thro' the horizontal misty air, 595
 Shorn off his beams; or from behind the moon,
 In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
 On half the nations, and with fear of change
 Perplexes Monarchs; darken'd so, yet shone
 Above them all th' Arch-Angel: but his face 600
 Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
 Sate on his faded cheek, but under brows
 Of dauntless courage, and confid'rate pride
 Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
 Signs of remorse and passion to behold 605
 The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
 (Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd
 For ever now to have their lot in pain;
 Millions of spirits for his fault amerc'd
 Of heav'n, and from eternal splendors flung 610
 For his revolt, yet faithful now they stood,
 Their glory wither'd: as when heaven's fire
 Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
 With singed top their stately growth tho' bare
 Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepar'd 615
 To speak, whereat their doubled ranks they bend
 From wing to wing, and half inclose him round
 With all his Peers: attention held them mute:
 Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spight of scorn,
 Tears, such as Angels weep, burst forth; at last 620
 Words interwove with sighs found out their way.

O myriads of immortal spirits! O Pow'rs
 Matchless, but with th' Almighty! and that strife
 Was

Was not inglorious, tho' th' event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change, 625
Hateful to utter: but what pow'r of mind,
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,
How such united force of Gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse? 630
For who can yet believe, tho' after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied Heav'n, shall fail to re ascend
Self-rais'd, and re-possess their native seat?
For me be witness all the host of heav'n, 635
If counsels different, or danger shun'd
By me, have lost our hopes: but he who reigns
Monarch in Heav'n, 'till then as one secure
Sate on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent or custom, and his regal state 640
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own;
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provok'd; our better part remains 645
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not: that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds; whereof so rise 650
There went a fame in Heav'n, that he ere long
Intended to create; and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the sons of Heav'n:
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps 655
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere:
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Cælestial spirits in bondage, nor th' abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature: peace is despair'd, 660
For who can think submission? war then, war
Open or understood must be resolv'd.

He spake: and to confirm his words out-flew
 Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
 Of mighty Cherubim: the sudden blaze 665
 Far round illumin'd Hell; highly they rag'd
 Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms
 Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
 Hurling defiance toward the vault of heav'n.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top 670
 Belch'd fire and rowling smoke; the rest entire
 Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign
 That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
 The work of sulphur; thither wing'd with speed
 A numerous brigad hasten'd: as when bands 675
 Of pioneers, with spade and pickax arm'd,
 Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
 Or cast a rampart: MAMMON led them on,
 MAMMON, the least erected spirit that fell
 From Heav'n; for ev'n in Heav'n his looks & thoughts
 Were always downward bent; admiring more 681
 The riches of Heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,
 Than ought divine or holy else, enjoy'd
 In vision beatific: by him first
 Men also, and by his suggestion taught, 685
 Ranack'd the centre, and with impious hands
 Rifled the bowels of their mother earth,
 For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
 Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,
 And dig'd out ribs of gold. (Let none admire 690
 That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best
 Deserve the precious bane.) And here let those
 Who boast in mortal things, and wond'ring tell
 Of BABEL, and the works of MEMPHIAN Kings,
 Learn how their greatest monuments of fame, 695
 And strength and art are easily out-done
 By spirits reprobate, and in an hour
 What in an age they with incessant toil,
 And hands innumerable, scarce perform. X

Nigh

Book I. PARADISE LOST. 21

Nigh on the plain in many cells prepar'd, 700
 That underneath had veins of liquid fire
 Sluc'd from the lake, a second multitude
 With wondrous art found out the massy ore;
 Severing each kind, and scumm'd the bullion dross;
 A third as soon had form'd within the ground 705
 A various mold; and from the boiling cells
 By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook:
 As in an Organ from one blast of wind
 To many a row of pipes the sound-board breaths.
 Anon out of the earth a fabric huge 710
 Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
 Of dulcet symphonies, and voices sweet;
 Built like a Temple, where pilasters round
 Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
 With golden architrave: nor did there want 715
 Cornice or freeze, with bossy sculptures grav'n;
 The roof was fretted gold. Not BABYLON,
 Nor great ALCAIRO such magnificence
 Equall'd in all their glories, to inshrine
 PELUS, or SERAPIS their Gods; or seat 720
 Their King, when ÆGYPT with ASSYRIA strove
 In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile
 Stood fixt her stately height, and freight the doors
 Op'ning their brazen folds, discover wide
 Within her ample spaces, o'er the smooth 725
 And level pavement: from the arched roof,
 Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
 Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
 With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light
 As from a sky. The hasty multitude 730
 Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise
 And some the architect: his hand was known
 In Heav'n by many a towred structure high,
 Where sceptred angels held their residence,
 And sate as Princes; whom the supreme King 735
 Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
 Each in his Hierarchy, the Orders bright.

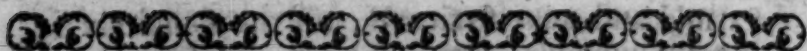
Nor was his name unheard, or unador'd,
 In ancient GREECE; and in AUSONIAN land
 Men call'd him MULCIBER; and how he fell 740
 From Heav'n they fabled, thrown by angry JOVE
 Sheer o'er the chrystal battlements; from morn
 To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
 A summer's day; and with the setting Sun
 Dropt from the Zenith like a falling star, 745
 On LEMNOS th' ÆGEAN isle: thus they relate,
 Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
 Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now
 T' have built in Heav'n high tow'rs; nor did he scape
 By all his engines, but was headlong sent 750
 With his industrious crew to build in Hell.
 Mean while the winged heralds by command
 Of sov'reign pow'r, with awful ceremony
 And trumpets sound, throughout the host proclaim
 A solemn council forthwith to be held 755
 At PANDÆMONIUM, the high Capital
 Of SATAN and his Peers: their summons call'd
 From every band and squared regiment,
 By place or choice the worthiest; they anon
 With hundreds and with thousands trooping came 760
 Attended: all access was throng'd, the gates
 And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
 (Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold
 Wont ride in arm'd, and at the SOLDAN'S Chair
 Desi'd the best of PANIM chivalry 765
 To mortal combat, or carriere with lance)
 Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,
 Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees
 In spring time, when the Sun with TAURUS rides,
 Pour forth their populous youth about the hive 770
 In clusters; they among fresh dews and flow'rs
 Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
 The suburb of their straw built cittadel,
 New rubb'd with baum, expatiate and confer
 Their state affairs: So thick the aery crowd 775
 Swarm'd

Book I. PARADISE LOST: 23

Swarm'd and were straiten'd, till the signal giv'n;
 Behold a wonder! they but now who seem'd
 In bigness to surpass Earth's Giant sons,
 Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
 Throng numberless, like that pygmean race 780
 Beyond the INDIAN mount, or Fairy Elves,
 Whose midnight revels, by a forest side,
 Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
 Or dreams he sees, while over-head the moon
 Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth 785
 Wheels her pale course; they on their mirth and dance
 Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
 At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
 Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms
 Reduc'd their shapes immense, and were at large, 790
 Though without number still amidst the hall
 Of that infernal court. But far within,
 And in their own dimensions like themselves,
 The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim,
 In close recess and secret conclave sat; 795
 A thousand Demi-Gods on golden seats,
 Frequent and full: after short silence then
 And summons read, the great consult began;

The end of the first Book.





PARADISE LOST.

B O O K I I.

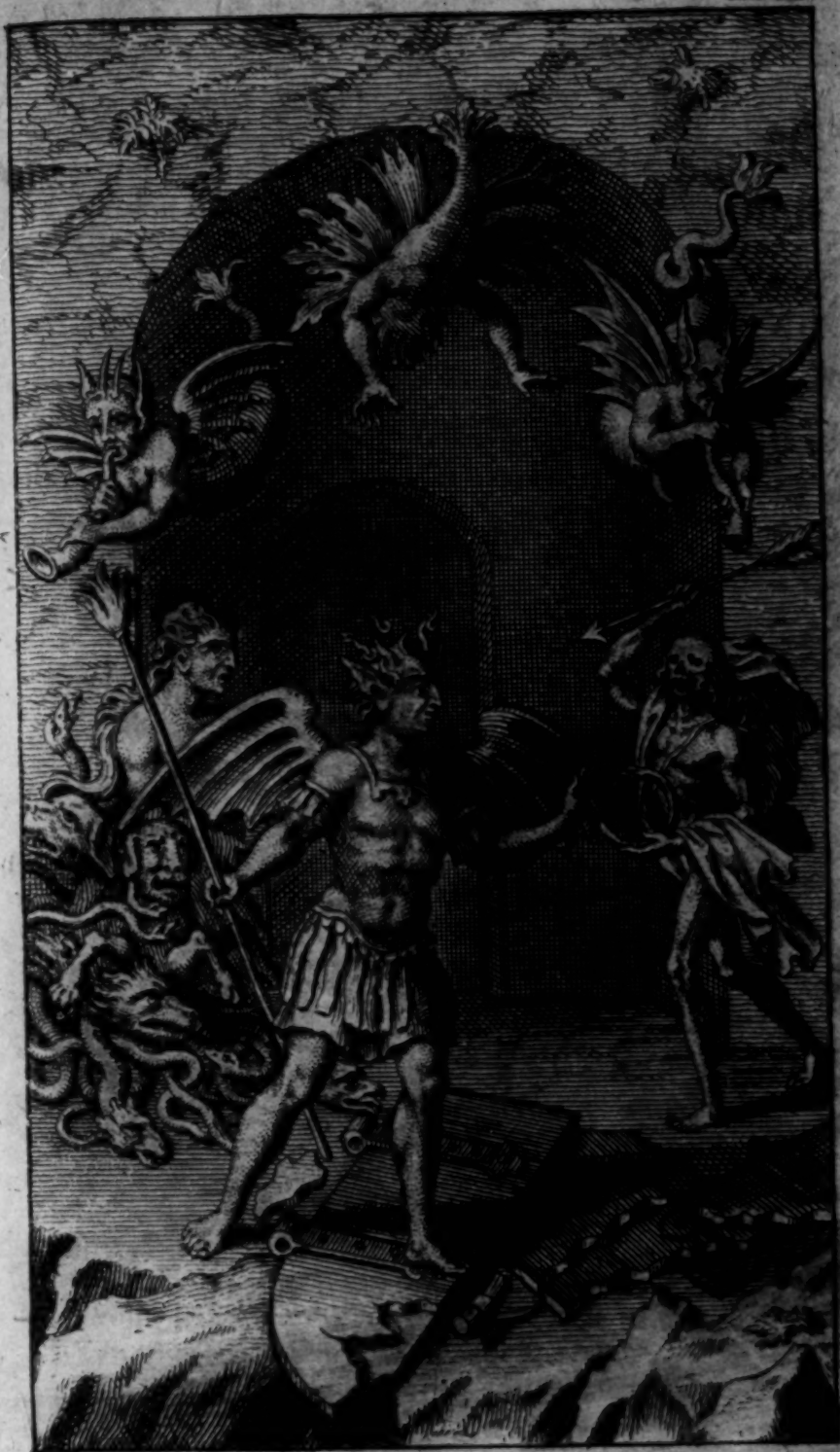
THE ARGUMENT.

The Consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battel be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: some advise it, others dissuade. A third proposal is prefer'd, mentioned before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature, equal, or not much inferior to themselves, about this time to be created: their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search: Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honor'd and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to Hell gates, finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them, by whom at length they are open'd, and discover to him the great gulf between Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new world which he sought.



HIGH on a throne of royal state, which far
 Outshone the wealth of ORMUS and
 of IND,
 Or where the gorgeous east with richest
 hand
 Shows on her Kings BARBARIC Pearl and Gold,
 SATAN exalted sat, by merit rais'd

5
 To



11



BRITISH
MUSEUM

To that bad eminence: and from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with Heav'n, and by success untaught
His proud imaginations thus display'd. 10

Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heav'n!
For since no deep within her gulph can hold
Immortal vigor, though oppress'd and fall'n,
I give not Heav'n for lost. From this descent
Cœlestial virtues rising, will appear 15
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
Me though just right, and the fix'd laws of Heav'n
Did first create your Leader, next free choice,
With what besides, in council or in fight, 20
Hath been achiev'd of merit, yet this loss
Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more
Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw 25
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? Where there is then no good 30
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction; for none sure will claim in Hell
Precedence; none, whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more! With this advantage then 35
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in Heav'n, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assur'd us; and by what best way, 40
Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate; who can advise may speak.

He ceas'd; and next him **MOLOC**, sceptred King,
 Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit
 That fought in Heav'n, now fiercer by despair: 45
 His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
 Equal in strength, and rather than be less
 Car'd not to be at all; with that care lost
 Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse,
 He reck'd not; and these words thereafter spake: 50

My sentence is for open war: of wiles,
 More inexpert, I boast not; them let those
 Contrive who need, or when they need, not now:
 For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
 Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait 55
 The signal to ascend, sit ling'ring here
 Heav'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling place
 Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
 The prison of his tyranny who reigns
 By our delay? No! let us rather chuse, 60
 Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once
 O'er Heav'n's high towers to force resistless way,
 Turning our tortures into horrid arms
 Against the torturer; when to meet the noise
 Of his Almighty engin he shall hear 65
 Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
 Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
 Among his Angels; and his throne it self
 Mixt with **TARTAREAN** sulphur, and strange fire,
 His own invented torments. But perhaps 70
 The way seems difficult and steep, to scale
 With upright wing against a higher foe.
 Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
 Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
 That in our proper motion we ascend 75
 Up to our native seat: descent and fall
 To us is adverse. Who but felt of late
 When the fierce foe hung on our broken reer
 Insulting, and persu'd us through the deep,

With

With what compulsion and laborious flight 80
 We sunk thus low? th' ascent is easie then;
 Th' event is fear'd; should we again provoke
 Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
 To our destruction: if there be in Hell
 Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse 85
 Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemn'd
 In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
 Where pain of inextinguishable fire
 Must exercise us without hope of end,
 The vassals of his anger, when the scourge 90
 Inexorable and the torturing hour
 Calls us to penance? more destroy'd than thus,
 We should be quite abolish'd and expire.
 What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
 His utmost ire? which to the height enrag'd, 95
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce
 To nothing this essential; happier far,
 Than miserable to have eternal being.
 Or if our substance be indeed divine,
 And cannot cease to be, we are at worst 100
 On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
 Our power sufficient to disturb his Heav'n,
 And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
 Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:
 Which, if not victory, is yet revenge. 105

He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd
 Desperate revenge, and battel dangerous
 To less than Gods. On th' other side up rose
 BELIAL, in act more graceful and humane:
 A fairer person lost not Heav'n; he seem'd 110
 For dignity compos'd and high exploit:
 But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
 Dropt Manna, and could make the worse appear
 The better reason, to perplex and dash
 Maturest counsels, for his thoughts were low: 115
 To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds

Tim'rous

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 To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds

Tim'rous

Tim'rous and slothful; yet he pleas'd the ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began.

I should be much for open war, O Peers,
As not behind in hate, if what was urg'd 120
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success;
When he who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels, and in what excels, 125
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair,
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge? the tow'rs of Heav'n are fill'd
With armed watch, that render all access 130
Impregnable; oft on the bordering Deep
Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprize. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all hell should rise 135
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heav'n's purest light; yet our great enemy
All incorruptible would on his throne
Sit unpolluted; and th' ethereal mold
Incapable of stain, would soon expel 140
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
Is flat despair: we must exasperate
Th' Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us, that must be our cure 145
To be no more: sad cure! for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night, 150
Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry foe
Can give it, or will ever: how he can,

Is doubtful; that he never will, is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire, 155
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then,
Say they who counsel war? We are decreed, 160
Reserv'd, and destin'd to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse? --- Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What! when we fled amain, persu'd and strook 165
With Heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us; this Hell then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning lake; that sure was worse.
What if the breath that kind'd those grim fires, 170
Awak'd should blow them into sevenfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or from above
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? what if all
Her stores were open'd, and this firmament 175
Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we, perhaps
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd 180
Each on his rock transfixt, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds; or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unrepriev'd, 185
Ages of hopeless end? this would be worse.
War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view! He from heav'n's height
All these our motions vain sees and derides; 191
Not

Not more almighty to resist our might,
 Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
 Shall we then live thus vile, the Race of Heav'n
 Thus traml'd, thus expell'd, to suffer here 195
 Chains and these torments? better these than worse,
 By my advice; since Fate inevitable
 Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
 The victor's will. To suffer as to do,
 Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust 200
 That so ordains: This was at first resolv'd
 If we were wise, against so great a foe
 Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
 I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold
 And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear 205
 What yet they know must follow, to endure
 Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
 The sentence of their conqu'ror: this is now
 Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
 Our supreme foe, in time may much remit 210
 His anger, and perhaps thus far remov'd
 Not mind us not offending, satisfy'd
 With what is punish'd: whence these raging fires
 Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames,
 Our purer essence then will overcome 215
 Their noxious vapor; or enur'd, not feel;
 Or chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd
 In temper and in nature, will receive
 Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
 This horror will grow mild, this darkness, light: 220
 Besides what hope the never-ending flight
 Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
 Worth waiting, since our present lot appears
 For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
 If we procure not to our selves more woe. 225

Thus BELIAL with words cloath'd in reason's garb
 Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
 Not peace: and after him thus MAMMON spake.

Either

Either to disenthroned the King of Heav'n
We war, if war be best, or to regain 230
Our own right lost. Him to unthroned we then
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
To fickle Chance, and CHAOS judge the strife:
The former vain to hope argues as vain
The latter: for what place can be for us 235
Within Heav'n's bound, unless Heav'n's Lord supreme
We over-power? suppose he should relent
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection: with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive 240
Strict laws impos'd, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forc'd hallelujahs; while he lordly sits
Our envy'd Sov'reign, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odors, and ambrosial flowers, 245
Our servile offerings. This must be our task
In Heav'n, this our delight: how wearisome
Eternity so spend in worship paid
To whom we hate! let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd 250
Unacceptable, though in Heav'n, our state
Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
Live to our selves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable; preferring 255
Hard liberty before the easie yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse
We can create; and in what place so e'er 260
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain,
Through labor and indurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? how oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth Heav'n's all-ruling Sire
Chuse to reside, his glory unobscur'd, 265
And with the majesty of darkness round

Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar
 Must'ring their rage, and Heav'n resembles Hell?
 As he our darkness, cannot we his light
 Imitate when we please? this desert soil 270
 Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold:
 Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
 Magnificence; and what can Heav'n shew more?
 Our torments also may in length of time
 Become our elements; these piercing fires 275
 As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd
 Into their temper; which must needs remove
 The sensible of pain. All things invite
 To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
 Of order, how in safety best we may 280
 Compose our present evils, with regard
 Of what we are and where, dismissing quite
 All thoughts of war. --- Ye have what I advise.

He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd
 Th' assembly, as when hollow rocks retain 285
 The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
 Had rous'd the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
 Sea-faring men o'erwatch'd, whose bark by chance,
 Or Pinnacle, anchors in a craggy bay
 After the tempest: such applause was heard 290
 As MAMMON ended, and his sentence pleas'd,
 Advising peace: for such another field
 They dreaded worse than Hell: so much the fear
 Of thunder, and the sword of MICHAEL,
 Wrought still within them; and no less desire 295
 To found this nether Empire, which might rise,
 By policy, and long process of time,
 In emulation opposite to Heav'n.
 Which when BEELZEBUB perceiv'd (than whom,
 SATAN except, none higher sat) with grave 300
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
 A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
 Deliberation sat, and public care;

And

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 33

And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
 Majestick though in ruin: sage he stood, 305
 With ATLANTIAN shoulders fit to bear
 The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
 Drew audience and attention still as night,
 Or summer's noon-tide air, while thus he spake.

Thrones, and Imperial Pow'rs, offspring of Heav'n,
 Ethereal Virtues! or these titles now 311
 Must we renounce, and changing style be call'd
 Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote
 Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
 A growing empire: doubtless! while we dream, 315
 And know not that the king of Heav'n hath doom'd
 This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat
 Beyond his potent arm to live exempt
 From Heav'n's high jurisdiction, in new league
 Banded against his throne: but to remain 320
 In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd,
 Under th' inevitable curb, reserv'd
 His captive multitude: For he, be sure,
 In height or depth, still first and last will reign
 Sole King, and of his kingdom lose no part 325
 By our revolt; but over Hell extend
 His empire, and with iron sceptre rule
 Us here, as with his golden those in Heav'n.
 What fit we then projecting peace and war?
 War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loss 330
 Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
 Vouchsaf'd or sought: for what peace will be giv'n
 To us enslav'd, but custody severe,
 And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
 Inflicted? and what peace can we return? 335
 But, to our power, hostility, and hate,
 Untam'd reluctance, and revenge, though slow,
 Yet ever plotting how the conqueror least
 May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
 In doing what we most in suffering feel? 340

Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
 With dangerous expedition to invade
 Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,
 Or ambush from the deep: what if we find
 Some easier enterprize? there is a place, 345
 (If ancient and prophetic fame in Heav'n
 Err not) another world, the happy seat
 Of some new race call'd MAN, about this time
 To be created like to us, though less
 In pow'r and excellence, but favor'd more 350
 Of him who rules above: so was his will
 Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an oath,
 That shook Heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd.
 Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
 What creatures there inhabit, of what mold, 355
 Or substance, how endu'd, and what their pow'r,
 And where their weakness, how attempted best,
 By force or subtlety. Though Heav'n be shut,
 And Heav'n's high arbitrator sit secure
 In his own strength, this place may lye expos'd 360
 The utmost border of his kingdom, left
 To their defence who hold it: here perhaps
 Some advantageous act may be atchiev'd
 By sudden onset, either with hell fire
 To waste his whole creation, or possess 365
 All as our own, and drive (as we are driv'n)
 The puny habitants; or if not drive,
 Seduce them to our party, that their God
 May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
 Abolish his own works. This would surpass 370
 Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
 In our confusion, and our joy upraise
 In his disturbance; when his darling sons,
 Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
 Their frail original, and faded bliss, 375
 Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth
 Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
 Hatching vain empires. --- Thus BEEZEBUB
 Pleased

Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devis'd
 By SATAN, and in part propos'd: for whence, 380
 But from the author of all ill, could spring
 So deep a malice to confound the race
 Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell
 To mingle and involve, done all to spite
 The great Creator? but their spite still serves 385
 His glory to augment. The bold design
 Pleas'd highly those infernal States, and joy
 Sparkl'd in all their eyes; with full assent
 They vote: whereat his Speech he thus renews.

Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate, 390
 Synod of Gods! and, like to what ye are,
 Great things resolv'd; which from the lowest deep
 Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
 Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view 394
 Of those bright confines, whence with neighbouring
 And opportune excursion, we may chance [arms,
 Re-enter Heav'n: or else in some mild Zone
 Dwell not unvisited of Heav'n's fair light
 Secure, and at the brightning orient beam
 Purge off this gloom: the soft delicious air, 400
 To heal the scar of these corrosive fires
 Shall breathe her balm. But first whom shall we send
 In search of this new world; whom shall we find
 Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandering feet
 The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss, 405
 And through the palpable obscure find out
 His uncouth way, or spread his aery flight
 Upborn with indefatigable wings
 Over the vast abrupt, e'er he arrive
 The happy isle? What strength, what art can then 410
 Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
 Through the strict senteries, and stations thick
 Of Angels watching round? here he had need
 All circumspection; and we now no less
 Choice in our suffrage: for on whom we send, 415
 The weight of all and our last hope relies.

This said, he sat; and expectation held
 His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd
 To second, or oppose, or undertake
 The perilous attempt: But all sat mute, 420
 Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
 In others count'nance read his own dismay
 Astonish'd: none, among the choice and prime
 Of those heav'n-warring champions, could be found
 So hardy, as to proffer or accept 425
 Alone the dreadful voyage: till at last
 SATAN, whom now transcendent glory rais'd
 Above his fellows, with monarchal pride
 Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd thus spake.

O Progeny of Heav'n, empyreal Thrones! 430
 With reason hath deep silence and demur
 Seiz'd us, though undismay'd: long is the way
 And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light.
 Our prison strong, this huge convex of fire,
 Outragious to devour, immures us round 435
 Ninefold: and gates of burning adamant
 Barr'd over us prohibit all egress
 These pass'd (if any pass) the void profound
 Of unessential night receives him next
 Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being 440
 Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.
 If thence he scape into whatever world,
 Or unknown region, what remains him less
 Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?
 But I should ill become this throne, O Peers, 445
 And this imperial sov'reignty, adorn'd
 With splendor, arm'd with pow'r, if ought propos'd
 And judg'd of public moment, in the shape
 Of difficulty or danger could deter
 Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume 450
 These Royalties, and not refuse to reign,
 Refusing to accept as great a share
 Of hazard as of honor, due alike

To

To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest 455
High honor'd sits? Go therefore mighty Pow'rs,
Terror of Heav'n, though fall'n; intend at home,
(While here shall be our home) what best may ease
The present misery, and render Hell
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm 460
To respite or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill mansion. Intermit no watch
Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad
Through all the coast of dark destruction seek
Deliverance for us all: this enterprize 465
None shall partake with me. --- Thus saying rose
The Monarch, and prevented all reply;
Prudent, lest from his resolution rais'd
Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refus'd) what erst they fear'd; 470
And so refus'd might in opinion stand
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more th' adventure than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose: 475
Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a God
Extol him equal to the highest in Heav'n:
Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd, 480
That for the general safety he despis'd
His own: (for neither do the spirits damn'd
Lose all their virtue; lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites;
Or close ambition varnish'd o'er with zeal.) 485
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless Chief:
As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the north-wind sleeps, o'er-spread
Heav'n's chearful face, the lowring element 490
Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape snow, or showre:

If chance the radiant Sun with farewell sweet
 Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,
 The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
 Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings. 495
 O shame to men! Devil with Devil damn'd
 Firm concord holds; men only disagree
 Of creatures rational, though under hope
 Of heav'nly grace, and God proclaiming peace,
 Yet live in hatred, enmity and strife. 500
 Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
 Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:
 As if (which might induce us to accord)
 Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
 That day and night for his destruction wait. 505

The STYGIAN council thus dissolv'd, and forth
 In order came the grand infernal Peers:
 'Midst came their mighty Paramount, and seem'd
 Alone th' antagonist of Heav'n, nor less
 Than Hell's dread Emperor, with pomp supreme, 510
 And God-like imitated state; him round
 A globe of fiery Seraphim inclos'd
 With bright imblazonry, and horrent arms.
 Then of their session ended they bid cry
 With trumpets regal sound the great result: 515
 Tow'rs the four winds four speedy Cherubim
 Put to their mouths the sounding alchymy,
 By heralds voice explain'd: the hollow Abyss
 Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell
 With deafning shout return'd them loud acclaim. 520

Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat rais'd
 By false presumptuous hope, the ranged Pow'rs
 Disband, and wand'ring, each his several way
 Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
 Leads him perplex'd, where he may likeliest find 525
 Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
 The irksome hours, till his great chief return.

Part on the plain, or in the air sublime
 Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,
 As at th' OLYMPIAN games or PYTHIAN fields:
 Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal 531
 With rapid wheels, or fronted brigads form.
 As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
 Wag'd in the troubl'd sky, and armies rush
 To battel in the clouds, before each van 535
 Prick forth the aery Knights, and couch their spears
 Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
 From either end of heav'n the welkin burns.
 Others, with vast TYPHÆAN rage, more fell
 Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air 540
 In whirlwind: Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.
 As when ALCIDES from OECHALIA crown'd
 With conquest, felt th' invenom'd robe, and tore
 Through pain up by the roots THESSALIAN pines,
 And LICHAS from the top of OETA threw 545
 Into th' EUBOIC Sea. Others more mild,
 Retreated in a silent valley, sing
 With notes angelical to many a harp
 Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall
 By doom of battel: and complain that Fate 550
 Free virtue should inthrall to force or chance.
 Their song was partial, but the harmony
 (What could it less when spirits immortal sing?)
 Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
 The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet 555
 (For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense)
 Others apart sat on a hill retir'd,
 In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high,
 Of providence, foreknowledge, will and fate,
 Fixt fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute; 560
 And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.
 Of good and evil much they argu'd then,
 Of happiness and final misery,
 Passion and apathy, and glory and shame,
 Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy:

Yet with a pleasing sorcery could charm
 Pain for a while, or anguish; and excite
 Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdurate breast
 With stubborn patience, as with triple steel.
 Another part, in squadrons and gross bands, 570
 On bold adventure to discover wide
 That dismal world, if any clime perhaps
 Might yield them easier habitation, bend
 Four ways their flying march, along the banks
 Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge 575
 Into the burning lake their baleful streams:
 Abhorred STYX, the flood of deadly hate;
 Sad ACHERON, of sorrow black and deep;
 COCYTUS, nam'd of lamentation loud
 Heard on the rueful stream; fierce PHLEGETON, 580
 Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
 Far off from these a slow and silent stream,
 LETHE the river of oblivion, rolls
 Her watry labyrinth; whereof who drinks,
 Forthwith his former state and being forgets, 585
 Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
 Beyond this flood a frozen continent
 Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
 Of whirlwind and dire hail; which on firm land
 Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems 590
 Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice;
 A gulf profound, as that SERBONIAN bog
 Betwixt DAMIATA and mount CASIUS old,
 Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air
 Burns frore, and cold performs th' effect of fire. 595
 Thither by harpy-footed Furies hal'd
 At certain revolutions, all the damn'd
 Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
 Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce!
 From beds of raging fire to starve in ice 600
 Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
 Immoveable, infixt, and frozen round,
 Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire.
 They

They ferry over this LETHÆAN Sound
 Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment, 605
 And wish, and struggle as they pass, to reach
 The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose
 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
 All in one moment, and so near the brink:
 But Fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt 610
 MEDUSA with GORGONIAN terror guards
 The ford, and of itself the water flies
 All taste of living wight; as once it fled
 The lip of TANTALUS. Thus roving on
 In confus'd march forlorn th' advent'rous-bands 615
 With shuddring horror pale, and eyes agast
 View'd first their lamentable lot, and found
 No rest: through many a dark and dreary vale
 They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,
 O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp, 620
 Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, & shades of death;
 A universe of death, which God by curse
 Created evil, for evil only good,
 Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things, 625
 Abominable, inutterable; and worse
 Than Fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
 GORGONS and HYDRA'S and CHIMERAS dire.

Mean while the adversary of God and man,
 SATAN, with thoughts inflam'd of highest design, 630
 Puts on swift wings, and tow'rd's the gates of Hell
 Explores his solitary flight: sometimes
 He scours the right-hand coast, sometimes the left:
 Now shaves with level wing the deep; then soars
 Up to the fiery concave towering high. 635
 As when far off at sea a fleet descry'd,
 Hangs in the clouds by Æquinoctial winds
 Close sailing from BENGALA, or the isles
 Of TERNATE and TIDORE, whence merchants bring
 Their spicy drugs: they on the trading flood 640
 C 5 Through

Through the wide ÆTHIOPIAN, to the Cape
 Ply stemming nightly tow'rd the Pole: So seem'd
 Far off the flying Fiend. At last appear
 Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid roof;
 And thrice threefold the gates; three folds were brass,
 Three iron, three of adamantine rock, 646
 Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
 Yet unconsum'd. Before the gates there sat
 On either side a formidable shape;
 The one seem'd woman to the waste, and fair, 650
 But ended foul in many a scaly fold,
 Voluminous and vast! a serpent arm'd
 With mortal sting: about her middle round
 A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd
 With wide CERBERIAN mouths full loud, and rung
 A hideous peal: yet, when they list, would creep, 656
 If ought disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
 And kennel there, yet there still bark'd, and howl'd
 Within, unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these
 Vex'd SCYLLA, bathing in the sea that parts 660
 CALABRIA from the hoarse TRINACRIAN shore;
 Nor uglier follow the Night-Hag, when call'd
 In secret, riding through the air she comes
 Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
 With LAPLAND witches, while the lab'ring Moon 665
 Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
 If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
 Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
 For each seem'd either; black it stood as night, 670
 Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as hell,
 And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head,
 The likeness of a Kingly crown had on.
 SATAN was now at hand, and from his seat
 The monster moving, onward came as fast 675
 With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he strode.
 Th'undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,
 Admir'd, not fear'd; GOD and his SON except,
 Created

Created thing not valued he nor shun'd;
And with disdainful look thus first began. 680

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,
That be assur'd, without leave ask'd of thee. 685
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born! not to contend with spirits of Heav'n.

To whom the Goblin full of wrath reply'd;
Art thou that Traitor-Angel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in Heav'n, and faith, till then
Unbroken; and in proud rebellious arms 691
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's sons,
Conjur'd against the Highest; for which both thou
And they outcast from GOD, are here condemn'd
To waste eternal days in woe and pain? 695
And reckon'st thou thy self with spirits of Heav'n,
Hell-doom'd! and breath'st defiance here and scorn
Where I reign King, and to enrage thee more,
Thy King and Lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive! and to thy speed add wings; 700
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingring; or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.

So spake the griesly Terror, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatning, grew tenfold 705
More dreadful and deform. On th' other side
Incens'd with indignation SATAN stood
Unterrify'd; and like a Comet burn'd,
That fires the length of OPHIUCUS huge
In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair 710
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Level'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend; and such a frown

Each

Each cast at th' other, as when two black clouds
 With Heav'n's artill'ry fraught, come rattling on 715
 Over the CASPIAN; then stand front to front
 Hov'ring a space, till winds the signal blow
 To join their dark encounter in mid air:
 So frown'd the mighty combatants, that Hell
 Grew darker at their frown: so match'd they stood, 720
 For never but once more was either like
 To meet so great a foe. And now great deeds
 Had been atchiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,
 Had not the snaky sorceress that sat
 East by hell-gate, and kept the fatal key, 725
 Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

O father! what intends thy hand, she cry'd,
 Against thy only son? What fury, O son,
 Possesses thee, to bend that mortal dart
 Against thy father's head? and know'st for whom; 730
 For him who sits above, and laughs the while
 At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
 Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids,
 His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both.

She spake, and at her words the hellish pest 735
 Forbore; then these to her SATAN return'd.

So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
 Thou interposest, that my sudden hand
 Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds
 What it intends; till first I know of thee, 740
 What thing thou art, thus double-form'd; and why,
 In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st
 Me father, and that phanta'm call'st my son:
 I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
 Sight more detestable than him, and thee. 745

T' whom thus the portress of hell-gate reply'd;
 Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem

Now

Now in thine eye so foul? once deem'd so fair
In Heav'n, when at th' assembly, and in sight
Of all the Seraphim, with thee combin'd 750
In bold conspiracy against Heav'n's King,
All on a sudden miserable pain
Surpriz'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swim
In darkness; while thy head flames thick and fast
Threw forth; till on the left side op'ning wide, 755
Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright
Then shining heav'nly fair, a Goddess arm'd,
Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seiz'd
All th' host of Heav'n; back they recoil'd afraid
At first, and call'd me SIN; and for a sign 760
Portentous held me: but familiar grown,
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft
(Thy self in me thy perfect image viewing)
Becam'st inamor'd, and such joy thou took'st 765
With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd
A growing burthen. Mean while war arose,
And fields were fought in Heav'n; wherein remain'd
(For what could else) to our almighty foe
Clear victory; to our part loss and rout, 770
Through all the empyrean: down they fell
Driv'n headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down
Into this deep; and in the gen'ral fall
I also: at which time this powerful key
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep 775
These gates for ever shut, which none can pass
Without my op'ning. Pensive here I sat
Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes: 780
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
Tore through my intrails, that with fear and pain
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy 785
Forth

Forth issu'd, brandishing his fatal dart,
 Made to destroy: I fled, and cry'd out DEATH!
 Hell trembl'd at the hideous name, and sigh'd
 From all her caves, and back resounded, DEATH!
 I fled, but he persu'd (though more, it seems, 790
 Inflam'd with lust than rage) and swifter far,
 Me overtook his mother, all dismay'd,
 And in embraces forcible and foul
 Ingendring with me, of that rape begot
 These yelling monsters; that with ceaseless cry 795
 Surround me, as thou sawst, hourly conceiv'd
 And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
 To me, for when they list into the womb
 That bred them they return, and howl and gnaw
 My bowels, their repast; then bursting forth 800
 Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,
 That rest or intermission none I find.
 Before mine eyes in opposition sits
 Grim DEATH my son and foe; who sets them on,
 And me his parent would full soon devour 805
 For want of other prey, but that he knows
 His end with mine involv'd; and knows that I
 Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
 Whenever that shall be; so Fate pronounc'd.
 But thou O father! I forewarn thee, shun 810
 His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
 To be invuln'able in those bright arms,
 Though temper'd heav'nly; for that mortal dint,
 Save he who reigns above, none can resist!

She finish'd, and the subtle Fiend his lore 815
 Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth.

Dear daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy fire,
 And my fair son here show'st me (the dear pledge
 Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys
 Then sweet, now sad to mention, thro' dire change 820
 Befall'n us unforeseen, unthought of) know

I come

I come no enemy, but to set free
 From out this dark and dismal house of pain,
 Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly host
 Of spirits that (in our just pretenses arm'd,) 825
 Fell with us from on high: from them I go
 This uncouth errand sole; and one for all
 My self expose, with lonely steps to tread
 Th' unsounded deep, and through the void immense
 To search with wandring quest a place foretold 830
 Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
 Created, vast and round; a place of bliss
 In the pourlieus of Heav'n, and therein plac'd
 A race of upstart creatures, to supply
 Perhaps our vacant room; though more remov'd, 835
 Left Heav'n surcharg'd with potent multitude
 Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or ought
 Than this more secret, now design'd, I haste
 To know, and this once known, shall soon return,
 And bring ye to the place where thou and DEATH
 Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen 841
 Wing silently the buxom air, imbalm'd
 With odors: there ye shall be fed, and fill'd
 Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.

He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and DEATH
 Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear 846
 His famine should be fill'd, and blest his maw
 Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoic'd
 His mother bad, and thus bespake her fire:

The key of this infernal pit by due, 850
 And by command of Heav'n's all-powerful King,
 I keep; by him forbidden to unlock
 These adamantine gates; against all force
 DEATH ready stands to interpose his dart,
 Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living wight. 855
 But what owe I to his commands above
 Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
 Into

Into this gloom of TARTARUS profound,
 To sit in hateful office here confin'd,
 Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nly-born, 860
 Here in perpetual agony and pain,
 With terrors and with clamors compass'd round,
 Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
 Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
 My being gav'st me; whom should I obey 865
 But thee? whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
 To that new world of light and bliss, among
 The Gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
 At thy right hand voluptuous, as befits
 Thy daughter and thy darling, without end. 870

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
 Sad instrument of all our woe! she took;
 And tow'rd's the gate rolling her bestial train,
 Forthwith the huge Portcullis high up-drew;
 Which but her self, not all the STYGIAN Pow'rs 875
 Could once have mov'd: then in the key-hole turns
 Th' intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
 Of massie iron, or solid rock, with ease
 Unfastens: on a sudden open fly
 With impetuous recoil and jarring sound 880
 Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
 Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
 Of ERERUS. She open'd, but to shut
 Excell'd her pow'r; the gates wide open stood,
 That with extended wings a banner'd host, 885
 Under spread ensigns marching, might pass through
 With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array,
 So wide they stood; and like a furnace mouth
 Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame:
 Before their eyes in sudden view appear 890
 The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark
 Illimitable ocean without bound,
 Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height
 And time and place are lost; where eldest NIGHT
 And

And CHAOS, ancestors of Nature, hold
 Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
 Of endless wars, and by confusion stand:
 For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce,
 Strive here for mast'ry, and to battel bring
 Their embryon atoms; they around the flag 900
 Of each his faction, in their sev'ral clans,
 Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,
 Swarm populous, un-number'd as the sands
 Of BARCA or CYRENE's torrid soil,
 Levi'd to side with warring winds, and poise 905
 Their lighter wing. To whom these most adhere,
 He rules a moment; CHAOS umpire sits,
 And by decision more embroils the fray
 By which he reigns: next him high arbiter
 CHANCE governs all. Into this wild abyfs, 910
 (The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave,)
 Of neither sea, nor shoar, nor air, nor fire,
 But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd
 Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
 (Unless th' Almighty Maker them ordain 915
 His dark materials to create more worlds)
 Into this wild abyfs the wary Fiend
 Stood on the brink of Hell, and look'd a while,
 Pond'ring his voyage; (for no narrow frith
 He had to cross): nor was his ear less peal'd 920
 With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
 Great things with small) than when BELLONA storms,
 With all her batt'ring engines bent to rase
 Some capital city; or less than if this frame
 Of heav'n were falling, and these elements 925
 In mutiny had from her axle torn
 The stedfast earth. At last his sail-broad vans
 He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
 Uplifted spurns the ground: thence many a league,
 As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides 930
 Audacious; but that seat soon falling, meets
 A vast vacuity: all unawares

Flutt'ring his pennons vain, plumb down he drops
 Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour
 Down had been falling, had not by ill chance 935
 The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,
 Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
 As many miles aloft: that fury stay'd,
 Quencht in a boggy syrtis, neither sea,
 Nor good dry land, nigh founde'r'd on he fares, 940
 Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
 Half flying; behooves him now both oar and sail.
 As when a gryfon, through the wilderness
 With winged course o'er hill or moory dale,
 Pursues the ARIMASPIAN, who by stealth 945
 Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
 The guarded gold: so eagerly the Fiend
 O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
 With head, hands, wings or feet pursues his way;
 And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies. 950
 At length a universall hubbub wild
 Of stunning sounds, and voices all confus'd,
 Born through the hallow dark assaults his ear
 With loudest vehemence: thither he plies,
 Undaunted to meet there whatever Pow'r, 955
 Or spirit of the nethermost abyss,
 Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
 Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies
 Bordering on light: when strait behold the throne
 Of CHAOS, and his dark pavilion spread 960
 Wide on the wasteful deep: with him inthron'd
 Sate sable-vested NIGHT, eldest of things,
 The consort of his reign: and by them stood
 ORCHUS and ADES, and the dreaded name
 Of DEMOGORGON: RUMOR next and CHANCE, 965
 And TUMULT and CONFUSION all imbroil'd,
 And DISCORD with a thousand various mouths.
 T'whom SATAN turning boldly, thus. --- Ye Pow'rs,
 And spirits of this nethermost Abyss,
 CHAOS and antient NIGHT, I come no spy 970
 With

With purpose to explore or to disturb
 The secrets of your realm, but by constraint,
 Wandring this darksome desert, as my way
 Lies through your spacious empire up to light,
 Alone, and without guide, half-lost, I seek 975
 What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds
 Confine with Heav'n: or if some other place
 From your dominion won, th' ethereal King
 Possesses lately, thither to arrive
 I travel this profound, direct my course; 980
 Directed, no mean recompense it brings
 To your behoof, if I that region lost,
 All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce
 To her original darkness, and your sway,
 (Which is my present journey) and once more 985
 Erect the standard there of antient NIGHT;
 Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.

Thus SATAN; and him thus the Anarch old,
 With fault'ring speech and visage incompod,
 Answer'd. I know thee, stranger, who thou art, 990
 That mighty leading Angel, who of late
 Made head against Heav'n's King, though overthrown.
 I saw and heard; for such a num'rous host
 Fled not in silence through the frighted deep,
 With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout, 995
 Confusion worse confounded: and Heav'n gates
 Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
 Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here
 Keep residence; if all I can will serve,
 That little which is left so to defend, 1000
 Encroacht on still through our intestine broiles,
 Weakening the sceptre of old NIGHT: first Hell,
 Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath:
 Now lately Heav'n and Earth, another world
 Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain, 1005
 To that side Heav'n from whence your legions fell:
 If that way be your walk, you have not far;

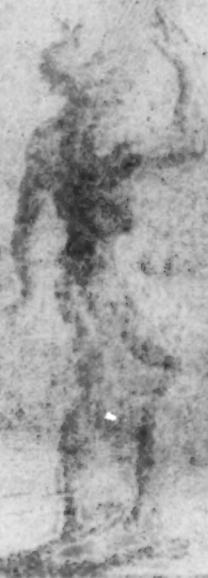
So much the nearer danger: go and speed!
Havoc, and spoil, and ruin are my gain.

He ceas'd; and SATAN staid not to reply, 1010
But glad that now his sea should find a shore,
With fresh alacrity, and force renew'd,
Springs upward like a pyramid of fire
Into the wild expanse; and through the shock
Of fighting elements, on all sides round 1015
Environ'd, wins his way: harder beset
And more endanger'd, than when ARGO pass'd
Through BOSPHORUS, betwixt the jostling rocks:
Or when ULYSSES on the larboard shunn'd
CHARYBDIS; and by th' other whirlpool steer'd. 1020
So he with difficulty and labor hard
Mov'd on; with difficulty and labor he;
But he once past, soon after when man fell,
Strange alteration! SIN and DEATH amain
Following his track (such was the will of Heav'n!)
Pav'd after him a broad and beaten way, 1025
Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf
Tamely endur'd a bridge of wond'rous length,
From Hell continu'd reaching th' utmost orb
Of this frail world; by which the spirits perverse 1030
With easie intercourse pass to and fro
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
GOD and good Angels guard by special grace.

But now at last the sacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heav'n 1035
Shoots far into the bosom of dim night
A glimmering dawn: here Nature first begins
Her farthest verge, and CHAOS to retire,
As from her outmost works a broken foe,
With tumult less and with less hostile din; 1040
That SATAN with less toil, and now with ease
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light;
And like a weather beaten vessel holds

Gladly

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Book II. PARADISE LOST. 33

Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn:
 Or in the emptier waste, resembling air, 1045
 Weighs his spread wings, at leasure to behold
 Far off th' empyreal Heav'n, extended wide
 In circuit, undetermin'd square or round:
 With opal tow'rs, and battlements adorn'd
 Of living saphir, once his native seat; 1050
 And fast by hanging in a golden chain
 This pendent world, in bigness as a star
 Of smallest magnitude, close by the moon.
 Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,
 Accurst, and in a curst hour he hies. 1055



PARADISE LOST.

B O O K I I I.

THE ARGUMENT.

GOD sitting on his throne sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shews him to the SON who sat at his right hand; foretells the succes of Satan in perverting mankind: clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free, and able enough to have withstood his tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduc'd. The SON of GOD renders praises to his FATHER for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man; but GOD again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of divine justice; Man hath offended the majesty of GOD

by aspiring to Godhead, and therefore with all his progeny devoted to death must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The SON of GOD freely offers himself a ransom for Man: the FATHER accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in heaven and earth; commands all the Angels to adore him; they obey, and hymning to their harps in full quire, celebrate the FATHER and the SON. Mean while Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb; where wandering he first finds a place, since call'd the Limbo of Vanity; what persons and things fly up thither; thence comes to the gate of Heaven, describ'd ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it; his passage thence to the orb of the Sun: he finds there Uriel the regent of that orb; but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner Angel; and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation, and Man whom God hath plac'd here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed; alights first on mount Niphates.



AIL holy light, offspring of Heav'n
firstborn!

Or of th' Eternal coeternal beam!

May I express thee unblam'd; since God
is light,

And never but in unapproach'd light

Dwelt from eternity; dwelt then in thee,

Bright effluence of bright essence increate!

Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,

Whose fountain who shall tell? before the Sun,

Before the heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice

Of GOD, as with a mantle didst invest

The rising world of waters dark and deep,

Won from the void and formless infinite.

Thee I re-visit now with bolder wing,

Escap'd the STYGIAN pool, tho' long detain'd

In

Book III. PARADISE LOST. 55

In that obscure sojourn; while in my flight 15
 Through utter and through middle darkness born,
 With other notes than to th' ORPHEAN lyre,
 I sung of CHAOS and eternal NIGHT;
 Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down
 The dark descent, and up to re-ascend, 20
 Tho' hard and rare. Thee I revisit safe,
 And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp: but thou
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that rowl in vain
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
 So thick a *drop serene* hath quench'd their orbs, 25
 Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt,
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
 Smit with the love of sacred song: but chief
 Thee SION, and the flow'ry brooks beneath, 30
 That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
 Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
 Those other two equal'd with me in fate,
 (So were I equal'd with them in renown!)
 Blind THAMYRIS, and blind MÆONIDES, 35
 And TIRESIAS, and PHINEUS Prophets old.
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
 Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year 40
 Seasons return, but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine:
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark 45
 Surrounds me; from the chearful ways of men
 Cut off; and for the book of knowledge fair,
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of nature's works, to me expung'd and ras'd,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out! 50
 So much the rather thou cœlestial light,
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her pow'rs

Irradiate; there plant eyes; all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse; that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight. 55

Now had th' Almighty FATHER from above,
 (From the pure empyrean where he sits
 High thron'd above all height) bent down his eye,
 His own works and their works at once to view.
 About him all the Sanctities of Heav'n 60
 Stood thick as stars, and from his sight receiv'd
 Beatitude past utterance: on his right
 The radiant image of his glory sat,
 His only SON. On earth he first beheld
 Our two first parents, yet the only two 65
 Of mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,
 Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love;
 Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love
 In blissful solitude. He then survey'd
 Hell and the gulf between, and SATAN there 70
 Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side night,
 In the dun air sublime; and ready now
 To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet
 On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
 Firm land imbosom'd without firmament; 75
 Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.
 Him GOD beholding from his prospect high,
 Wherein past, present, future he beholds,
 Thus to his only SON foreseeing spake.

Only begotten SON, seest thou what rage 80
 Transports our adversary, whom no bounds
 Prescrib'd, no bars of Hell, nor all the chains
 Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main Abyss
 Wide interrupt, can hold? So bent he seems
 On desperate revenge, that shall redound 85
 Upon his own rebellious head. And now
 Through all restraint broke loose, he wings his way
 Not far off Heav'n, in the precincts of light,
 Directly

Directly towards the new created world,
 And man there plac'd; with purpose to assay 90
 If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
 By some false guile pervert: and shall pervert;
 For man will heark'n to his glozing lies,
 And easily transgress the sole command,
 Sole pledge of his obedience: so will fall, 95
 He and his faithless progeny. Whose fault?
 Whose but his own? Ingrate! he had of me
 All he could have: I made him just and right,
 Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall,
 Such I created all th' ethereal Pow'rs, 100
 And spirits, both them who stood and them who fail'd:
 Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.
 Not free, what proof could they have giv'n sincere
 Of true allegiance, constant faith or love,
 Where only what they needs must do, appear'd, 105
 Not what they would? what praise could they receive?
 What pleasure I from such obedience paid,
 When will and reason (reason also is choice)
 Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,
 Made passive both, had serv'd necessity, 110
 Not me. They therefore as to right belong'd,
 So were created, nor can justly accuse
 Their Maker, or their making, or their fate:
 As if predestination over-rul'd
 Their will, dispos'd by absolute decree, 115
 Or high fore-knowledge. They themselves decreed
 Their own revolt, not I: if I fore-knew,
 Fore-knowledge had no influence on their fault,
 Which had no less prov'd certain-unforeknown.
 So without least impulse, or shadow of fate, 120
 Or ought by me immutably foreseen,
 They trespass; authors to themselves in all,
 Both what they judge and what they choose; for so
 I form'd them free, and free they must remain,
 'Till they inthrall themselves; I else must change 125
 Their nature, and revoke the high decree

Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
 Their freedom, they themselves ordain'd their fall.
 The first sort by their own suggestion fell,
 Self-tempted, self-deprav'd: man falls, deceiv'd 130
 By th' other first: man therefore shall find grace,
 The other none: in mercy and justice both,
 Through Heav'n and earth, so shall my glory excel;
 But mercy first and last shall brightest shine.

Thus while GOD spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
 All Heav'n, and in the blessed spirit elect 136
 Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd.
 Beyond compare the SON of GOD was seen
 Most glorious; in him all his FATHER shone
 Substantially express'd; and in his face 140
 Divine compassion visibly appear'd,
 Love without end, and without measure grace;
 Which uttering, thus he to his FATHER spake.

O FATHER, gracious was that word which clos'd
 Thy sov'reign sentence, that man should find grace;
 For which both Heav'n and earth shall high extol 146
 Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound
 Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne
 Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.
 For should man finally be lost, should man 150
 Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest son,
 Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd
 With his own folly? that be from thee far,
 That far be from thee, FATHER, who art judge
 Of all things made, and judgest only right. 155
 Or shall the adversary thus obtain
 His end, and frustrate thine, shall he fulfil
 His malice, and thy goodness bring to nought,
 Or proud return though to his heavier doom,
 Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to Hell 160
 Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
 By him corrupted? or wilt thou thy self

Abolish

Abolish thy creation, and unmake
 For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?
 So should thy goodness and thy greatness both
 Be question'd, and blasphem'd without defence. 165

To whom the great Creator thus reply'd.
 O SON, in whom my soul hath chief delight,
 SON of my bosom, SON who art alone
 My word, my wisdom, and effectual might, 170
 All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all
 As my eternal purpose hath decreed.
 Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will,
 Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
 Freely vouchsaf'd: once more I will renew 175
 His laps'd pow'rs, though forfeit, and inthrall'd
 By sin to foul exorbitant desires:
 Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
 On even ground against his mortal foe:
 By me upheld! that he may know how frail 180
 His fall'n condition is, and to me owe
 All his deliv'rance, and to none but me.
 Some I have chosen of peculiar grace
 Elect above the rest: so is my will;
 The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd. 185
 Their sinful state, and to appease betimes
 Th'incens'd Deity, while offer'd grace
 Invites: for I will clear their senses dark,
 What may suffice, and soften stony hearts
 To pray, repent, and bring obedience due. 190
 To pray'r, repentance, and obedience due,
 Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent,
 Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.
 And I will place within them as a guide 194
 My umpire CONSCIENCE; whom if they will hear,
 Light after light well us'd they shall attain,
 And to the end persisting, safe arrive.
 This my long sufferance, and my day of grace,
 They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste;

But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more; 200
 That they may stumble on, and deeper fall:
 And none but such from mercy I exclude.
 But yet all is not done: Man disobeying,
 Disloyal breaks his fealty, and sins
 Against the high supremacy of Heav'n, 205
 Affecting God-head, and so losing all,
 To expiate his treason hath nought left;
 But to destruction sacred and devote,
 He with his whole posterity must die,
 Die he or Justice must; unless for him 210
 Some other able, and as willing, pay
 The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
 Say heav'nly Pow'rs, where shall we find such love?
 Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
 Man's mortal crime: and just, th'unjust to save? 215
 Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear?

He ask'd, but all the heav'nly quire stood mute,
 And silence was in Heav'n: on man's behalf
 Patron or intercessor none appear'd,
 Much less that durst upon his own head draw 220
 The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
 And now without redemption all mankind
 Must have been lost, adjudg'd to death and Hell
 By doom severe, had not the SON of GOD,
 In whom the fulness dwells of love divine, 225
 His dearest mediation thus renew'd.

FATHER, thy word is past, man shall find grace:
 And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,
 The speediest of thy winged messengers,
 To visit all thy creatures, and to all 230
 Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought?
 Happy for man, so coming! he her aid
 Can never seek, (once dead in sins, and lost)
 Attonement for himself, or offering meet,
 Indebted, and undone, hath none to bring. 235
 Behold

Behold me then, me for him, life for life
I offer, on me let thine anger fall;
Account me man: I for his sake will leave
Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
Freely put off, and for him lastly die 240
Well pleas'd, on me let DEATH wreak all his rage.
Under his gloomy pow'r I shall not long
Lie vanquish'd; thou hast giv'n me to possess
Life in my self for ever; by thee I live,
Though now to DEATH I yield, and am his due
All that of me can die: yet that debt paid, 246
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
For ever with corruption there to dwell:
But I shall rise victorious, and subdue 250
My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil:
Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop
Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.
I through the ample air in triumph high
Shall lead Hell captive, maugre Hell! and show 255
The Pow'rs of darkness bound. Thou at the sight
Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile;
While by thee rais'd I ruin all my foes,
DEATH last, and with his carcass glut the grave.
Then with the multitude of my redeem'd 260
Shall enter Heav'n long absent, and return,
FATHER, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger shall remain; but peace assur'd
And reconciliation: wrath shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire. 265

His words here ended, but his meek aspect
Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love
To mortal men, above which only shone
Filial obedience: as a sacrifice
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will 270
Of his great FATHER. Admiration seiz'd
All Heav'n, what this might mean, and whither tend
Wond'ring; but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd:

O Thou in Heav'n and earth the only peace
 Found out for mankind under wrath, O Thou 275
 My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear
 To me are all my works, nor man the least
 Though last created; that for him I spare
 Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save
 (By losing thee a while) the whole race lost. 280
 Thou therefore whom thou only canst redeem,
 Their nature also to thy nature join;
 And be thy self man among men on earth,
 Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin-seed,
 By wondrous birth: be thou in ADAM'S room 285
 The head of all mankind, though ADAM'S son.
 As in him perish all men, so in thee,
 As from a second root, shall be restor'd
 As many as are restor'd, without thee none.
 His crime makes guilty all his sons; thy merit 290
 Imputed shall absolve them who renounce
 Their own both righteous, and unrighteous deeds:
 And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
 Receive new life. So man, as is most just,
 Shall satisfy for man, be judg'd and die; 295
 And dying rise, and rising with him raise
 His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.
 So heav'nly love shall outdo hellish hate
 Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
 So dearly to redeem what hellish hate 300
 So easily destroy'd, and still destroys
 In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
 Nor shalt thou by descending to assume
 Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.
 Because thou hast, tho' thron'd in highest bliss 305
 Equal to GOD, and equally enjoying
 God-like fruition, quitted all to save
 A world from utter loss, and hast been found
 By merit more than birthright SON OF GOD,
 Found worthiest to be so by being good, 310
 Far more than great or high; because in thee

Love

Love hath abounded more than glory abounds,
Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt
With thee thy manhood also to this throne;
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign 315
Both GOD and MAN, SON both of GOD and MAN,
Anointed universal King; all pow'r
I give thee, reign for ever, and assume
Thy merits: under thee as Head supreme
Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions I reduce:
All knees to thee shall bow, of them that 'bide 321
In Heav'n, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell;
When thou attended gloriously from Heav'n
Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send
The summoning Arch-Angels to proclaim 325
Thy dread tribunal: forthwith from all winds
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all past ages to the general doom
Shall hasten, such a peal shall rouse their sleep!
Then all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge 330
Bad men and Angels, they arraign'd shall sink
Beneath thy sentence; Hell (her numbers full)
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while
The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring
New heav'n and earth, wherein the just shall dwell;
And after all their tribulations long 336
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth:
Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,
For regal sceptre then no more shall need, 340
GOD shall be all in all. But all ye Gods,
Adore him, who to compass all this dies,
Adore the SON, and honor him as me.

No sooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitude of Angels with a shout 345
(Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices) utt'ring joy, Heav'n rung
With jubilee, and loud hosanna's fill'd

Th' eter:

Th' eternal regions. Lowly reverent
 Tow'rd's either throne they bow, and to the ground
 With solemn adoration down they cast 351
 Their crowns, inwove with amarant and gold,
 Immortal amarant! a flow'r which once
 In Paradise fast by the tree of life
 Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence 355
 To Heav'n remov'd, where first it grew, there grows,
 And flow'rs aloft shading the fount of life;
 And where the river of bliss thro' midst of Heav'n
 Rowls o'er ELYSIAN flow'rs her amber stream:
 With these that never fade the spirits elect 360
 Bind their resplendent locks, inwreath'd with beams;
 Now in loose garlands thick thrown off the bright
 Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
 Impurpled with cœlestial roses smil'd.
 Then crown'd again, their golden harps they took;
 Harps ever tun'd, that glitt'ring by their side 366
 Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
 Of charming symphony they introduce
 Their sacred song, and waken raptures high,
 No voice exempt; no voice but well could join 370
 Melodious part, such concord is in Heav'n.

Thee FATHER first they sung, Omnipotent,
 Immutible, Immortal, Infinite,
 Eternal King; Thee Author of all Being,
 Fountain of Light, thy self invisible 375
 Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st
 Thron'd inaccessible; but when thou shad'st
 The full blaze of thy beams, and thro' a cloud
 Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,
 Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear: 380
 Yet dazle Heav'n, that brightest Seraphim
 Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.
 Thee next they sung of all creation first,
 Begotten SON, Divine similitude!
 In whose conspicuous count'ance, without cloud 385

Made

Made visible, th' Almighty FATHER shines,
Whom else no creature can behold: on thee
Impress'd, th' effulgence of his glory abides;
Transfus'd on thee his ample SPIRIT rests.
He Heav'n of Heav'ns, and all the pow'rs therein,
By thee created; and by thee threw down 391
Th' aspiring Dominations. Thou that day
Thy FATHER's dreadful thunder didst not spare;
Nor stop thy flaming chariot wheels, that shook
Heav'n's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks 395
Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarraid.
Back from pursuit thy Pow'rs with loud acclaim
Thee only extoll'd, SON of thy FATHER's might,
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes.
Not so on man: him thro' their malice fall'n, 400
FATHER of mercy and grace! thou didst not doom
So strictly; but much more to pity incline.
No sooner did thy dear and only SON,
Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail man
So strictly, but much more to pity inclin'd, 405
He to appease thy wrath, and end the strife
Of mercy and justice in thy face discern'd,
Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat
Second to thee, offer'd himself to die
For man's offence. O unexampled love! 410
Love no where to be found less than Divine!
Hail SON of GOD, Saviour of men! thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my song
Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
Forget, nor from thy FATHER's praise disjoin. 415

Thus they in Heav'n, above the starry sphear,
Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.
Mean while upon the firm opacous globe
Of this round world, whose first convex divides
The luminous inferior orbs, inclos'd 420
From CHAOS, and th'inroad of darkness old,
SATAN alighted walks. A globe far off

It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent
 Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of night
 Starless expos'd, and ever-threat'ning storms 425
 Of CHAOS blustering round, inclement sky!
 Save on that side which from the wall of Heav'n
 (Tho' distant far) some small reflection gains
 Of glimmering air, less vex'd with tempest loud.
 Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious field. 430
 As when a Vultur on IMAUS bred,
 (Whose snowy ridge the roving TARTAR bounds)
 Dislodging from a region scarce of prey
 To gorge the flesh of lambs, or yeanling kids, 434
 On hills where flocks are fed, flies tow'rd the springs
 Of GANGES or HYDASPES, (INDIAN streams)
 But in his way lights on the barren plains
 Of SERICANA, where CHINESES drive
 With sails and wind their cany waggons light:
 So on this windy sea of land, the Fiend 440
 Walk'd up and down alone, bent on his prey;
 Alone, for other creature in this place
 Living or liveless to be found was none;
 None yet, but store hereafter from the earth
 Up hither like aerial vapors flew, 445
 Of all things transitory and vain, when sin
 With vanity had fill'd the works of men:
 Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
 Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,
 Or happiness in this or th' other life: 450
 All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
 Of painful superstition, and blind zeal,
 Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find
 Fit retribution, empty as their deeds:
 All th' unaccomplish'd works of Nature's hand, 455
 Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,
 Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
 Till final dissolution, wander here:
 Not in the neighb'ring moon, as some have dream'd;
 (Those argent fields more likely habitants, 460

Translated

Translated saints, or middle spirits hold
 Betwixt th' angelical and human kind)
 Hither, of ill-join'd sons and daughters born;
 First from the ancient world those giants came,
 With many a vain exploit, tho' then renown'd: 465
 The builders next of BABEL on the plain
 Of SENNAAR, and still with vain design
 New BABELS, had they wherewithal, would build:
 Others came single; he who to be deem'd
 A God, leap'd fondly into ÆTNA flames, 470
 EMPEDOCLES: and he who to enjoy
 PLATO'S ELYSIUM, leap'd into the Sea,
 CLEOMBROTUS: and many more too long,
 Embryoes and idiots, Eremites, and Friars
White, Black, and Grey, with all their trumpery: 475
 Here Pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek
 In GOLGOTHA him dead, who lives in Heav'n:
 And they who to be sure of Paradise,
 Dying put on the weeds of DOMINIC,
 Or in FRANCISCAN think to pass disguis'd; 480
 They pass the Planets seven, and pass the fix'd,
 And that chrySTALLINE sphere whose ballance weighs
 The trepidation talk'd, and that first-mov'd:
 And now Saint PETER at Heav'n's wicket seems
 To wait them with his keys, and now at foot 485
 Of Heav'n's ascent they lift their feet, when lo!
 A violent cross-wind from either coast
 Blows them transverse, ten thousand leagues awry
 Into the devious air: then might ye see
 Cows, hoods, and habits, with their wearers tost 490
 And flutter'd into rags; then reliques, beads,
 Indulgences, Dispenses, Pardons, Bulls,
 The sport of winds. All these upwhirl'd aloft
 Fly o'er the backside of the world far off,
 Into a Limbo large and broad, since call'd 495
 The PARADISE of FOOLS, to few unknown
 Long after: now unpeopl'd, and untrod.
 All this dark globe the Fiend found as he pass'd,

And long he wander'd, till at last a gleam
 Of dawning light turn'd thither-ward in haste 500
 His travel'd steps; far distant he descries
 Ascending by degrees magnificent
 Up to the wall of Heav'n a structure high;
 At top whereof, but far more rich, appear'd
 The work as of a Kingly palace-gate, 505
 With frontispiece of diamond and gold
 Imbellish'd; thick with sparkling orient gems
 The portal shone, inimitable on earth
 By model, or by shading pencil drawn.
 The stairs were such as whereon JACOB saw 510
 Angels ascending and descending, bands
 Of guardians bright, when he from ESAU fled
 To PADAN-ARAM in the field of LUZ,
 Dreaming by night under the open sky,
 And waking cry'd, *This is the gate of Heav'n.* 515
 Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor flood
 There always, but drawn up to Heav'n sometimes
 Viewless, and underneath a bright sea flow'd
 Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
 Who after came from earth, sayling arriv'd, 520
 Wafted by Angels, or flew o'er the lake
 Rap'd in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.
 The stairs were then let down, whether to dare
 The Fiend by easie ascent, or aggravate
 His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss: 525
 Direct against which open'd from beneath,
 Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,
 A passage down to th' earth, a passage wide,
 (Wider by far than that of after-times
 Over mount SION, and, though that were large, 530
 Over the PROMIS'D LAND to GOD so dear,
 By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,
 On high behests his Angels to and fro
 Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard,
 From PANEAS the fount of JORDAN'S flood 535
 To BEERSABA, where the HOLY LAND
 Borders

Borders on ÆGYPT and th' ARABIAN shore)
 So wide the opening seem'd, where bounds were set
 To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.

SATAN from hence now on the lower stair 540

That scal'd by steps of gold to Heaven-gate,
 Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
 Of all this world at once. As when a scout

Thro' dark and desert ways with peril gone
 All night, at last by break of chearful dawn 545

Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,
 Which to his eye discovers unaware

The goodly prospect of some foreign land

First seen, or some renown'd metropolis

With glistering spires and pinnacles adorn'd, 550

Which now the rising Sun gilds with his beams:

Such wonder seiz'd, though after Heaven seen,

The spirit malign; but much more envy seis'd

At sight of all this world beheld so fair.

Round he surveys (and well might, where he stood

So high above the circling canopy 556

Of night's extended shade) from eastern point

Of LIBRA, to the fleecy star that bears

ANDROMEDA far off ATLANTIC seas

Beyond th' Horizon: then from pole to pole 560

He views in breadth; and without longer pause

Down right into the world's first region throws

His sight precipitant, and winds with ease

Through the pure marble-air his oblique way

Amongst innumerable Stars, that shone 565

Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds:

Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,

Like those HESPERIAN gardens fam'd of old,

Fortunate fields, and groves, and flow'ry vales;

Thrice happy isles! But who dwelt happy there 570

He stay'd not to inquire. Above them all

The golden Sun, in splendor likest Heav'n,

Allur'd his eye: thither his course he bends

Through the calm firmament: but up or down,

By centre or eccentric, hard to tell, 575
 Or longitude, where the great luminary
 Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,
 That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
 Dispenses light from far; they as they move
 Their starry dance in numbers that compute 580
 Days, months and years, tow'rd's his all-cheering lamp
 Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd
 By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
 The universe, and to each inward part
 With gentle penetration, though unseen, 585
 Shoots invifible virtue even to the deep;
 So wondrously was fet his ftation bright.
 There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps
 Aftronomer in the Sun's lucent orb
 Through his glaz'd optic tube yet never faw. 590
 The place he found beyond expreffion bright,
 Compar'd with ought on earth, metal or ftone:
 Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
 With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire;
 If metal, part feem'd gold, part filver clear: 595
 If ftone, carbuncle moft or chryfolite,
 Ruby or topaz, or the twelve that fhone
 In AARON'S breast-plate: and a ftone befides
 (Imagin'd rather oft than elfewhere feen)
 That ftone, or like to that which here below 600
 Philofophers in vain fo long have fought,
 In vain, though by their pow'rful art they bind
 Volatil HERMES, and call up unbound
 In various fapes old PROTEUS from the fea,
 Drain'd through a limbec to his native form. 605
 What wonder then if fields and regions here
 Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run
 Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch
 Th'arch-chimic Sun, fo far from us remote,
 Produces, with terreftrial humor mix'd, 610
 Here in the dark fo many precious things
 Of color glorious, and effect fo rare?

Here

Here matter new to gaze the Devil met
 Undazled; far and wide his eye commands;
 For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade, 615
 But all sun-shine, as when his beams at noon
 Culminate from th' Æquator, as they now
 Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
 Shadow from body opaque can fall, and th' air,
 No where so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray 620
 To objects distant far, whereby he soon
 Saw within ken a glorious Angel stand,
 The same whom JOHN saw also in the Sun:
 His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid;
 Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar 625
 Circ'd his head, nor less his locks behind
 Illustrious on his shoulders, fledge with wings,
 Lay waving round: on some great charge employ'd
 He seem'd, or fixt in cogitation deep.
 Glad was the spirit impure, as now in hope 630
 To find who might direct his wand'ring flight
 To Paradise the happy seat of man,
 His journey's end, and our beginning woe.
 But first he casts to change his proper shape,
 Which else might work him danger or delay: 635
 And now a stripling Cherub he appears,
 Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
 Youth smil'd cœlestial, and to ev'ry limb
 Suitable grace diffus'd, so well he feign'd.
 Under a coronet his flowing hair 640
 In curls on either cheek play'd; wings he wore
 Of many a color'd plume, sprinkled with gold;
 His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
 Before his decent steps a silver wand.
 He drew not nigh unheard, the Angel bright; 645
 E'er he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,
 Admonish'd by his ear; and straight was known
 Th' Arch-Angel URIEL, one of the sev'n
 Who in GOD's presence, nearest to his throne
 Stand ready at command, and are his eyes 650

That run thro' all the Heav'ns, or down to th' earth
 Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,
 O'er sea and land: him SATAN thus accosts.

URIEL, for thou of those sev'n spirits that stand
 In sight of GOD's high throne, gloriously bright, 655
 The first art wont his great authentic will
 Interpreter through highest Heav'n to bring,
 Where all his sons thy embassie attend:
 And here art likeliest by supreme decree
 Like honor to obtain; and as his eye, 660
 To visit oft this new creation round;
 Unspeakable desire to see, and know
 All these his wondrous works, but chiefly man,
 His chief delight and favor, him for whom
 All these his works so wondrous he ordain'd, 665
 Hath brought me from the quires of Cherubim
 Alone thus wandring; brightest Seraph, tell
 In which of all these shining orbs hath man
 His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
 But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell: 670
 That I may find him, and with secret gaze,
 Or open admiration, him behold
 On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd
 Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd;
 That both in him and all things, as is meet, 675
 The Universal Maker we may praise;
 Who justly hath driven out his rebel foes
 To deepest Hell, and to repair that loss
 Created this new happy race of men
 To serve him better: wise are all his ways! 680

So spake the false dissembler unperceiv'd;
 For neither man nor angel can discern
 Hypocrisy (the only evil that walks
 Invisible, except to GOD alone,
 By his permissive will, through heav'n and earth: 685
 And oft though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps

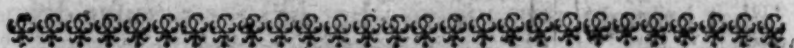
At

At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
 Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
 Where no ill seems) which now for once beguil'd
 URIEL, though regent of the Sun, and held 690
 The sharpest-sighted spirit of all in Heav'n;
 Who to the fraudulent impostor foul,
 In his uprightness answer thus return'd.

Fair Angel, thy desire which tends to know
 The works of GOD, thereby to glorify 695
 The great work-master, leads to no excess
 That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
 The more it seems excess, that led thee hither
 From thy empyreal mansion thus alone.
 To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps 700
 Contented with report hear only in Heav'n:
 For wonderful indeed are all his works,
 Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
 Had in remembrance always with delight.
 But what created mind can comprehend 705
 Their number, or the wisdom infinite
 That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep?
 I saw when at his word the formless mass,
 This world's material mould, came to a heap:
 Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar 710
 Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd:
 Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
 Light shone, and order from disorder sprung.
 Swift to their several quarters hasted then
 The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire, 715
 And the ethereal quintessence of heav'n
 Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
 That rowl'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars,
 Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;
 Each had his place appointed, each his course, 720
 The rest in circuit walls this universe.
 Look downward on that globe whose hither side
 With light from hence, tho' but reflected, shines:

That place is earth, the seat of man, that light
 His day, which else as th' other hemisphere 725
 Night would invade; but there the neighb'ring moon
 (So call that opposite fair star) her aid
 Timely interposes, and her monthly round
 Still ending, still renewing through mid heav'n,
 With borrow'd light her countenance triform 730
 Hence fills, and empties, to enlighten th' earth,
 And in her pale dominion checks the night.
 That spot to which I point is Paradise,
 ADAM's abode, those lofty shades his bow'r;
 Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires. 735

Thus said, he turn'd, and SATAN bowing low
 (As to superior spirits is wont in Heav'n,
 Where honor due and reverence none neglects)
 Took leave, and tow'rd the coast of Earth beneath
 Down from th' Ecliptic, sped with hop'd success, 740
 Throws his steep flight in many an aery wheel,
 Nor staid, till on NIPHATES top he lights.

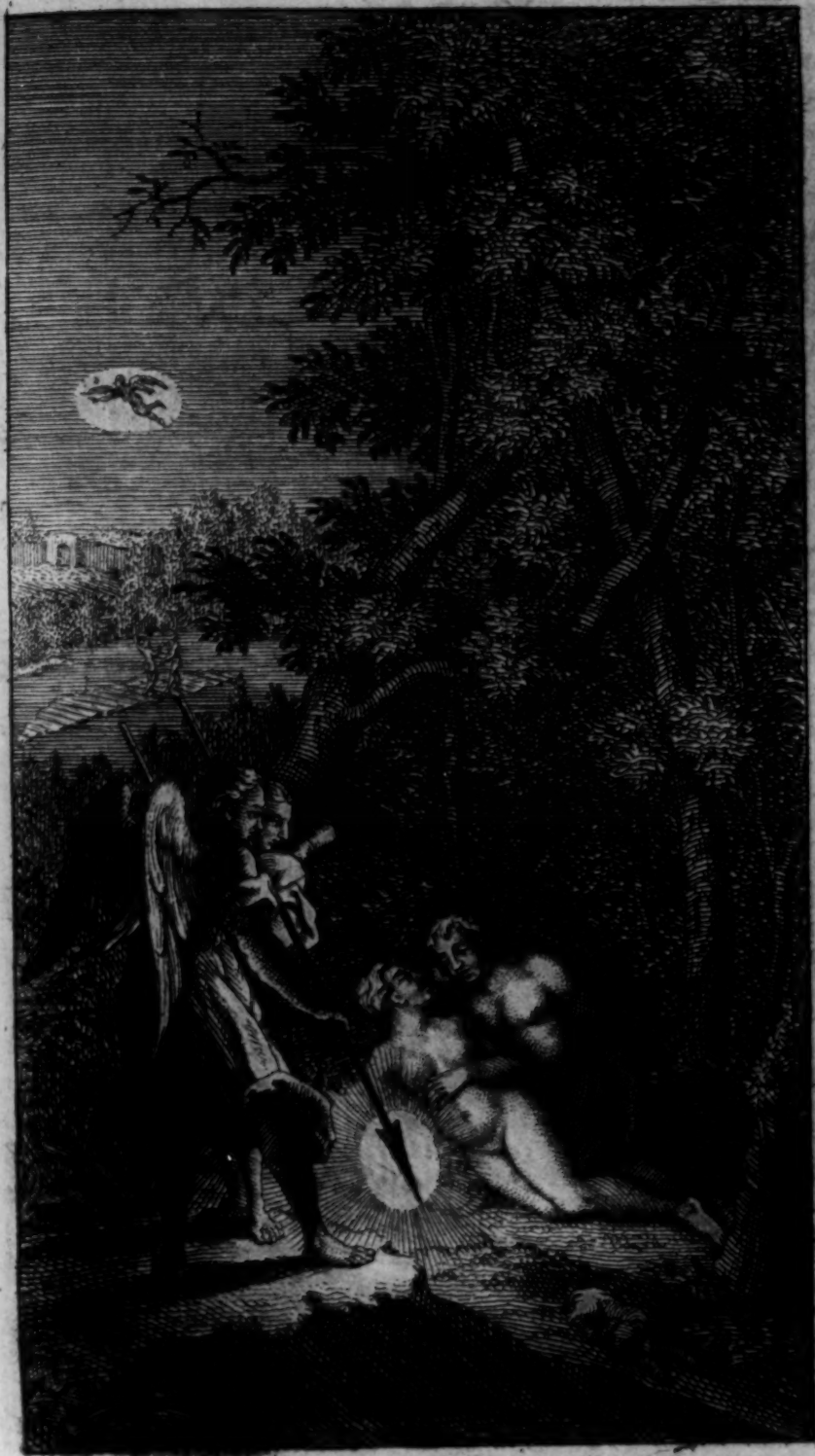


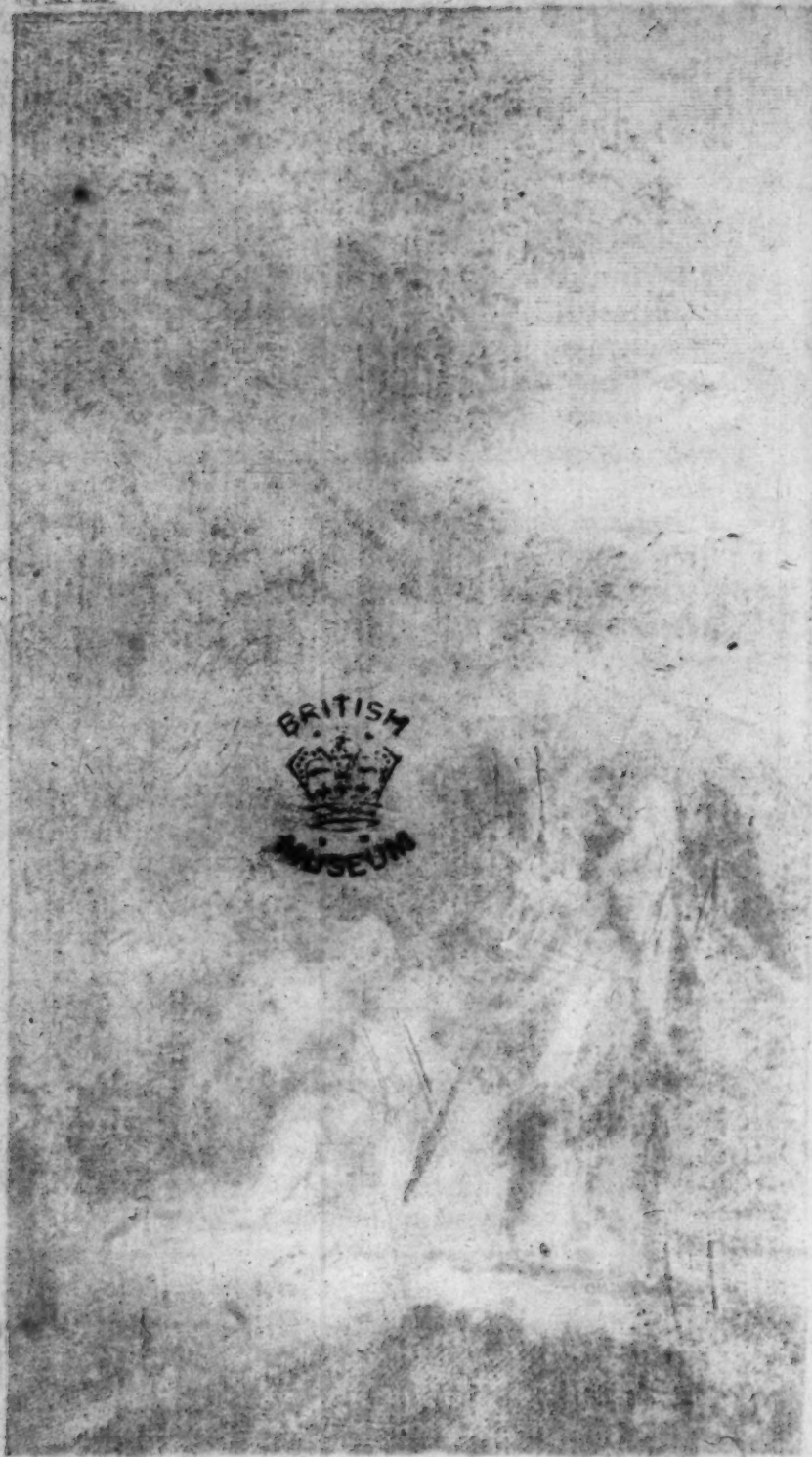
PARADISE LOST.

B O O K I V.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Satan now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where
 he must now attempt the bold enterprize which he under-
 took alone against GOD and Man, falls into many
 doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy,
 and despair: but at length confirms himself in evil,
 journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and
 situation*





situation is described; over-leaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a cormorant on the tree of Life, as the highest in the garden, to look about him. The garden described; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall; over-hears their discourse, thence gathers that the tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation, by seducing them to transgress: then leaves them a while to know further of their state by some other means. Mean while Uriel descending on a sun-beam warns Gabriel (who had in charge the gate of Paradise) that some evil spirit had escaped the deep, and past at noon by his sphear in the shape of a good Angel down to Paradise, discovered afterwards by his furious gestures in the mount: Gabriel promises to find him e're morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest: their bower described; their evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong Angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, tho' unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom question'd, he scornfully answers, prepares resistance, but hinder'd by a sign from Heaven, flies out of Paradise.



FOR that warning voice, which he
who saw
Th'Apocalyps heard cry in Heav'n aloud,
Then when the Dragon, put to second
rout,

Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,
Wo to th'inhabitants on earth! that now
While time was, our first parents had been warn'd
The coming of their secret foe, and scap'd
Haply so scap'd his mortal snare: for now

SATAN,

SATAN, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,
 The tempter e're th' accuser of mankind, 10
 To wreak on innocent frail man his loss
 Of that first battel, and his flight to Hell:
 Yet not rejoycing in his speed though bold,
 Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
 Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth 15
 Now rowling, boils in his tumultuous breast,
 And like a develish engine back recoils
 Upon himself: horror and doubt distract
 His troubled thoughts; and from the bottom stir
 The hell within him, (for within him hell 20
 He brings, and round about him, nor from hell
 One step no more than from himself can fly
 By change of place:) now conscience wakes despair
 That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memory
 Of what he was, what is, and what must be 25
 Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.
 Sometimes tow'rs EDEN, which now in his view
 Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fixes sad,
 Sometimes tow'rs Heav'n and the full blazing Sun,
 Which now sat high in his meridian tow'r: 30
 Then much revolving, thus in sighs began.

O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd,
 Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
 Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
 Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call, 35
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
 O Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
 That bring to my remembrance from what state
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me down, 40
 Warring in Heav'n against Heav'n's matchless King.
 Ah wherefore! he deserv'd no such return
 From me, whom he created what I was
 In that bright eminence, and with his good
 Upbraided none; nor was his service hard. 45

What

What could be less than to afford him praise,
 The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks;
 How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
 And wrought but malice; lifted up so high
 I 'sdein'd subjection, and thought one step higher 50
 Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,
 So burthensome still paying, still to owe;
 Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd,
 And understood not that a grateful mind 55
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
 Indebted and discharg'd: what burden then?
 O had his pow'rful destiny ordain'd
 Me some inferior Angel! I had stood
 Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd 60
 Ambition: yet why not? some other Pow'r
 As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean
 Drawn to his part; but other Pow'rs as great
 Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd. 65
 Hadst thou the same free will and pow'r to stand?
 Thou hadst: whom hast thou then, or what, if accuse,
 But heav'n's free love dealt equally to all?
 Be then his love accurst, since love or hate,
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe: 70
 Nay curst be thou; since against his thy will
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues:
 Me miserable! which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
 Which way I fly is hell; my self am hell; 75
 And in the lowest deep a lower deep
 Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,
 To which the hell I suffer seems a heav'n.
 O then at last relent! is there no place
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left? 80
 None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
 Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd

With

With other promises and other vaunts
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue 85
 Th' Omnipotent: Ah me! they little know
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain;
 Under what torments inwardly I groan,
 While they adore me on the throne of Hell,
 With diadem and sceptre high advanc'd, 90
 The lower still I fall, only supreme
 In misery; such joy ambition finds!
 But say I could repent, and could obtain
 By act of grace my former state, how soon
 Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay 95
 What feign'd submission swore! ease would recant
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void;
 (For never can true reconciliation grow
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep)
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse 100
 And heavier fall; so should I purchase dear
 Short intermission bought with double smart.
 This knows my punisher; therefore as far
 From granting he, as I from begging peace.
 All hope excluded thus, behold! in stead 105
 Of us out-cast, exil'd, his new delight
 Mankind created, and for him this world.
 So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
 Farewel remorse! all good to me is lost;
 Evil be thou my good! by thee at least 110
 Divided empire with Heav'n's king I hold;
 By thee, and more than half perhaps, will reign:
 As man e're-long, and this new world shall know.

Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face
 Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envy and despair, 115
 Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd
 Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.
 (For heav'nly minds from such distempers foul
 Are ever clear.) Whereof he soon aware,
 Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calm, 120
 Artificer

Artificer of fraud; and was the first
That practis'd falsehood under faintly shew,
Deep malice to conceal, coucht with revenge.
Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive 124
URIEL once warn'd; whose eye persu'd him down
The way he went, and on th' ASSYRIAN mount
Saw him disfigur'd, more than could befall
Spirit of happy sort: his gestures fierce
He mark'd, and mad demeanor, then alone,
As he suppos'd, all unobserv'd, unseen. 130
So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of EDEN, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champain head
Of a steep wilderness; whose hairy sides 135
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access deny'd: and over head up grew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene; and as the ranks ascend 140
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verdurous wall of Paradise up-sprung:
Which to our general sight gave prospect large
Into his neather empire, neighb'ring round. 145
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colors mix'd:
On which the Sun more glad impress'd his beams, 150
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath show'rd the earth; so lovely seem'd
That landscape! and of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive 155
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales
Fanning their odoriferous wings dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those

Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail
 Beyond the CAPE OF HOPE, and now are past 160
 MOZAMBIK, off at sea north-east winds blow
 SABAAN odor from the spicy shore
 Of ARABY the blest, with such delay
 Well pleas'd they slack their course, & many a league
 Chear'd with the grateful smell old OCEAN smiles :
 So entertain'd those odorous sweets the Fiend, 166
 Who came their bane; though with them better pleas'd
 Than ASMODEUS with the fishy fume
 That drove him, though enamor'd, from the spouse
 Of TOBIT'S son, and with a vengeance sent 170
 From MEDIA post to ÆGYPT, there fast bound.

Now to th' ascent of that steep savage hill
 SATAN had journied on, pensive and slow;
 But further way found none, so thick entwin'd,
 As one continu'd brake, the undergrowth 175
 Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd
 All path of man or beast that past that way.
 One gate there only was, and that look'd east
 On th' other side: which when th' Arch-fellon saw
 Due entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt, 180
 At one slight bound high over-leap'd all bound
 Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within
 Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
 Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
 Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve 185
 In hurdld cotes amid the field secure,
 Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold:
 Or as a thief bent to unhoard the cash
 Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
 Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault, 190
 In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:
 So clomb this first grand thief into GOD'S fold;
 (So since into his Church lewd hirelings climb.)
 Thence up he flew, and on the tree of Life,
 (The middle tree, and highest there that grew) 195
 Sat

Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life
Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death
To them who liv'd: nor on the virtue thought
Of that life-giving plant, but only us'd
For prospect, what well us'd had been the pledge 200
Of immortality. (So little knows
Any, but GOD alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts best things
To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.)
Beneath him with new wonder now he views, 205
To all delight of human sense expos'd
In narrow room, nature's whole wealth, yea more,
A heav'n on earth! for blissful Paradise
Of GOD the garden was, by him in th'east
Of EDEN plant'd; EDEN stretch'd her line 210
From AURAN eastward to the royal tow'rs
Of great SELEUCIA, built by GRECIAN Kings,
Or where the sons of EDEN long before
Dwelt in TELASSAR. In this pleasant soil
His far more pleasant garden GOD ordain'd: 215
Out of the fertile ground he caus'd to grow
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
And all amid them stood the tree of Life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold: and next to life, 220
Our death, the Tree of knowledge, grew fast by;
Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill!
Southward through EDEN went a river large,
Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggy hill
Pass'd underneath ingulf'd, for GOD had thrown 225
That mountain as his garden mound high rais'd
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden; thence united fell 230
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood
Which from his darksome passage now appears:
And now divided into four main streams,

Runs divers, wandering many a famous realm
 And country, whereof here needs no account; 235
 But rather to tell how, (if art could tell
 How) from that saphire fount the crisped brooks,
 Rowling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
 With mazy error under pendent shades
 Ran Nectar, visiting each plant, and fed 240
 Flow'rs worthy of Paradise, which not nice art
 In beds and curious knots, but nature boon
 Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
 Both where the morning Sun first warmly smote
 The open field, and where the unpierc'd shade 245
 Imbrown'd the noon-tide bow'rs. Thus was this place,
 A happy rural seat of various view:
 Groves whose rich trees wept od'rous gums, & balm;
 Others whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind
 Hung amiable, HESPERIAN fables true, 250
 If true, here only, and of delicious taste.
 Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
 Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
 Or palmy hillock, or the flow'ry lap
 Of some irriguous valley spread her store; 255
 Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
 Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
 Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
 Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
 Luxuriant: mean-while murm'ring waters fall 260
 Down the slope hills, dispers'd, or in a lake,
 That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
 Her chrystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
 The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
 Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune 265
 The trembling leaves, while universal PAN,
 Knit with the GRACES and the HOURS in dance,
 Led on th' eternal spring. Not that fair field
 Of ENNA, where PROSERPINE gathering flow'rs,
 Her self a fairer flow'r by gloomy DIS 270
 Was gather'd, which cost CERES all that pain

To

To seek her thro' the world: nor that sweet grove
 Of DAPHNE by ORONTES, and th' inspir'd
 CASTALIAN spring, might with this Paradise
 Of EDEN strive: nor that NYSEIAN isle 275
 Girt with the river TRITON, where old CHAM,
 (Whom Gentiles AMMON call and LIBYAN Jove)
 Hid AMALTHEA, and her florid son
 Young BACCHUS, from his stepdame RHEA's eye;
 Nor where ABASSIN Kings their issue guard, 280
 Mount AMARA (though this by some suppos'd
 True Paradise) under the ÆTHIOP Line
 By NILUS' head, inclos'd with shining rock,
 A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
 From this ASSYRIAN garden; where the Fiend 285
 Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
 Of living creatures new to sight and strange.

Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
 Godlike erect! with native honor clad
 In naked majesty, seem'd Lords of all; 290
 And worthy seem'd: for in their looks divine
 The image of their glorious maker shone,
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure;
 Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd,
 Whence true authority in men: though both 295
 Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd;
 For contemplation he, and valor form'd,
 For softness she, and sweet attractive grace;
 He for GOD only, she for GOD in him.
 His fair large front, and eye sublime, declar'd 300
 Absolute rule; and hyacinthin locks
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad.
 She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
 Her unadorned golden tresses wore, 305
 Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd,
 As the vine curls her tendrils, which imply'd
 Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,

And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,
 Yielded with coy submission, modest pride, 310
 And sweet reluctant amorous delay.
 Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd;
 Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame
 Of nature's works; honor dishonorable;
 Sin-bred! how have ye troubled all mankind 315
 With shews instead, mere shews, of seeming pure,
 And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,
 Simplicity, and spotless innocence?
 So pass'd they naked on, nor shun'd the sight
 Of GOD or Angel, for they thought no ill: 320
 So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
 That ever since in loves embraces met;
 ADAM the goodliest man of men since born
 His sons; the fairest of her daughters EVE.
 Under a tuft of shade, that on a green 325
 Stood whisp'ring soft, by a fresh fountain side
 They sat them down; and after no more toil
 Of their sweet gard'ning labor than suffic'd
 To recommend cool ZEPHYR, and made ease
 More easie, wholsom thirst and appetite 330
 More grateful, to their supper-fruits they fell,
 Nectarine fruits! which the compliant boughs
 Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
 On the soft downy bank damask'd with flow'rs.
 The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind 335
 Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream;
 Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as beseems
 Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
 Alone as they. About them frisking plaid 340
 All beasts of th' earth, since wild, and of all chase
 In wood or wilderness, forest or den;
 Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
 Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
 Gambol'd before them, th'unwieldy elephant 345
 To make them mirth us'd all his might, and wreath'd
 His

His lithe proboscis: close the serpent fly
 Insinuating, wove with gordian twine
 His braided train, and of his fatal guile
 Gave proof unheeded: others on the grass 350
 Couch'd, and now fill'd with pasture gazing sat,
 Or bedward ruminating: for the Sun
 Declin'd was hasting now with prone career
 To th' ocean isles, and in th' ascending scale
 Of heav'n the stars that usher evening rose: 355
 When SATAN still in gaze, as first he stood,
 Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad.

O Hell, what do mine eyes with grief behold!
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanc'd
 Creatures of other mold; earth-born perhaps, 360
 Not spirits, yet to heav'nly spirits bright
 Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue
 With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
 In them divine resemblance, and such grace
 The hand that form'd 'em on their shape hath pour'd.
 Ah gentle pair, ye little think how nigh 366
 Your change approaches, when all these delights
 Will vanish, and deliver you to woe,
 More woe, the more your taste is now of joy:
 Happy, but for so happy ill secur'd 370
 Long to continue; and this high seat your Heav'n
 Ill fenc'd for Heav'n, to keep out such a foe
 As now is enter'd: yet no purpos'd foe
 To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,
 Though I unpitied. League with you I seek, 375
 And mutual amity so strait, so close,
 That I with you must dwell, or you with me
 Henceforth: my dwelling haply may not please,
 Like this fair Paradise, your sense; yet such
 Accept your maker's work; he gave it me, 380
 Which I as freely give: Hell shall unfold,
 To entertain you two; her widest gates,
 And send forth all her Kings: there will be room,

Not like these narrow limits, to receive
 Your numerous offspring: if no better place, 385
 Thank him who puts me loth to this revenge
 On you who wrong me not, for him who wrong'd.
 And should I at your harmless innocence
 Melt, (as I do) yet publick reason just,
 Honor and empire with revenge enlarg'd, 390
 By conqu'ring this new world, compels me now
 To do, what else (though damn'd) I should abhor.

So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,
 The tyrant's plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.
 Then from his lofty stand on that high tree, 395
 Down he alights among the sportful herd
 Of those four-footed kinds; himself now one,
 Now other, as their shape serv'd best his end
 Nearer to view his prey, and unespied
 To mark what of their state he more might learn, 400
 By word or action mark'd: about them round
 A lion now he stalks with fiery glare,
 Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spy'd
 In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,
 Straight couches close, then rising changes oft 405
 His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,
 Whence rushing he might surest seize them both
 Grip'd in each paw: when A D A M first of men
 To first of women E Y E thus moving speech,
 Turn'd him, all ear, to hear new utterance flow. 410

Sole partner and sole part of all these joys,
 Dearer thy self than all: needs must the Pow'r
 That made us, and for us this ample world,
 Be infinitely good, and of his good
 As liberal and free as infinite, 415
 That rais'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here
 In all this happiness, who at his hand
 Have nothing merited, nor can perform
 Ought whereof he hath need, he who requires

From

From us no other service than to keep 420
 This one, this easie charge, of all the trees
 In Paradise that bear delicious fruit
 So various, not to taste that only Tree
 Of Knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life,
 So near grows death to life, whate'er death is, 425
 Some dreadful thing no doubt: for well thou know'st
 G O D hath pronounc'd it death to taste that tree,
 The only sign of our obedience left,
 Among so many signs of pow'r and rule
 Confer'd upon us, and dominion giv'n 430
 Over all other creatures that possess
 Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard
 One easie prohibition, who enjoy
 Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
 Unlimited of manifold delights: 435
 But let us ever praise him, and extoll
 His bounty, following our delightful task
 To prune these growing plants, & tend these flow'rs;
 Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.

To whom thus EVE reply'd. O thou for whom 440
 And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,
 And without whom am to no end, my guide
 And head! what thou hast said is just and right:
 For we to him indeed all praises owe,
 And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy 445
 So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
 Præeminent by so much odds, while thou
 Like consort to thy self canst no where find.
 That day I oft remember, when from sleep
 I first awak'd, and found my self repos'd 450
 Under a shade of flow'rs, much wond'ring where
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
 Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
 Of waters issu'd from a cave, and spread
 Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd 455
 Pure as th' expanse of heav'n: I thither went

With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
 On the green bank, to look into the clear
 Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
 As I bent down to look, just opposite 460
 A shape within the watry gleam appear'd,
 Bending to look on me. I started back,
 It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
 Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answering looks
 Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd 465
 Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
 Had not a voice thus warn'd me, "What thou seest,
 "What there thou seest, fair Creature, is thy self,
 "With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
 "And I will bring thee where no shadow stays 470
 "Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he
 "Whose image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy
 "Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
 "Multitudes like thy self, and thence be call'd
 "Mother of human race." What could I do, 475
 But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
 Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
 Under a plantan, yet methought less fair,
 Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
 Than that smooth watry image: back I turn'd, 480
 Thou following cry'dst aloud, return fair Eve,
 Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,
 His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
 Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart
 Substantial life, to have thee by my side 485
 Henceforth an individual solace dear.
 Part of my soul, I seek thee, and thee claim
 My other self! --- with that thy gentle hand
 Seis'd mine, I yielded, and from that time see
 How beauty is excell'd by manly grace, 490
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

So spake our general mother, and with eyes
 Of conjugal attraction unprov'd,

And

And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd
 On our first father; half her swelling breast 495
 Naked met his under the flowing gold
 Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight
 Both of her beauty and submissive charms
 Smil'd with superior love, as JUPITER
 On JUNO smiles, when he impregns the clouds 500
 That shed MAY flow'rs; and press'd her matron lip
 With kisses pure: aside the Devil turn'd
 For envy, yet with jealous leer malign
 Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plain'd.

Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two 505
 Imparadis'd in one anothers arms,
 (The happier EDEN) shall enjoy their fill
 Of bliss on bliss, while I to Hell am thrust,
 Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
 (Among our other torments not the least) 510
 Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing, pines.
 Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
 From their own mouths; all is not theirs it seems:
 One fatal Tree there stands of Knowledge call'd,
 Forbidden them to taste: Knowledge forbidden? 515
 Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord
 Envy them that? can it be sin to know?
 Can it be death? and do they only stand
 By ignorance? is that their happy state,
 The proof of their obedience and their faith? 520
 O fair foundation laid whereon to build
 Their ruin! hence I will excite their minds
 With more desire to know, and to reject
 Envious commands, invented with design
 To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt 525
 Equal with Gods; aspiring to be such,
 They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?
 But first with narrow search I must walk round
 This garden, and no corner leave unspy'd;
 A chance but chance may lead where I may meet 530

Some wandring Spirit of Heav'n, by fountain side,
 Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw
 What further would be learn'd. Live while ye may
 Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,
 Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed. 535

So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,
 But with sly circumspection, and began [roam:
 Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale his
 Mean-while in utmost longitude, where heav'n
 With earth and ocean meets, the setting Sun 540
 Slowly descended, and with right aspect
 Against the eastern gate of Paradise
 Level'd his ev'ning rays: it was a rock
 Of alabaster, pil'd up to the clouds,
 Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent 545
 Accessible from earth, one entrance high;
 The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung
 Still as it rose, impossible to climb.
 Betwixt these rocky pillars GABRIEL sat,
 Chief of th' Angelic guards, awaiting night: 550
 About him exercis'd heroic games
 Th' unarmed youth of Heav'n, but nigh at hand
 Cœlestial armory, shields, helms, and spears,
 Hung high with diamond flaming, and with gold.
 Thither came URIEL, gliding through the ev'n 555
 On a Sun beam, swift as a shooting star
 In Autumn thwarts the night, when vapors fir'd
 Impress the air, and shews the mariner
 From what point of his Compass to beware
 Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste. 560

GABRIEL, to thee thy course by lot hath giv'n
 Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place
 No evil thing approach, or enter in:
 This day at height of noon came to my sphear
 A spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know 565
 More of th' Almighty's works, and chiefly man,
 God's

God's latest image: I describ'd his way
 Bent all on speed, and mark'd his aery gait:
 But in the mount that lies from EDEN north,
 Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks 570
 Alien from Heav'n, with passions foul obscur'd;
 Mine eye persu'd him still, but under shade
 Lost sight of him; one of the banish'd crew,
 I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep to raise
 New troubles; him thy care must be to find. 575

To whom the winged warrior thus return'd:
 URIEL, no wonder if thy perfect sight,
 Amid the Sun's bright circle where thou sit'st,
 See far and wide: in at this gate none pass
 The vigilance here plac'd, but such as come 580
 Well known from Heav'n; and since meridian hour
 No creature thence. If spirit of other sort,
 So minded, have o'erleap'd these earthly bounds
 On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude
 Spiritual substance with corporeal bar. 585
 But if within the circuit of these walks,
 In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
 Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know.

So promis'd he, and URIEL to his charge 590
 Return'd on that bright beam, whose point now rais'd
 Bore him slope downward to the Sun, now fall'n
 Beneath th' AZORES; (whether the prime orb,
 Incredible how swift, had thither rowl'd
 Diurnal, or this less volubile earth
 By shorter flight to th' east, had left him there 595
 Arraying with reflected purple, and gold,
 The clouds that on his western throne attend.)
 Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
 Had in her sober livery all things clad;
 Silence accompany'd, for beast and bird, 600
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
 Were flunk; all but the wakeful nightingale:

She

She all night long her amorous descant sung;
 Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament
 With living saphirs; **HESPERUS** that led 605
 The starry host rode brightest, till the moon
 Rising in clouded majesty at length,
 Apparent Queen, unvail'd her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw;
 When **ADAM** thus to **EVE**: fair consort, th' hour 610
 Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest
 Mind us of like repose, since **GOD** hath set
 Labor and rest, as day and night to men
 Successive; and the timely dew of sleep
 Now falling with soft slumbrous weight, inclines 615
 Our eye-lids: other creatures all day long
 Rove idle, unemploy'd, and less need rest:
 Man hath his daily work of body, or mind,
 Appointed, which declares his dignity,
 And the regard of Heav'n on all his ways: 620
 While other animals unactive range,
 And of their doings **GOD** takes no account.
 To-morrow, e're fresh morning streak the east
 With first approach of light, we must be ris'n,
 And at our pleasant labor, to reform 625
 Yon flow'ry arbors, yonder allies green
 Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown;
 That mock our scant manuring, and require
 More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth.
 Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums, 630
 That lie bestrown unsightly and unsmooth,
 Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease:
 Mean while, as nature wills, night bids us rest.

To whom thus **EVE** with perfect beauty adorn'd:
 My author and disposer! what thou bidst 635
 Unargu'd I obey; so **GOD** ordains,
GOD is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
 Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.
 With thee conversing I forget all time,

All

All seasons and their change, all please alike: 640
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
 With charm of earliest birds: pleasant the Sun,
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r;
 Glistering with dew: fragrant the fertile earth 645
 After soft show'rs: and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful ev'ning mild: then silent night
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
 And these the gems of heav'n, her starry train.
 But neither breath of morn, when she ascends 650
 With charm of earliest birds; nor rising Sun
 On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flow'r,
 Glistering with dew; nor fragrance after show'rs;
 Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,
 With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon, 655
 Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.
 But wherefore all night long shine these, for whom
 This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?

To whom our general ancestor reply'd:
 Daughter of God and man, accomplish'd Eve, 660
 Those have their course to finish, round the earth,
 By morrow ev'ning, and from land to land
 In order, though to nations yet unborn,
 Ministring light prepar'd, they set and rise:
 Lest total darkness should by night regain 665
 Her old possession, and extinguish life
 In nature and all things; which these soft fires
 Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
 Of various influence foment and warm,
 Temper or nourish; or in part shed down 670
 Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
 On earth; made hereby apter to receive
 Perfection from the Sun's more potent ray.
 These then, though unbeheld in deep of night, 674
 Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none,
 That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise:
 Millions

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
 Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep.
 All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
 Both day and night: how often from the steep 680
 Of echoing hill, or thicket, have we heard
 Cœlestial voices to the midnight air,
 (Sole, or responsive each to other's note)
 Singing their great Creator; oft in bands
 While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk, 685
 With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds,
 In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.

Thus talking, hand in hand, alone they pass'd
 On to their blissful Bow'r: it was a place 690
 Chos'n by the sov'reign planter, when he fram'd
 All things to man's delightful use: the roof
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
 Laurel and myrtle; and what higher grew
 Of firm and fragrant leaf: on either side 695
 Acanthus, and each od'rous bushy shrub
 Fenc'd up the verdant wall: each beauteous flow'r,
 Iris all hues, roses, and jessamin
 Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, & wrought
 Mosaic; underfoot the violet, 700
 Crocus and hyacinth, with rich inlay
 Broider'd the ground, more color'd than with stone
 Of costliest emblem: other creature here,
 Beast, bird, insect, or worm durst enter none;
 Such was their awe of man. In shady bow'r 705
 More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
 PAN or SYLVANUS never slept, nor Nymph,
 Nor FAUNUS haunted. Here in close recess
 With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,
 Espoused EVE deckt first her nuptial bed, 710
 And heav'nly Quires the Hymenæan sung;
 What day the genial Angel to our sire
 Brought her in naked beauty, more adorn'd,

More

More lovely than PANDORA, whom the Gods
 Endow'd with all their gifts, (and O, too like 715
 In sad event!) when to th' unwiser son
 Of JAPHET brought by HERMES, she insnar'd
 Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd
 On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.

Thus at their shady Lodge arriv'd, both stood, 720
 Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd
 The GOD that made both sky, air, earth and heav'n,
 Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
 And starry pole: Thou also mad'st the night,
 Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day 725
 Which we in our appointed work employ'd
 Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help,
 And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
 Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place
 For us too large, where thy abundance wants 730
 Partakers, and uncrop'd falls to the ground.
 But thou hast promis'd from us two a race
 To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
 Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
 And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep. 735

This said unanimous; and other rites
 Observing none, but adoration pure,
 Which GOD likes best, into their inmost bow'r
 Handed they went; and eas'd the putting off
 These troublesome disguises which we wear, 740
 Straight side by side were laid; nor turn'd I ween
 ADAM from his fair spouse, nor EVE the rites
 Myfterious of connubial love refus'd:
 Whatever hypocrites austerely talk
 Of purity and place and innocence, 745
 Defaming as impure what GOD declares
 Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all.
 Our maker bids increase, who bids abstain
 But our destroyer, foe to GOD and man?

Hail

Hail wedded love! mysterious law, true source 750
 Of human offspring, sole propriety
 In Paradise, of all things common else.
 By thee adult'rous lust was driv'n from men,
 Among the bestial herds to range; by thee,
 (Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure) 755
 Relations dear, and all the charities
 Of father, son, and brother first were known.
 Far be it, that I should write thee sin or blame;
 Or think thee unbecom'g holiest place,
 Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets! 760
 Whose bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc'd,
 Present, or past, as Saints and Patriarchs us'd.
 Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
 His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings;
 Reigns here and revels: not in the bought smile 765
 Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,
 Casual fruition; nor in Court-amours
 Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
 Or serenade, which the starv'd lover sings
 To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain. 770
 These, lull'd by nightingales, embracing slept,
 And on their naked limbs the flow'ry roof
 Shower'd roses, which the morn repair'd. Sleep on
 Blest pair; and O! yet happiest, if ye seek
 No happier state, and know to know no more. 775

Now had night measur'd with her shadowy cone
 Half way up hill this vast sublunar vault,
 And from their ivory port the Cherubim
 Forth issuing at th' accustom'd hour, stood arm'd
 To their night watches in warlike parade, 780
 When GABRIEL to his next in pow'r thus spake.

UZZIEL, half these draw off, and coast the south
 With strictest watch: these other wheel the north,
 Our circuit meets full west. As flame they part
 Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear. 785
 From

From these, two strong and subtile spirits he call'd,
That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge.

ITHURIEL and ZEPHON, with wing'd speed
Search through this garden, leave unsearch'd no nook;
But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge, 790
Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harm.
This evening from the Sun's decline arriv'd,
Who tells of some infernal spirit seen
Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escap'd
The bars of Hell, on errand bad no doubt: 795
Such where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring.

So saying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazling the moon; these to the bow'r direct,
In search of whom they sought: him there they found
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of EVE; 800
Assaying by his devilish art to reach
The organs of her fancy, and with them forge
Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams:
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
Th' animal spirits, that from pure blood arise 805
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure; thence raise
At last distemper'd, discontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,
Blow up with high conceits ingendring pride.
Him thus intent ITHURIEL with his spear 810
Touch'd lightly; (for no falsehood can indure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness) up he starts
Discover'd and surpriz'd. As when a spark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid 815
Fit for the tun, some magazine to store
Against a rumor'd war, the smutty grain
With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the air:
So started up in his own shape the Fiend.
Back step'd those two fair angels half amaz'd 820
So sudden to behold the grisly King;
Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accost him soon.

Which of those rebel spirits adjudg'd to Hell
 Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison, and transform'd
 Why sat'st thou, like an enemy in wait, 825
 Here watching at the head of these that sleep?

Know ye not then, said SATAN, fill'd with scorn,
 Know ye not Me? ye knew me once no mate
 For you, there sitting where you durst not soar;
 Not to know me argues your selves unknown, 830
 The lowest of your throng: or if ye know,
 Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
 Your message, like to end as much in vain?

To whom thus ZEPHON, answering scorn with scorn,
 Think not, revolted spirit, thy shape the same, 835
 Or undiminis'd brightness, to be known
 As when thou stoodst in Heav'n upright and pure:
 That glory then, when thou no more wast good,
 Departed from thee; and thou resembl'st now
 Thy sin, and place of doom, obscure and foul. 840
 But come, for thou, besure, shalt give account
 To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
 This place inviolable, and these from harm.

So spake the Cherub, and his grave rebuke,
 Severe in youthful beauty, added grace 845
 Invincible: abash'd the Devil stood,
 And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
 Virtue in her shape how lovely, saw and pin'd
 His loss: but chiefly to find here observ'd
 His lustre visibly impair'd; yet seem'd 850
 Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,
 Best with the best, the sender not the sent,
 Or all at once; more glory will be won,
 Or less be lost. Thy fear, said ZEPHON bold,
 Will save us tryal what the least can do 855
 Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.

The

The Fiend reply'd not, overcome with rage;
 But like a proud steed rein'd, went haughty on,
 Champing his iron curb: to strive or fly
 He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd 860
 His heart, not else dismay'd. Now drew they nigh
 The western point, where those half rounding guards
 Just met, and closing stood in squadron join'd,
 Awaiting next command; to whom their Chief,
 GABRIEL, from the front thus call'd aloud. 865

O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
 Hastening this way, and now by glimps discern
 ITHURIEL and ZEPHON through the shade,
 And with them comes a third of regal port,
 But faded splendor wan; who by his gait 870
 And fierce demeanor seems the Prince of Hell;
 Not likely to part hence without contest:
 Stand firm, for in his look defiance low'rs.

He scarce had ended when those two approach'd,
 And brief related whom they brought, where found,
 How busied, in what form and posture couch'd. 876
 To whom with stern regard thus GABRIEL spake.

Why hast thou, SATAN, broke the bounds prescrib'd
 To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge
 Of others, who approve not to transgress 880
 By thy example, but have pow'r and right
 To question thy bold entrance on this place;
 Employ'd it seems to violate sleep, and those
 Whose dwelling GOD hath planted here in bliss?

To whom thus SATAN with contemptuous brow,
 GABRIEL, thou hadst in Heav'n th'esteem of wise, 886
 And such I held thee; but this question ask'd
 Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?
 Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,
 Tho' thither doom'd? thou would'st thy self, no doubt,

And boldly venture to whatever place, 891
 Farthest from pain; where thou might'st hope to change
 Torment with ease, and soonest recompense
 Dole with delight, which in this place I sought:
 To thee no reason, who know'st only good, 895
 But evil hast not try'd. And wilt object
 His will who bound us? let him surer bar
 His iron gates, if he intends our stay
 In that dark durance! thus much what was ask'd:
 The rest is true: they found me where they say; 900
 But that implies not violence, or harm.

Thus he in scorn. The warlike Angel mov'd,
 Disdainfully half smiling, thus reply'd.
 O loss of one in Heav'n to judge of wise,
 Since SATAN fell, whom folly overthrew! 905
 And now returns him from his prison scap'd,
 Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise
 Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither
 Unlicens'd, from his bounds in Hell prescrib'd;
 So wise he judges it to fly from pain 910
 However, and to scape his punishment.
 So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrath,
 Which thou incur'st by flying, meet thy flight
 Sev'nfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,
 Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain 915
 Can equal anger infinite provok'd.
 But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
 Came not all Hell broke loose? is pain to them
 Less pain, less to be fled? or thou than they
 Less hardy to indure? courageous chief! 920
 The first in flight from pain! hadst thou alledg'd
 To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
 Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.

To which the Fiend thus answer'd frowning stern:
 Not that I less indure, or shrink from pain, 925
 Insulting Angel, well thou knowst; I stood

The

Book IV. PARADISE LOST.

101

The fiercest, when in battel to thy aid
 The blasting vollied thunder made all speed,
 And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.
 But still thy words at random, as before, 930
 Argue thy inexperience what behoves
 From hard assays and ill successes past,
 A faithful leader, not to hazard all
 Through ways of danger by himself untry'd:
 I therefore, I alone first undertook 935
 To wing the desolate Abyss, and spy
 This new created world, whereof in Hell
 Fame is not silent; here in hope to find
 Better abode, and my afflicted Pow'rs
 To settle here on earth, or in mid air; 940
 Though, for possession, put to try once more
 What thou and thy gay legions dare against;
 Whose easier business were to serve their Lord
 High up in Heav'n, with songs to hymn his throne,
 And practis'd distances to cringe, not fight. 945

To whom the warrior Angel soon reply'd:
 To say, and straight un-say, pretending first
 Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,
 Argues no leader but a liar trac'd,
 SATAN! and couldst thou *faithful* add? O name, 950
 O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd!
 Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
 Army of fiends! fit body to fit head.
 Was this your discipline and faith engag'd,
 Your military obedience, to dissolve 955
 Allegiance to th' acknowledg'd Pow'r supreme?
 And thou, fly hypocrite! who now wouldst seem
 Patron of liberty, who more than thou
 Once fawn'd and cring'd, and servily ador'd
 Heav'n's awful Monarch? wherefore, but in hope 960
 To dispossess him, and thy self to reign?
 But mark what I aread thee now: avant!
 Fly thither whence thou fledst: if from this hour

Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,
 Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd, 965
 And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn
 The facil gates of Hell too slightly barr'd.

So threaten'd he, but SATAN to no threats
 Gave heed, but waxing more in rage reply'd.

Then when I am thy captive talk of chains, 970
 Proud liminary Cherub! hut e're then
 Far heavier load thy self expect to feel
 From my prevailing arm; though Heaven's King
 Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,
 Us'd to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels 975
 In progress through the road of Heav'n star-pav'd.

While thus he spake, th' Angelic squadron bright
 Turn'd fiery red, sharpening in mooned horns
 Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
 With ported spears, as thick as when a field 980
 Of CERES ripe for harvest waving bends
 Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
 Sways them; the careful plowman doubting stands,
 Left on the threshing floor his hopeful sheaves
 Prove chaff. On th' other side SATAN alarm'd, 985
 Collecting all his might dilated stood
 Like TENERIF, or ATLAS, unremov'd;
 His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
 Sat horror plum'd; nor wanted in his grasp
 What seem'd both spear & shield. Now dreadful deeds
 Might have ensu'd, nor only Paradise 991
 In this commotion, but the starry cope
 Of heav'n perhaps, or all the elements
 At least had gone to wrack, disturb'd and torn
 With violence of this conflict, had not soon 995
 Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid fray
 Hung forth in Heav'n his golden scales, yet seen
 Betwixt ASTRAEA and the Scorpion sign,
 Whercin





Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,
The pendulous round earth, with ballanc'd air 1000
In counterpoise; now ponders all events,
Battels and realms: in these he put two weights
The sequel each of parting, and of fight;
The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam:
Which GABRIEL spying, thus bespake the Fiend. 1005

SATAN, I know thy strength, & thou know'st mine,
Neither our own but giv'n: what folly then
To boast what arms can do, since thine no more
Than Heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubled now
To trample thee as mire: for proof look up, 1010
And read thy lot in yon cœlestial sign,
Where thou art weigh'd, & shown how light, how weak,
If thou resist. --- The Fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled
Murm'ring, & with him fled the shades of night. 1015

PARADISE LOST.

B O O K V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Morning approach'd, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: they come forth to their day labors: their morning hymn at the door of their bower. GOD to render Man inexcusable sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam

to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise; his appearance describ'd, his coming discern'd by Adam afar off sitting at the door of his bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve; their discourse at table: Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates at Adam's request who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in Heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the north, and there incited them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Abdiel a Seraph, who in argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.



OW morn her rosy steps in th' eastern
clime

Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient
pearl,

When ADAM wak'd: so custom'd; for
his sleep

Was aery-light, from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapors bland, which th' only sound * 5
Of leaves and fuming rills (AURORA's fan)
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough. So much the more
His wonder was, to find unwaken'd EVE
With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek, 10
As through unquiet rest: he on his side
Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamor'd, and beheld
Beauty, which whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces: then, with voice 15
Mild as when ZEPHYRUS on FLORA breathes,

Her

* Perhaps these two Verses were originally dictated by the Author thus:

And temperate vapors bland from fuming rills,
Which th' only sound of leaves (AURORA's fan)
Lightly dispers'd, &c.

Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: Awake
 My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
 Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight!
 Awake: the morning shines, and the fresh field
 Calls us, we lose the prime, to mark how spring
 Our tenced plants, how blows the citron grove,
 What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
 How nature paints her colors, how the bee
 Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet. 25

Such whispering wak'd her, but with startl'd eye
 On ADAM, whom embracing, thus she spake.

O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,
 My glory, my perfection! glad I see
 Thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night, 30
 Such night till this I never pass'd, have dream'd,
 (If dream'd) not, as I oft am wont, of thee,
 Works of day pass'd, or morrow's next design;
 But of offence and trouble, which my mind
 Knew never till this irksome night. Methought 35
 Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
 With gentle voice, I thought it thine; it said,
 Why sleep'st thou EVE? now is the pleasant time,
 The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
 To the night-warbling bird, that now awake 40
 Tunes sweetest his love-labor'd song; now reigns
 Full-orb'd the moon, and with more pleasant light
 Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,
 If none regard: heav'n wakes with all his eyes,
 Whom to behold but thee, nature's desire? 45
 In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
 Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.
 I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;
 To find thee I directed then my walk;
 And on, methought, alone I pass'd thro' ways 50
 That brought me on a sudden to the Tree
 Of interdicted Knowledge: fair it seem'd,

Much fairer to my fancy than by day:
And as I wondring look'd, beside it stood
One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from Heav'n
By us oft seen: his dewy locks distill'd 56
AMBROSIA; on that tree he also gaz'd;
And O fair plant, said he, with fruit surcharg'd!
Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,
Nor GOD, nor Man? Is knowledge so despis'd? 60
Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?
Forbid who will, none shall from me with-hold
Longer thy offer'd good: why else set here?
This said he paus'd not, but with vent'rous arm
He pluck'd, he tasted: me damp horror chill'd 65
At such bold words, vouch'd with a deed so bold.
But he thus, overjoy'd, O fruit divine!
Sweet of thy self, but much more sweet thus crop'd!
Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit
For Gods, yet able to make Gods of men: 70
And why not Gods of men, since good the more
Communicated, more abundant grows,
The author not impair'd, but honor'd more?
Here, happy creature, fair Angelic EVE!
Partake thou also: happy though thou art, 75
Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be:
Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods
Thy self a Goddess, not to earth confin'd,
But sometimes in the air, as we, sometimes
Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see 80
What life the Gods live there, and such live thou.
So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
Ev'n to my mouth, of that same fruit beld part
Which he had pluck'd: the pleasant savoury smell
So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought, 85
Could not but taste! Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide
And various: wond'ring at my flight and change
To this high exaltation; suddenly 90
My

Book V. PARADISE LOST. 107

My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,
And fell asleep: but O, how glad I wak'd
To find this but a dream! Thus EVE her night
Related, and thus ADAM answer'd sad.

Best image of my self, and dearer half! 95
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
Affects me equally; nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear,
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know that in the soul 100
Are many lesser faculties that serve
Reason as chief: among these Fancy next
Her office holds: of all external things
Which the five watchful senses represent,
She forms imaginations, aery shapes, 105
Which Reason joining or disjoining, frames
All what we affirm, or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
Into her private cell, when nature rests.
Oft in her absence mimic Fancy wakes 110
To imitate her; but misjoining shapes,
Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams;
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
Some such resemblances methinks I find
Of our last evening's talk, in this thy dream, 115
But with addition strange: yet be not sad,
Evil into the mind of GOD or Man
May come and go, so unapprov'd, and leave
No spot or blame behind: which gives me hope
That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream, 120
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks,
That wont to be more chearful and serene,
Than when fair morning first smiles on the world:
And let us to our fresh employments rise 125
Among the groves, the fountains and the flow'rs,
That open now their choicest bosom'd smells
Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store.

So

So chear'd he his fair spouse, and she was chear'd,
 But silently a gentle tear let fall 130
 From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair:
 Two other precious drops that ready stood,
 Each in their chrystal sluice, he e're they fell
 Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse,
 And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended. 135
 So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste:
 But first from under shady arborous roof,
 Soon as they forth were come to open sight
 Of day-spring, and the Sun (who scarce up-ris'n
 With wheels yet hov'ring o'er the ocean brim, 140
 Shot paralel to th' earth his dewy ray,
 Discovering in wide landscape all the east
 Of Paradise, and EDEN's happy plains.)
 Lowly they bow'd, adoring, and began
 Their orisons, each morning duly paid 145
 In various style; for neither various style
 Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
 Their Maker, in fit strains pronounc'd or sung
 Unmediated, such prompt eloquence
 Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse: 150
 More tunable; than needed lute or harp
 To add more sweetness, and they thus began.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good!
 Almighty! thine this universal frame,
 Thus wondrous fair; thy self how wondrous then!
 Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heav'ns, 156
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works: yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
 Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light, 160
 Angels! for ye behold him, and with songs
 And choral symphonies, day without night,
 Circle his throne rejoicing, ye in Heav'n,
 On earth join all ye creatures to extol
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end! 165
 Fairest

Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphear
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime. 170
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, & when thou fall'st.
Moon that now meet'st the orient Sun, now fly'st 175
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wandring fires, that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth 180
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
Vary to our Great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations that now rise 185
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey,
Till the Sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds th'uncolor'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling show'rs, 190
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow, 195
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise:
Join voices all ye living souls, ye birds,
That singing up to Heaven gate ascend,
Bear on your wings, and in your notes, his praise;
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk 200
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep:
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade

Made

Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
 Hail Universal Lord! be bounteous still 205
 To give us only good: and if the night
 Have gather'd ought of evil; or conceal'd,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark!

So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts
 Firm peace recover'd soon, and wonted calm. 210
 On to their morning's rural work they haste
 Among sweet dewes and flow'rs; where any row
 Of fruit-trees over-woody reach'd too far
 Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check
 Fruitless embraces: or they led the vine 215
 To wed her elm; she spous'd, about him twines
 Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
 Her dow'r th'adopted clusters, to adorn
 His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld
 With pity Heav'n's high King, and to him call'd 220
 RAPHAEL, the sociable spirit, that deign'd
 To travel with TOBIAS, and secur'd
 His marriage with the seventimes wedded maid.

RAPHAEL, said he, thou hear'st what stir on earth
 SATAN, from Hell scap'd thro' the darksome gulf,
 Hath rais'd in Paradise, and how disturb'd 226
 This night the human pair, how he designs
 In them at once to ruin all mankind:
 Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend
 Converse with ADAM, in what bow'r or shade 230
 Thou find'st him from the heat of noon retir'd,
 To respite his day-labor with repast,
 Or with repose: and such discourse bring on,
 As may advise him of his happy state,
 Happiness in his pow'r left free to will, 235
 Left to his own free will; his will though free,
 Yet mutuable: whence warn him to beware
 He serve not too secure. Tell him withal
 His danger, and from whom; what enemy

Late

Late fall'n himself from Heav'n, is plotting now 240
 The fall of others from like state of bliss:
 By violence? no, for that shall be withstood;
 But by deceit and lies; this let him know,
 Left wilfully transgressing, he pretend
 Surprisal, unadmonish'd, unforewarn'd. 245

So spake th' Eternal FATHER, and fulfill'd
 All justice; nor delay'd the winged saint
 After his charge receiv'd; but from among
 Thousand cœlestial Ardors, where he stood
 Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up springing light, 250
 Flew through the midst of Heav'n: th' Angelic Quires
 On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
 Through all th' empyreal road; till at the gate
 Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-open'd wide
 On golden hinges turning, as by work 255
 Divine, the sov'reign architect had fram'd.
 From hence (no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,
 Star interpos'd,) however small, he sees
 (Not unconform to other shining globes)
 Earth, and the Gard'n of GOD, with cedars crown'd
 Above all hills. As when by night the glass 261
 Of GALILEO, less assur'd, observes
 Imagin'd lands and regions in the moon:
 Or pilot from amidst the CYCLADES,
 DELOS, or SAMOS, first appearing kens 265
 A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight
 He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
 Sails between worlds and worlds: with stedd' wing
 Now on the polar winds; then with quick fan
 Winnows the buxom air: till within soar 270
 Of tow'ring eagles, t' all the fowls he seems
 A Phœnix gaz'd by all, as that sole bird,
 When to inshrine his reliques in the Sun's
 Bright temple, to ÆGYPTIAN THEBES he flies.
 At once on th' eastern cliff of Paradise 275
 He lights, and to his proper shape returns,

A

A Seraph wing'd: six wings he wore, to shade
 His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
 Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast
 With regal ornament: the middle pair 286
 Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
 Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold;
 And colors dip'd in heav'n: the third, his feet
 Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
 Sky tinctur'd grain. Like MATA's son he stood, 285
 And shook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
 The circuit wide. Straight knew him all the bands
 Of Angels under watch; and to his state,
 And to his message high in honor rise; 289
 For on some message high they guess'd him bound.
 Their glitt'ring tents he pass'd, and now is come
 Into the blissfull field, through groves of myrrh,
 And flow'ring odors, cassia, nard, and balm;
 A wilderness of sweets! for Nature here
 Wanton'd as in her prime, and plaid at will 295
 Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
 Wild above rule or art; enormous bliss!
 Him through the spicy forest onward come
 ADAM discern'd, as in the door he sat.
 Of his cool bow'r, while now the mounted Sun 300
 Shot down direct his fervid rays to warm
 Earth's inmost womb, (more warmth than ADAM needs:)
 And EVE within, due at her hour prepar'd
 For dinner savoury fruits, of taste to please
 True appetite, and not disrelish thirst 305
 Of nectarous draughts between, from milky stream,
 Berry or grape; to whom thus ADAM call'd.

Haste hither EVE, and worth thy sight behold
 Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape
 Comes this way moving; seems another morn 310
 Ris'n on mid-noon; some great behest from Heav'n
 To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe
 This day to be our guest. But go with speed,
 And

And what thy stores contain, bring forth and pour
 Abundance, fit to honor and receive 315
 Our heav'nly stranger: well we may afford
 Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow
 From large bestow'd, where Nature multiplies
 Her fertil growth, and by disburd'ning grows
 More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare. 320

To whom thus EVE. ADAM, earth's hallow'd mould
 Of GOD inspir'd! small store will serve, where store,
 All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk;
 Save what by frugal storing firmness gains.
 To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes. 325
 But I will haste, and from each bough and brake,
 Each plant, and juiciest gourd, will pluck such choice
 To entertain our Angel-guest, as he
 Beholding shall confess, that here on earth
 God hath dispens'd his bounties, as in Heav'n. 330

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste,
 She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
 What choice to chuse for delicacy best,
 What order, so contriv'd as not to mix
 Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring 335
 Taste after taste, upheld with kindest change:
 Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk
 Whatever earth all-bearing mother yields
 In INDIA east or west, or middle shore
 In PONTUS, or the PUNIC coast, or where 340
 ALCINOUS reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coat
 Rough, or smooth rind, or bearded husk, or shell,
 She gathers; tribute large! and on the board
 Heaps with unsparing hand: for drink, the grape
 She crushes (inoffensive must) and meathes 345
 From many a berry; and from sweet kernels press'd,
 She tempers dulcet creams; nor these to hold
 Wants her fit vessels pure: then strews the ground
 With rose, and odors from the shrub unfum'd.

H

Mean

Mean while our primitive great fire, to meet 350
 His god-like guest, walks forth, without more train
 Accompany'd than with his own complete
 Perfections; in himself was all his state:
 More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits
 On Princes, when their rich retinue long 355
 Of horses led, and grooms besinear'd with gold
 Dazles the crowd, and sets them all agape.
 Nearer his presence A D A M though not aw'd,
 Yet with submissive approach, and reverence meek,
 As to a superior nature, bowing low, 360
 Thus said. Native of Heaven! (for other place
 None can than Heaven such glorious shape contain)
 Since by descending from the Thrones above,
 Those happy places thou hast deign'd a while
 To want, and honor these, vouchsafe with us 365
 Two only, who yet by sov'reign gift possess
 This spacious ground, in yonder shady bow'r
 To rest; and what the garden choicest bears
 To sit and taste, till this meridian heat
 Be over, and the Sun more cool decline. 370

Whom thus th' Angelic Virtue answer'd mild.
 A D A M, I therefore came, nor art thou such
 Created, or such place hast here to dwell,
 As may not oft invite, though spirits of Heav'n,
 To visit thee: lead on then where thy bow'r 375
 O'ershades; for these mid-hours, till ev'ning rise
 I have at will. So to the sylvan lodge
 They came, that like P O M O N A's arbor smil'd
 With flowrets deck'd, and fragrant smells: but E V E
 Undeck'd, save with her self more lovely fair 380
 Than Wood-Nymph, or the fairest Goddess feign'd
 Of three, that in mount I D A naked strove,
 Stood t' entertain her guest from Heav'n: no veil
 She needed, virtue-proof, no thought infirm
 Alter'd her cheek. On whom the Angel Hail 385
 Bestow'd, the holy salutation us'd
 Long after to blest M A R Y, second E V E.

Hail

Hail Mother of Mankind! whose fruitful womb
 Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons,
 Than with these various fruits the trees of God 390
 Have heap'd this table. Rais'd of grassy turf
 Their table was, and mossy seats had round:
 And on her ample square, from side to side,
 All Autumn pil'd; though Spring and Autumn here
 Danc'd hand in hand. A while discourse they hold;
 (No fear lest dinner cool) when thus began 396
 Our author. Heav'nly stranger! please to taste
 These bounties which our nourisher, from whom
 All perfect good, unmeasur'd out, descends
 To us for food, and for delight; hath caus'd 400
 The earth to yield: unsavoury food perhaps
 To spiritual natures; only this I know,
 That one celestial FATHER gives to all.

To whom the Angel. Therefore what he gives
 (Whose praise be ever sung!) to man, in part 405
 Spiritual, may of purest spirits be found
 No ingrateful food: and food alike those pure
 Intelligential substances require,
 As doth your rational: and both contain
 Within them every lower faculty. 410
 Or sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste;
 Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,
 And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
 For know, whatever was created, needs
 To be sustain'd and fed: of elements 415
 The grosser feeds the purer; earth the sea;
 Earth and the sea feed air; the air those fires
 Ethereal; and as lowest, first the moon;
 Whence in her visage found those spots, unpurg'd
 Vapors, not yet into her substance turn'd. 420
 Nor doth the moon no nourishment exhale
 From her moist continent, to higher orbs.
 The Sun, that light imparts to all, receives

From all his alimantal recompense,
In humid exhalations; and at ev'n 425
Supps with the ocean. Though in Heav'n the trees
Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
Yield Nectar; though from off the boughs each morn
We brush mellifluous dews, and find the ground
Cover'd with pearly grain: yet G O D hath here 430
Varied his bounty so with new delights,
As may compare with Heaven; and to taste
Think not I shall be nice. --- So down they sat,
And to their viands fell, nor seemingly
The Angel, nor in mist, (the common gloss 435
Of Theologians) but with keen dispatch
Of real hunger, and concoctive heat
To transubstantiate: what redounds, transpires
Through spirits with ease, nor wonder; if by fire
Of sooty coal the empiric alchymist 440
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,
Metals of droffiest ore to perfect Gold,
As from the mine. Mean while at table E V E
Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups
With pleasant liquors crown'd. O innocence 445
Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,
Then had the sons of G O D excuse t'have been
Enamor'd at that sight: but in those hearts
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy
Was understood, the injur'd lover's hell. 450
Thus when with meats and drinks they had suffic'd,
Not burden'd nature, sudden mind arose
In A D A M, not to let th' occasion pass,
Giv'n him by this great conference, to know
Of things above this world, and of their being 455
Who dwell in Heav'n: whose excellence he saw
Transcend his own so far, whose radiant forms,
Divine effulgence! whose high pow'r, so far
Exceeded human; and his wary speech
Thus to th'empyrean minister he fram'd. 460

Inhabitant with GOD! now know I well
 Thy favor, in this honor done to man;
 Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsaf'd
 To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,
 Food not of Angels, yet accepted so, 465
 As that more willingly thou couldst not seem
 At Heav'n's high feasts t' have fed: yet what compare?

To whom the winged Hierarch reply'd.
 O ADAM! one Almighty is, from whom
 All things proceed, and up to him return, 470
 If not depriv'd from good, created all
 Such to perfection, one first matter all,
 Indu'd with various forms, various degrees
 Of substance, and in things that live, of life;
 But more refin'd, more spiritous, and pure, 475
 As nearer to him plac'd, or nearer tending,
 Each in their several active spheres assign'd;
 Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
 Proportion'd to each kind. So, from the root
 Springs lighter the green stalk; from thence the leaves
 More aery; last, the bright consummate flow'r 481
 Spirits odorous breathes; flow'rs, and their fruit,
 (Man's nourishment) by gradual scale sublim'd,
 To vital spirits aspire, to animal,
 To intellectual; give both life and sense, 485
 Fancy and understanding; whence the soul
 Reason receives; and reason is her being,
 Discursive, or intuitive; discourse
 Is ofttest yours, the latter most is ours;
 Diff'ring but in degree, of kind the same. 490
 Wonder not then, what GOD for you saw good
 If I refuse not, but convert, as you,
 To proper substance. Time may come, when men
 With Angels may participate, and find
 No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare: 495
 And from these corporal nutriments, perhaps,
 Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,

Improv'd by tract of time; and wing'd ascend
 Ethereal, as we; or may at choice,
 Here, or in heav'nly Paradises dwell; 500
 IF YE BE FOUND OBEDIENT, and retain
 Unalterably firm his love entire,
 Whose progeny you are. Mean while, enjoy
 Your fill what happiness this happy state
 Can comprehend, incapable of more. 505

To whom the patriarch of mankind reply'd:
 O favorable spirit, propitious guest!
 Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
 Our knowledge, and the scale of nature set
 From center to circumference; whereon, 510
 In contemplation of created things,
 By steps we may ascend to GOD. But say,
 What meant that caution join'd, IF YE BE FOUND
 OBEDIENT? Can we want obedience then
 To him, or possibly his love desert 515
 Who form'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here,
 Full to the utmost measure of what bliss
 Human desires can seek, or apprehend?

To whom the Angel. Son of heav'n and earth,
 Attend! That thou art happy, owe to GOD: 520
 That thou continu'st such, owe to thy self,
 That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.
 This was that caution giv'n thee; he advis'd.
 GOD made thee perfect, not immutable;
 And good he made thee; but to persevere 525
 He left it in thy pow'r, ordain'd thy will
 By nature free; not over-rul'd by fate
 Inextricable, or strict necessity.
 Our voluntary service he requires,
 Not our necessitated; such with him 530
 Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how
 Can hearts, not free, be try'd whether they serve
 Willing or no, who will but what they must

By

By destiny, and can no other chuse?
 My self and all th' Angelic Host, that stand 535
 In sight of God inthron'd, our happy state
 Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;
 On other surety none: freely we serve,
 Because we freely love; as in our will
 To love, or not, in this we stand or fall. 540
 And some are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,
 And so from Heaven to deepest Hell; O fall
 From what high state of bliss, into what woe!

To whom our great progenitor. Thy words
 Attentive, and with more delighted ear, 545
 Divine instructor! I have heard, than when
 Cherubic songs by night from neighb'ring hills
 Aereal music send. Nor knew I not
 To be both will and deed created free;
 Yet that we never shall forget to love 550
 Our Maker, and obey him whose command
 Single, is yet so just, my constant thoughts
 Assur'd me, and still assure; though what thou tell'st
 Hath past in Heav'n, some doubt within me move,
 But more desire to hear (if thou consent) 555
 The full relation; which must needs be strange,
 Worthy of sacred silence to be heard:
 And we have yet large day, for scarce the Sun
 Hath finish'd half his journey, and scarce begins
 His other half in the great zone of heav'n. 560

Thus ADAM made request, and RAPHAEL
 After short pause assenting, thus began.

High matter thou injoin'st me, O prime of men!
 Sad task and hard! For how shall I relate
 To human sense th' invisible exploits 565
 Of warring spirits? How, without remorse,
 The ruin of so many, glorious once,
 And perfect, while they stood? how, last, unfold

The secrets of another world, perhaps
 Not lawful to reveal? Yet for thy good, 570
 This is dispens'd: and what surmounts the reach.
 Of human sense, I shall delineate so,
 By lik'ning spiritual to corporeal forms,
 As may express them best: though, what if earth
 Be but the shadow of heav'n, and things therein 575
 Each th' other like, more than on earth is thought?

As yet this world was not, and CHAOS wild
 Reign'd where these heav'ns now rowl, where earth
 Upon her centre pois'd; when on a day [now rests
 (For time, though in eternity, apply'd 580
 To motion, measures all things durable
 By present, past, and future) on such day
 As heav'n's great year brings forth, th' empyreal host
 Of Angels by imperial summons call'd,
 Innumerable before th' Almighty's throne 585
 Forthwith, from all the ends of Heav'n, appear'd
 Under their Hierarchs in orders bright:
 Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanc'd,
 (Standards, and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear)
 Stream in the air, and for distinction serve 590
 Of Hierarchies, of Orders, and Degrees:
 Or in their glittering tissues bear imblaz'd
 Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love
 Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs
 Of circuit inexpressible they stood, 595
 Orb within orb, the FATHER Infinite,
 By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the SON,
 Amidst (as from a flaming mount, whose top
 Brightness had made invisible) thus spake.

Hear all ye Angels, progeny of light, 600
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Pow'rs!
 Hear my decree, which unrevok'd shall stand.
 This day I have begot whom I declare
 My only SON, and on this holy hill

Him

Him have anointed, whom ye now behold 605
 At my right hand; your Head I him appoint:
 And by my self have sworn to him shall bow
 All knees in Heav'n, and shall confess him Lord.
 Under his great Vice-gerent reign abide
 United, as one individual soul, 610
 For ever happy: Him who disobeys,
 Me disobeys, breaks union, and that day
 Cast out from God, and blessed vision, falls
 Into utter darkness, deep ingulf'd, his place
 Ordain'd without redemption, without end. 615

So spake th' Omnipotent, and with his words
 All seem'd well pleas'd: all seem'd, but were not all.
 That day, as other solemn days, they spent
 In song and dance about the sacred hill;
 Mystical dance, (which yonder starry sphear 620
 Of Planets and of fix'd in all her wheels
 Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,
 Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular
 Then most, when most irregular they seem,)
 And in their motions harmony divine 625
 So smooths her charming tones, that God's own ear
 Listens delighted. Ev'ning now approach'd
 (For we have also our ev'ning and our morn,
 We ours for change delectable, not need)
 Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn 630
 Desirous: all in circles as they stood,
 Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd
 With Angels food, and rubied Nectar flows
 In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold,
 Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of Heav'n! 635
 On flow'rs repos'd, and with fresh flowrets crown'd,
 They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
 Quaff immortality and joy, (secure
 Of surfeit, where full measure only bounds
 Excess) before th' all-bounteous King, who showr'd
 With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy. 641

Now when ambrosial night with clouds exhal'd
 From that high mount of GOD, whence light & shade
 Spring both, the face of brightest heav'n had chang'd
 To grateful twilight (for night comes not there 645
 In darker veil) and roseate dews dispos'd
 All but th' unsleeping eyes of GOD to rest;
 Wide over all the plain, and wider far
 Than all this globose earth in plain out-spread,
 (Such are the courts of GOD!) th' Angelic throng
 Disperst in bands and files, their camp extend 651
 By living streams among the trees of life,
 Pavilions numberless, and sudden rear'd,
 Cœlestial tabernacles, where they slept
 Fann'd with cool winds; save those who in their course
 Melodious hymns, about the sov'reign throne, 656
 Alternate all night long. But not so wak'd
 SATAN, (so call him now, his former name
 Is heard no more in Heaven) He of the first,
 If not the first Arch-Angel, great in pow'r, 660
 In favor and preeminence, yet fraught
 With envy against the SON of GOD, that day
 Honor'd by his great FATHER, and proclaim'd
 MESSIAH, King anointed, could not bear
 Thro' pride that sight, & thought himself impair'd, 665
 Deep malice thence conceiving and disdain,
 Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour,
 Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd
 With all his legions to dislodge, and leave
 Unworship'd, unobey'd the throne supreme, 670
 Contemptuous, and his next subordinate
 Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake.

Sleep'st thou, companion dear! what sleep can close
 Thy eye-lids, and remember'st what decree
 Of yesterday, so late hath past the lips 675
 Of Heaven's Almighty? Thou to me thy thoughts
 Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont t' impart:
 Both waking we were one; how then can now

Thy

Thy sleep dissent? New laws thou seest impos'd:
 New laws from him who reigns, new minds may raise
 In us who serve; new counsels, to debate 681
 What doubtful may ensue: more in this place
 To utter is not safe. Assemble thou
 Of all those myriads which we lead the chief:
 Tell them that by command, e'er yet dim night 685
 Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste
 (And all who under me their banners wave)
 Homeward, with flying march, where we possess
 The quarters of the north; there to prepare
 Fit entertainment to receive our King, 690
 The great MESSIAH, and his new commands;
 Who speedily through all the Hierarchies
 Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.

So spake the false Arch-Angel, and infus'd
 Bad influence into th' unwary breast 695
 Of his associate: he together calls,
 Or several one by one, the regent Pow'rs,
 (Under him regent) tells, as he was taught,
 That the Most High commanding, now e'er night,
 Now e'er dim night had disincumber'd heav'n, 700
 The great hierarchal standard was to move:
 Tells the suggested cause, and casts between
 Ambiguous words, and jealousies, to sound
 Or taint integrity: but all obey'd
 The wonted signal, and superior voice 705
 Of their great Potentate; (for great indeed
 His name, and high was his degree in Heav'n)
 His count'nance, as the morning star that guides
 The starry flock, allur'd them; and with lies
 Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's host. 710

Mean-while th' Eternal eye, whose sight discerns
 Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy mount,
 And from within the golden lamps that burn
 Nightly before him, saw without their light

Re-

Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread 715
 Among the Sons of Morn, what multitudes
 Were banded to oppose his high decree;
 And smiling to his only SON thus said.

SON, Thou in whom my glory I behold 720
 In full resplendence, Heir of all my might!
 Nearly it now concerns us to be sure
 Of our Omnipotence; and with what arms
 We mean to hold what antiently we claim
 Of Deity or empire: such a foe 725
 Is rising, who intends t' erect his throne
 Equal to ours, throughout the spacious north:
 Nor so content, hath in his thought to try
 In battel, what our pow'r is, or our right.
 Let us advise, and to this hazard draw
 With speed what force is left, and all employ 730
 In our defense, lest unawares we lose
 This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.

To whom the SON with calm aspect, and clear,
 (Light'ning divine, ineffable, serene!)
 Made answer. Mighty FATHER, Thou thy foes 735
 Justly hast in derision, and secure
 Laugh'st at their vain designs, and tumults vain:
 Matter to me of glory, whom their hate
 Illustrates, when they see all regal pow'r
 Giv'n me to quell their pride; and in event 740
 Know whether I be dextrous to subdue
 Thy Rebels, or be found the worst in Heav'n.

So spake the SON: but SATAN with his Pow'rs
 Far was advanc'd on winged speed; an host
 Innumerable as the stars of night, 745
 Or (stars of morning) dew-drops, which the Sun
 Impearls on every leaf and every flow'r.
 Regions they pass'd, and mighty regencies
 Of Seraphim, and Potentates, and Thrones,

In

Book V. PARADISE LOST.

125

In their triple degrees; (Regions to which
 All thy dominion, ADAM, is no more 750
 Than what this garden is to all the earth,
 And all the sea; from one entire globose
 Stretch'd into longitude) which having pass'd,
 At length into the limits of the north 755
 They came, and SATAN to his royal seat
 High on a hill, far blazing (as a mount
 Rais'd on a mount) with pyramids, and tow'rs
 From diamond quarries hew'n, and rocks of gold,
The Palace of great LUCIFER; (so call 760
 That structure in the dialect of men
 Interpreted) which not long after he,
 Affecting all equality with GOD,
 In imitation of that mount whereon
 MESSIAH was declar'd in sight of Heav'n, 765
The Mountain of the Congregation call'd,
 For thither he assembled all his train,
 Pretending so commanded, to consult
 About the great reception of their King,
 Thither to come, and with calumnious art 770
 Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedom's, Virtues, Pow'rs!
 If these magnific titles yet remain
 Not merely titular! since by decree
 Another now hath to himself ingross'd 775
 All pow'r, and us eclips'd under the name
 Of King anointed; for whom all this haste
 Of midnight-march, and hurry'd meeting here,
 This only to consult, how we may best
 With what may be devis'd of honors new 780
 Receive him, coming to receive from us
 Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile!
 Too much to one! but double how indur'd,
 To one, and to his image now proclaim'd?
 But what if better counsels might erect 785
 Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke?

Will

Will ye submit your necks, and chuse to bend
 The supple knee? Ye will not, if I trust
 To know ye right; or if ye know your selves
 Natives and sons of Heav'n, possess before 790
 By none, and if not equal all, yet free;
 Equally free: for orders and degrees
 Jar not with liberty, but well consist.
 Who can in reason then, or right, assume
 Monarchy over such as live by right 795
 His equals, if in pow'r and splendor less,
 In freedom equal? or can introduce
 Law and edict on us, who without law
 Err not, much less for this to be our Lord,
 And look for adoration, to th' abuse 800
 Of those Imperial Titles which assert
 Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve?

Thus far his bold discourse without controul
 Had audience; when among the Seraphim,
 ABRAHAM, (than whom none with more zeal ador'd
 The Deity, and divine commands obey'd) 806
 Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe,
 The current of his fury thus oppos'd.

O argument blasphemous, false and proud!
 Words which no ear ever to hear in Heav'n 810
 Expected, least of all from thee, ingrate!
 In place thy self so high above thy peers.
 Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn
 The just decree of GOD, pronounc'd and sworn;
 That to his only SON, by right indu'd 815
 With regal sceptre, every soul in Heav'n
 Shall bend the knee, and in that honor due
 Confess him rightful King? Unjust, thou say'st,
 Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,
 And equal over equals to let reign, 820
 One over all with unsucceeded pow'r ---
 Shalt thou give law to GOD? shalt thou dispute
 With

With him the points of liberty, who made
 Thee what thou art? & form'd the Pow'rs of Heav'n
 Such as he pleas'd, and circumscrib'd their being? 825
 Yet, by experience taught, we know how good,
 And of our good, and of our dignity
 How provident he is; how far from thought
 To make us less; bent rather to exalt
 Our happy state, under one Head more near 830
 United. But to grant it thee unjust,
 That equal over equals monarch reign:
 Thy self (though great & glorious) dost thou count,
 Or all Angelic nature join'd in one,
 Equal to him begotten SON? By whom, 835
 As by his WORD, the mighty FATHER made
 All things, ev'n thee, and all the spirits of Heav'n,
 By him created in their bright degrees;
 Crown'd them with glory, and to their glory nam'd
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Pow'rs,
 Essential Pow'rs! nor by his reign obscur'd, 841
 But more illustrious made, since he the Head
 One of our number thus reduc'd becomes;
 His laws our laws, all honor to him done
 Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage, 845
 And tempt not these; but hasten to appease
 Th'incens'd FATHER, and th'incens'd SON,
 While pardon may be found, in time besought.

So spake the fervent Angel: but his zeal
 None seconded, as out of season judg'd, 850
 Or singular and rash: whereat rejoic'd
 Th'apostate, and more haughty thus reply'd.

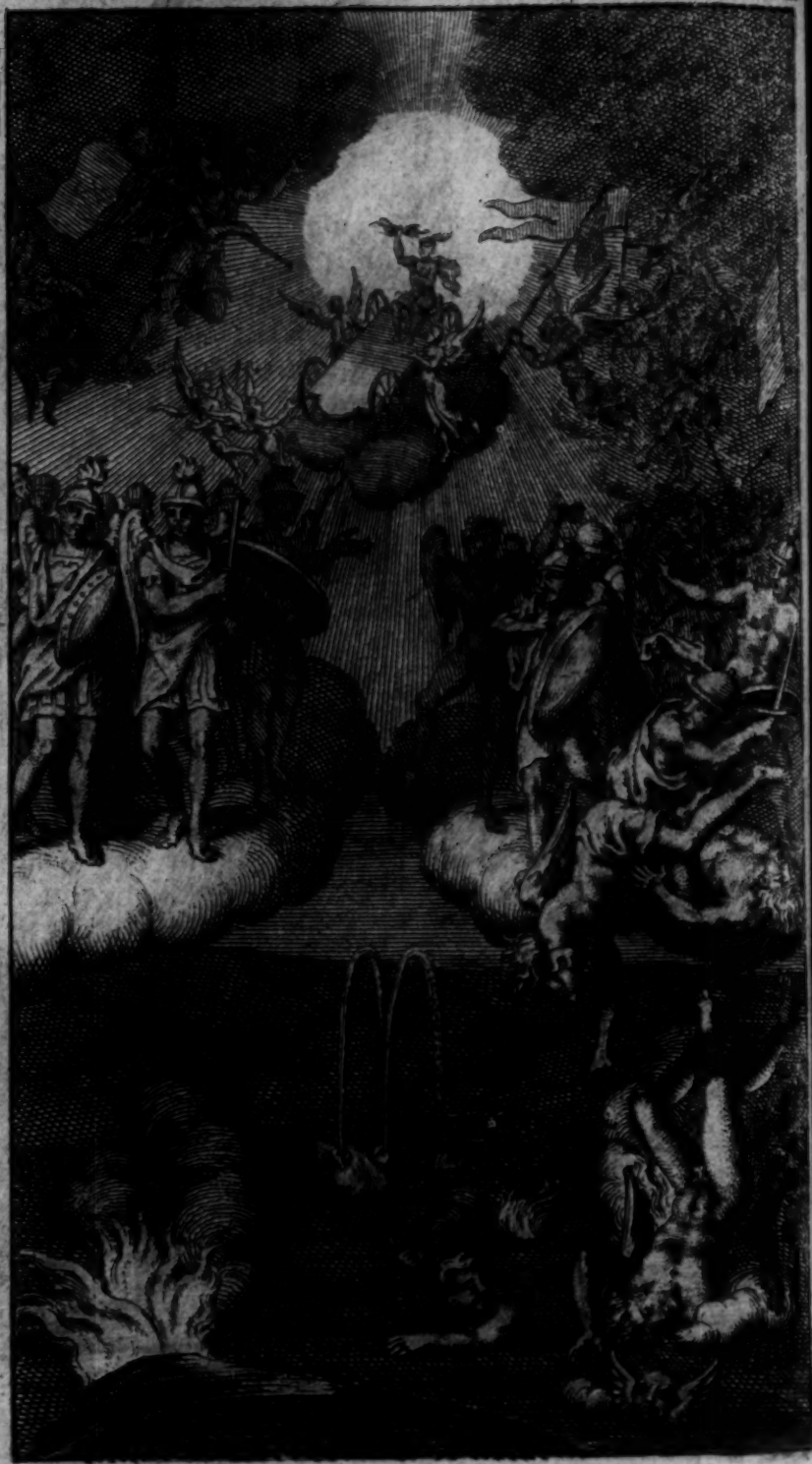
That we were form'd then, say'st thou? & the work
 Of secondary hands, by task transfer'd 854
 From FATHER to his SON? Strange point & new!
 Doctrine which we would know whence lear'nd: who
 When this creation was? Remember'st thou [saw
 Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?
 We

We know no time when we were not as now;
Know none before us; self-begot, self-rai'd 860
By our own quick'ning pow'r, when fatal course
Had circled his full orb, the birth mature
Of this our native Heav'n, ethereal sons.
Our puissance is our own, our own right hand
Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try 865
Who is our equal: then! thou shalt behold
Whether by supplication we intend
Address, and to begird th' Almighty throne
Beseeching or besieging. This report,
These tidings, carry to th' anointed King; 870
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight!

He said, and, as the sound of waters deep,
Hoarse murmur echo'd to his words applause,
Through the infinite host: nor less for that
The flaming Seraph fearless, though alone 875
Incompass'd round with foes, thus answer'd bold.

O alienate from GOD, O spirit accurst,
Forfaken of all good! I see thy fall
Determin'd, and thy hapless crew involv'd
In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread 880
Both of thy crime and punishment. Henceforth
No more be troubled how to quit the yoke
Of GOD'S MESSIAH: those indulgent laws
Will not be now vouchsaf'd; other decrees
Against thee are gone forth without recall. 885
That golden sceptre which thou didst reject,
Is now an iron rod, to bruise and break
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise;
Yet not for thy advice, or threats, I fly
These wicked tents devoted; lest the wrath 890
Impendent, raging into sudden flame
Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel
His thunder on thy head, devouring fire!
Then who created thee lamenting learn,
When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know. 895
So





So spake the Seraph ABDIEL, faithful found,
 Among the faithless faithful only he:
 Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
 Unshaken, unseduc'd, untterrify'd,
 His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal; 900
 Nor number'd, nor example with him wrought
 To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
 Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,
 Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd
 Superior, nor of violence fear'd ought: 905
 And, with retorted scorn, his back he turn'd
 On those proud tow'rs to swift destruction doom'd.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battel against Satan and his Angels. The first fight describ'd: Satan and his Powers retire under night: he calls a council, invents devilish engines, which in the second day's fight put Michael and his Angels to some disorder; but they at length pulling up mountains overwhelm'd both the force and machines of Satan. Yet the tumult not so ending, GOD on the third day sends MESSIAH his SON, for whom he had reserv'd the glory of that victory: He in the power of his FATHER coming to the place, and causing all his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, persues them, unable to resist, towards the wall of Heav'n;

*Heav'n; which opening, they leap down with horror
and confusion into the place of punishment prepared for
them in the Deep: MESSIAH returns with triumph
to his FATHER.*



ALL night the dreadless Angel, unperfu'd,
Thro' Heav'n's wide champain held his
way, till Morn,
Wak'd by the circling Hours, with rosy
hand

Unbarr'd the gates of light. There is a cave
Within the mount of G o d, fast by his throne, 5
Where light and darkness in perpetual round
Lodge & dislodge by turns, which makes thro' Heav'n
Grateful vicissitude, like day and night:
Light issues forth, and at the other door
Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour 10
To veil the heav'n, (tho' darkness there might well
Seem twilight here) and now went forth the Morn,
Such as in highest Heav'n, array'd in gold
Empyrean; from before her vanish'd night,
Shot thro' with orient beams: when all the plain 15
Cover'd with thick imbattled squadrons bright,
Chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery steeds,
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view.
War he perceiv'd, war in procinct, and found
Already known what he for news had thought 20
To have reported: gladly then he mix'd
Among those friendly Pow'rs, who him receiv'd
With joy and acclamations loud, that One,
That of so many myriads fall'n, yet One
Return'd, not lost. On to the sacred hill 25
They led him high applauded, and present
Before the seat supreme; from whence a voice,
From midst a golden cloud, thus mild was heard.

Servant of G o d, well done! well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintain'd 30
Against

Book VI. PARADISE LOST. 131

Against revolted multitudes the cause
 Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms:
 And for the testimony of truth hast born
 Universal reproach; far worse to bear
 Than violence: for this was all thy care, 35
 To stand approv'd in sight of GOD, tho' worlds
 Judg'd thee perverse. The easier conquest now
 Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,
 Back on thy foes more glorious to return,
 Than scorn'd thou didst depart; and to subdue 40
 By force, who reason for their law refuse,
 Right reason for their law; and for their King
 MESSIAH, who by right of merit reigns.
 Go, MICHAEL, of celestial armies Prince,
 And thou, in military prowess next, 45
 GABRIEL, lead forth to battel these my sons
 Invincible; lead forth my armed Saints,
 By thousands and by millions rang'd for fight;
 Equal in number to that godless crew,
 Rebellious: them with fire, and hostile arms, 50
 Fearless assault; and to the brow of Heav'n
 Persuing, drive them out from GOD, and bliss,
 Into their place of punishment, the gulph
 Of TARTARUS, which ready opens wide
 His fiery Chaos to receive their fall. 55

So spake the Sovereign Voice, and clouds began
 To darken all the hill, and smoke to rowl
 In dusky wreathes, reluctant flames, the sign
 Of wrath awak'd. Nor with less dread the loud
 Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow: 60
 At which command, the Powers militant
 That stood for Heav'n, (in mighty quadrate join'd
 Of union irresistible) mov'd on
 In silence their bright legions, to the sound
 Of instrumental harmony, that breath'd 65
 Heroic ardor to advent'rous deeds,
 Under their God-like Leaders, in the cause

Of GOD and his MESSIAH. On they move
 Indissolubly firm; nor obvious hill,
 Nor streit'ning vale, nor wood, nor stream divides 70
 Their perfect ranks; for high above the ground
 Their march was, and the passive air up-bore
 Their nimble tread: as when the total kind
 Of birds, in orderly array on wing,
 Came summon'd over EDEN, to receive 75
 Their names of thee: so, over many a tract
 Of Heav'n they march'd, and many a province wide,
 Tenfold the length of this terrene. At last,
 Far in th' horizon to the north appear'd,
 From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretch'd 80
 In battailous aspect, and nearer view
 Bristled with upright beams innumerable
 Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields
 Various, with boastful argument portraid,
 The banded Pow'rs of SATAN, hasting on 85
 With furious expedition: for they ween'd
 That self-same day by fight, or by surprize
 To win the mount of GOD; and on his throne
 To set the envier of his state, the proud
 Aspirer; but their thoughts prov'd fond and vain 90
 In the mid-way. Though strange to us it seem'd
 At first, that Angel should with Angel war,
 And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet
 So oft in festivals of joy, and love
 Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire, 95
 Hymning th' Eternal FATHER: but the shout
 Of battel now began, and rushing sound
 Of on-set ended soon each milder thought.
 High in the midst, exalted as a God,
 Th' apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat, 100
 Idol of majesty divine! inclos'd
 With flaming Cherubim, and golden shields:
 Then, lighted from his gorgeous throne, (for now
 'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,
 A dreadful interval! and front to front 105
 Pre-

Presented flood in terrible array,
 Of hideous length) before the cloudy van,
 On the rough edge of battel e're it join'd,
 SATAN, with vast and haughty strides advanc'd,
 Came tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold: 110
 ABDIEL that fight indur'd not, where he stood
 Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds;
 And thus his own undaunted heart explores.

O Heav'n! that such resemblance of the Highest
 Should yet remain, where faith and realty 115
 Remain not: wherefore should not strength & might
 There fail, where virtue fails; or weakest prove
 Where boldest? Though to fight unconquerable,
 His puissance (trusting in th' Almighty's aid!)
 I mean to try; whose reason I have try'd 120
 Unsound and false: nor is it ought but just,
 That he who in debate of truth hath won,
 Should win in arms; in both disputes alike
 Victor: though brutish that contest and foul,
 When reason hath to deal with force; yet so 125
 Most reason is that reason overcome.

So pondering, and from his armed Peers
 Forth-stepping opposite, half way he met
 His daring foe, at this prevention more
 Incens'd, and thus securely him defy'd. 130

Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reach'd
 The height of thy aspiring unoppos'd,
 The Throne of God unguarded, and his side
 Abandon'd at the terror of thy pow'r,
 Or potent tongue: fool! not to think how vain 135
 Against th' Omnipotent to rise in arms:
 Who, out of smallest things, could without end
 Have rais'd incessant armies to defeat
 Thy folly; or with solitary hand,
 Reaching beyond all limit at one blow, 140
 I 3 Unaided

134 PARADISE LOST. Book VI.

Unaided could have finish'd thee, and whelm'd
 Thy legions under darkness: but thou seest
 All are not of thy train; there be who faith
 Prefer, and piety to God, though then
 To thee not visible, when I alone 145
 Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent
 From all: my Sect thou seest; now learn too late
 How few sometimes may know, when thousands err,

Whom the grand foe, with scornful eye askance,
 Thus answer'd. Ill for thee, but in wish'd hour 150
 For my revenge, first sought for thou return'st
 From flight, seditious Angel! to receive
 Thy merited reward, the first assay
 Of this right hand provok'd, since first that tongue,
 Inspir'd with contradiction, durst oppose 155
 A third part of the Gods, in synod met
 Their Deities t' assert: who while they feel
 Vigor divine within them, can allow
 Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st
 Before thy fellows, ambitious to win 160
 From me some plume; that thy success may show
 Destruction to the rest: this pause between;
 (Unanswer'd lest thou boast) to let thee know,
 At first I thought that liberty, and Heav'n,
 To heav'nly souls had been all one; but now 165
 I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
 Ministring spirits, train'd up in feast and song!
 Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of Heav'n,
 Servility with freedom to contend,
 As both their deeds compar'd this day shall prove. 170

To whom in brief thus ABDEEL stern reply'd.
 Apostate, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find
 Of erring, from the path of truth remote:
 Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name
 Of *Servitude*, to serve whom God ordains, 175
 Or Nature; God and Nature bid the same,
 When

When he who rules is worthiest, and excels
 Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
 To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebell'd
 Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee, 180
 Thy self not free, but to thy self inthrall'd;
 Yet leudly dar'st our ministring upbraid.
 Reign thou in Hell thy kingdom, let me serve
 In Heav'n G O D ever blest, and his divine
 Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd! 185
 Yet chains in Hell, not realms expect: mean while
 From me return'd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,
 This greeting on thy impious crest receive.

So saying, a noble stroke he list'd high,
 Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell 190
 On the proud crest of S A T A N, that no sight,
 Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield
 Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
 He back recoil'd; the tenth, on bended knee,
 His massy spear upstaid: as if on earth 195
 Winds under ground, or waters, forcing way,
 Sidelong had push'd a mountain from his seat,
 Half-sunk with all his Pines. Amazement seisd
 The rebel thrones, but greater rage, to see
 Thus foil'd their Mightiest: ours joy fill'd, and shout,
 Prefage of victory and fierce desire 201
 Of battel: whereat M I C H A E L bid sound
 Th' Arch-Angel trumpet; through the vast of Heav'n
 It sounded, and the faithful armies rung
 Hosanna to the Highest: nor stood at gaze 205
 The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd
 The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,
 And clamor, such as heard in Heav'n till now
 Was never; arms on armor clashing bray'd
 Horrible discord, and the madding wheels 210
 Of brazen chariots rag'd: dire was the noise
 Of conflict! over head the dismal hiss
 Of fiery darts in flaming vollics flew;

And flying, vaulted either host with fire,
 So under fiery Cope together rush'd 215
 Both Battels main, with ruinous assault
 And inextinguishable rage: all Heav'n
 Resounded; and had earth been then, all earth
 Had to her centre shook. What wonder? when
 Millions of fierce encountring Angels fought 220
 On either side, the least of whom could wield
 These elements, and arm him with the force
 Of all their regions: how much more of pow'r
 Army against army, numberless, to raise
 Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb, 225
 Though not destroy, their happy native seat!
 Had not th' Eternal King omnipotent,
 From his strong hold of Heav'n, high over-rul'd
 And limited their might: though number'd such,
 As each divided legion might have seem'd 230
 A numerous host; in strength, each armed hand,
 A legion; led in fight, yet leader seem'd
 Each warrior; single, as in chief, expert
 When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
 Of battle, open when, and when to close 235
 The ridges of grim war: no thought of flight,
 None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
 That argu'd fear: each on himself rely'd,
 As only in his arm the moment lay
 Of victory. Deeds of eternal fame 240
 Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread
 That war, and various: sometimes on firm ground
 A standing fight; then, soaring on main wing,
 Tormented all the air; all air seem'd then
 Conflicting fire. Long time in even scale 245
 The battle hung; till SATAN, (who that day
 Prodigious pow'r had shewn, and met in arms
 No equal) ranging through the dire attack
 Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length
 Saw where the sword of MICHAEL sinote, & fell'd
 Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed sway 251
 Brandish'd

Brandish'd aloft, the horrid edge came down
 Wide-wasting! such destruction to withstand
 He hasted, and oppos'd the rocky orb
 Of ten-fold adamant, his ample shield, 255
 A vast circumference! At his approach
 The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toil
 Surceas'd; and glad, as hoping here to end
 Intestine war in Heav'n, th' arch-foe subdu'd,
 Or captive drag'd in chains, with hostile frown, 260
 And visage all inflam'd, first thus began.

Author of evil! unknown till thy revolt,
 Unnam'd in Heav'n, now plenteous, (as thou seest)
 These acts of hateful strife; hateful to all,
 Though heaviest (by just measure) on thy self, 265
 And thy adherents: how hast thou disturb'd
 Heav'n's blessed peace, and into nature brought
 Misery, uncreated till the crime
 Of thy rebellion! how hast thou instill'd
 Thy malice into thousands, once upright 270
 And faithful, now prov'd false! But think not here
 To trouble holy rest; Heav'n casts thee out
 From all her confines: Heav'n, the seat of bliss,
 Brooks not the works of violence and war.
 Hence then! and Evil go with thee along, 275
 Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell;
 Thou and thy wicked crew! there mingle broils;
 E're this avenging sword begin thy doom,
 Or some more sudden vengeance, wing'd from God,
 Precipitate thee with augmented pain. 280

So spake the Prince of Angels: to whom thus
 The Adversary. Nor think thou with wind
 Of aery threats to awe, whom yet with deeds
 Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these
 To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise 285
 Unvanquish'd, easier to transact with me,
 That thou shouldst hope, imperious! and with threats

To chase me hence? Err not that so shall end
 The strife which thou call'st evil, but we style
 The strife of glory; which we mean to win 290
 Or turn this Heav'n it self into the Hell
 Thou fablest; here however to dwell free,
 If not to reign: mean while thy utmost force
 (And join him nam'd ALMIGHTY to thy aid,)
 I fly not; but have sought thee far and nigh. 295

They ended parle, and both addrest for fight
 Unspeakable: for who, though with the tongue
 Of Angels, can relate, or to what things
 Liken on earth conspicuous, that may lift
 Human imagination to such height 300
 Of Godlike pow'r? For likest Gods they seem'd,
 Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms,
 Fit to decide the empire of great Heav'n.
 Now wav'd their fiery swords, and in the air
 Made horrid circles; two broad suns their shields 305
 Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood
 In horror: from each hand with speed retir'd,
 Where erst was thickest fight, th'angelic throng;
 And left large field, unsafe within the wind
 Of such commotion: such as (to set forth 310
 Great things by small) if Nature's concord broke,
 Among the constellations war were sprung,
 Two planets rushing from aspect malign
 Of fiercest opposition, in mid-sky,
 Should combat, and their jarring spears confound.
 Together both, with next t'almighty arm 316
 Up-lifted imminent, one stroke they aim'd
 That might determine, and not need repeat,
 (As not of pow'r, at once) nor odds appear'd
 In might or swift prevention: but the sword 320
 Of MICHAEL from the armory of GOD
 Was giv'n him temper'd so, that neither keen
 Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
 The sword of SATHAN, with steep force to smite
 Descending

Book VI. PARADISE LOST. 139

Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor staid, 325
 But with swift wheel reverse, deep entring shar'd
 All his right side: then SATAN first knew pain,
 And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; so sore
 The griding sword with discontinuous wound
 Pass'd thro' him: but th' ethereal substance clos'd, 330
 Not long divisible; and from the gash
 A stream of nectarous humor issuing flow'd,
 Sanguin (such as cœlestial spirits may bleed,)
 And all his armor stain'd, e're while so bright.
 Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run 335
 By Angels many and strong, who interpos'd
 Defense; while others bore him on their shields
 Back to his chariot; where it stop'd retir'd
 From off the files of war: there they him laid
 Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and shame, 340
 To find himself not matchless, and his pride
 Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath
 His confidence to equal GOD in pow'r.
 Yet soon he heal'd; for spirits that live throughout
 Vital in every part, (not, as frail man, 345
 In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins)
 Cannot but by annihilating die:
 Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
 Receive, no more than can the fluid air:
 All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear, 350
 All intellect, all sense; and as they please,
 They limb themselves, and color, shape and size
 Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

Mean while in other parts like deeds deserv'd
 Memorial, where the might of GABRIEL fought,
 And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array 356
 Of MALOC, furious King! who him defy'd,
 And at his chariot wheels to drag him bound
 Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heav'n
 Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous: but anon 360
 Down cloven to the waste, with shatter'd arms
 And

And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing
 URIEL, and RAPHAEL, his vaunting foe
 (Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd)
 Vanquish'd, ADramelec, and ASMADAI, 365
 Two potent Thrones! that to be less than Gods
 Disdain'd; but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,
 Mangl'd with gashly wounds thro' plate and mail.
 Nor stood unmindful ABDIEL, to annoy
 The atheist-crew, but with redoubl'd blow 370
 ARIEL, and ARIOC, and the violence
 Of RAMIEL scorch'd and blasted overthrew. ---

I might relate of thousands, and their names
 Eternize here on earth; but those elect
 Angels, contented with their fame in Heav'n, 375
 Seek not the praise of men: the other sort,
 In might though wondrous, and in acts of war,
 Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom
 Cancel'd from Heav'n and sacred memory,
 Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell. 380
 For strength from truth divided, and from just,
 Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise
 And ignominy; yet to glory aspires,
 Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame:
 Therefore eternal silence be their doom! 385

And now, their mightiest quell'd, the battel swerv'd,
 With many an inroad gor'd; deformed rout
 Enter'd, and foul disorder: all the ground
 With shiver'd armor strown, and on a heap
 Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd, 390
 And fiery foaming steeds: what flood, recoil'd
 O'er-wearied, thro' the faint Satanic host
 Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpriz'd;
 Then first with fear surpriz'd, and sense of pain,
 Fled ignominious: to such evil brought 395
 By sin of disobedience; till that hour,
 Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.

Far otherwise th' inviolable Saints,
 In cubic phalanx firm, advanc'd entire,
 Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd: 400
 Such high advantages their innocence
 Gave them above their foes, not to have sinn'd,
 Not to have disobey'd! in fight they stood
 Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd 404
 By wound, tho' from their place by violence mov'd.

Now Night her course began, and over Heav'n
 Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,
 And silence, on the odious din of war:
 Under her cloudy covert both retir'd,
 Victor and vanquish'd. On the foughten field, 410
 MICHAEL and his Angels prevalent
 Encamping, plac'd in guard their watches round,
 Cherubic waving fires: on th' other part,
 SATAN with his rebellious disappear'd,
 Far in the dark dislodg'd; and void of rest, 415
 His Potentates to council call'd by night;
 And in the midst thus undismay'd began.

O now in danger try'd, now known in arms
 Not to be overpower'd, companions dear!
 Found worthy not of liberty alone, 420
 (Too mean pretense) but what we more affect,
 Honor, dominion, glory, and renown;
 Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight
 (And if one day, why not eternal days?)
 What Heaven's Lord hath powerfulest to send 425
 Against us from about his throne, and judg'd
 Sufficient to subdue us to his will.
 But proves not so! --- then fallible, it seems,
 Of future we may deem him, though till now
 Omniscient thought. True 't is, less firmly arm'd,
 Some disadvantage we indur'd, and pain, 431
 Till now not known, but known as soon contemn'd;
 Since now we find this our empyreal form

In-

Incapable of mortal injury,
 Imperishable; and though pierc'd with wound, 435
 Soon closing, and by native vigor heal'd.
 Of evil then so small, as easie think
 The remedy: perhaps more valid arms,
 Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
 May serve to better us, and worse our foes, 440
 Or equal what between us made the odds,
 In nature none: if other hidden cause
 Left them superior, while we can preserve
 Unhurt our minds, and understanding sound,
 Due search and consultation will disclose. 445

He sat; and in th' assembly next upstood
 Nisroc, of Principalities the prime;
 As one he stood escap'd from cruel fight,
 Sore toil'd, his riven arms to havoc hewn;
 And cloudy in aspect thus answering spake. 450

Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free
 Enjoyment of our right, as Gods! yet hard
 For Gods, and too unequal work we find,
 Against unequal arms to fight in pain,
 Against unpain'd, impassive; from which evil 455
 Ruin must needs ensue: for what avails
 Valor or strength, tho' matchless, quell'd with pain
 Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
 Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may well
 Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine, 460
 But live content, which is the calmest life:
 But pain is perfect misery, the worst
 Of evils, and excessive, overturns
 All patience. He who therefore can invent
 With what more forcible we may offend 465
 Our yet-unwounded enemies, or arm
 Our selves with like defence, to me deserves
 No less than for deliverance what we owe.

Whereto

Whereto with look compos'd SATAN reply'd.
 Not uninvented that, which thou aright 470
 Believ'st so main to our success, I bring.
 Which of us who beholds the bright surface
 Of this ethereous mould, whereon we stand;
 This continent of spacious Heav'n, adorn'd
 With plant, fruit, flow'r ambrosial, gems, and gold;
 Whose eye so superficially surveys 476
 These things, as not to mind from whence they grow
 Deep under ground; materials dark and crude,
 Of spiritous and fiery spume, till touch'd
 With heav'n's ray, and temper'd they shoot forth 480
 So beauteous, op'ning to the ambient light?
 These, in their dark nativity, the Deep
 Shall yield us, pregnant with infernal flame:
 Which into hollow engines, long and round,
 Thick-ramm'd, at th' other bore with touch of fire
 Dilated, and infuriate, shall send forth 486
 From far, with thund'ring noise, among our foes
 Such implements of mischief, as shall dash
 To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever stands
 Adverse: that they shall fear we have disarm'd 490
 The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.
 Nor long shall be our labor; yet e're dawn,
 Effect shall end our wish. Mean while revive;
 Abandon fear; to strength and counsel join'd
 Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd. 495

He ended, and his words their drooping cheer
 Inlighten'd, and their languish'd hope reviv'd.
 Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how he
 To be th' inventor miss'd, so easy it seem'd 499
 Once found, which yet unfound most would have
 Impossible. Yet haply of thy race [thought
 In future days (if malice should abound)
 Some one intent on mischief, or inspir'd
 With dev'l'sh machination, might devise
 Like instrument, to plague the sons of men 505
 For

For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.
 Forthwith from Council to the work they flew.
 None arguing stood: innumerable hands
 Were ready; in a moment up they turn'd
 Wide the cœlestial soil, and saw beneath 510
 Th' originals of nature in their crude
 Conception: sulphurous and nitrous foam
 They found, they mingled; and with subtile art,
 Concocted and adusted they reduc'd
 To blackest grain, and into store convey'd. 515
 Part, hidden veins digg'd up (nor hath this earth
 Entrails unlike) of mineral and stone;
 Whereof to found their engines, and their balls
 Of missive ruin: part, incentive reed
 Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire. 520
 So all e're day-spring, under conscious night,
 Secret they finish'd, and in order set,
 With silent circumspection unesp'y'd.

Now when fair morn orient in Heav'n appear'd,
 Up rose the victor Angels, and to arms 525
 The matin trumpet sung: in arms they stood
 Of golden panoply; refulgent host!
 Soon banded: others from the dawning hills
 Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-armed scour
 Each quarter, to descry the distant foe, 530
 Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight
 In motion or in halt: him soon they met
 Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in flow
 But firm battalion: back with speediest sail
 ZOPHIEL, of Cherubim the swiftest wing, 535
 Came flying, and in mid-air aloud thus cry'd.

Arm, warriors, arm for fight! the foe 'at hand,
 Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
 This day; fear not his flight; so thick a cloud
 He comes, and settled in his face I see 540
 Sad resolution, and secure. Let each

His

His adamantine coat gird well, and each
Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orb'd shield,
Born ev'n or high; for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture * ought, no drizzling show'r, 545
But ratling storm of arrows barb'd with fire.

So warn'd he them, aware themselves; and soon
In order, quit of all impediment,
Instant without disturb they took alarm,
And onward move embattell'd: when behold! 550
Not distant far with heavy pace the Foe
Approaching gross and huge; in hollow cube
Training his devilish enginry, impal'd
On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood 555
A-while; but suddenly at head appear'd
SATAN; and thus was heard commanding loud.

Vanguard to right and left the Front unfold;
That all may see who hate us, how we seek
Peace and composure, and with open breast 560
Stand ready to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverse;
But that I doubt: however witness Heav'n!
Heav'n witness thou anon! while we discharge
Freely our part: ye who appointed stand, 565
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
What we propound, and loud that all may hear.

So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce
Had ended; when to right and left the Front
Divided, and to either Flank retir'd: 570
Which to our eyes discover'd, new and strange!
A triple mounted row of pillars, laid
On wheels (for like to pillars most they seem'd,
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak, or fir,
With branches lop'd, in wood or mountain fell'd)

K

Brass,

* Perhaps it should be, right.

Brass, iron, stony mold; had not their mouths 576
 With hideous orifice gap'd on us wide,
 Portending hollow truce: at each behind
 A Seraph stood, and in his hand a reed
 Stood waving tip'd with fire; while we suspense, 580
 Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd:
 Not long! for sudden all at once their reeds
 Put forth, and to a narrow vent apply'd
 With nicest touch; immediate in a flame, 584
 (But soon obscur'd with smoke) all Heav'n appear'd,
 From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose roar
 Embowel'd with outrageous noise the air,
 And all her entrails tore; disgorging foul
 Their devilish glut, chain'd thunderbolts, - and hail
 Of iron globes, which on the victor host - 590
 Level'd, with such impetuous fury smote,
 That whom they hit, none on their feet might stand,
 Though standing else as rocks; but down they fell
 By thousands, Angel on Arch-Angel rowl'd;
 The sooner for their arms; (unarm'd they might 595
 Have easily, as spirits, evaded swift
 By quick contraction or remove:) but now
 Foul dissipation follow'd, and forc'd rout;
 Nor serv'd it to relax their ferried files:
 What should they do? if on they rush'd, repulse 600
 Repeated, and indecent overthrow
 Doubl'd, would render them yet more despis'd,
 And to their foes a laughter: for in view,
 Stood rank'd of Seraphim another row,
 In posture to displode their second tire 605
 Of thunder: back defeated to return
 They worse abhorr'd. SATAN beheld their plight,
 And to his mates thus in derision call'd.

O friends, why come not on these victors proud?
 E're-while they fierce were coming, and when we,
 To entertain them fair with open front, 611
 And breast, (what could we more?) propounded terms
 Of

Of composition, straight they chang'd their minds,
 Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
 As they would dance: yet for a dance they seem'd
 Somewhat extravagant, and wild; perhaps 616
 For joy of offer'd peace: but I suppose,
 If our proposals once again were heard,
 We should compel them to a quick result.

To whom thus BELIAL in like gamefome mood:
 Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight, 621
 Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home;
 Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
 And stumbl'd many: who receives them right,
 Had need from head to foot well understand; 625
 Not understood, this gift they have besides,
 They shew us when our foes walk not upright.

So they among themselves in pleasant vein
 Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond
 All doubt of victory: Eternal Might 630
 To match with their inventions they presum'd
 So easy, and of his thunder made a scorn,
 And all his host derided, while they stood
 A while in trouble: but they stood not long;
 Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms
 Against such hellish mischief fit t' oppose, 636
 Forthwith (behold the excellence, the pow'r
 Which GOD hath in his mighty Angels plac'd!)
 Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
 (For earth hath this variety from heav'n, 640
 Of pleasure, situate in hill and dale)
 Light as the light'ning glimpse they ran, they flew,
 From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,
 They pluck'd the seated hills, with all their load,
 Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops 645
 Up-lifting bore them in their hands. Amaze,
 Be sure, and terror, seiz'd the rebel host,
 When coming towards them, so dread they saw

The bottom of the mountains-upward turn'd;
 Till on those cursed engins' triple-row 650
 They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
 Under the weight of mountains bury'd deep:
 Themselves invaded next, and on their heads
 Main promontories flung, which in the air 654
 Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole legions arm'd:
 Their armor help'd their harm, crush'd in & bruis'd
 Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain
 Implacable, and many a dolorous groan;
 Long struggling underneath, e're they could wind
 Out of such prison, though spirits of purest light: 660
 (Purest at first, now gross by finning grown)
 The rest in imitation to like arms
 Betook them, and the neighb'ring hills up tore:
 So hills amid the air encounter'd hills,
 Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire; 665
 That under ground they fought in dismal shade;
 Infernal noise! war seem'd a civil game
 To this uproar; horrid confusion heap'd
 Upon confusion rose. And now all Heav'n
 Had gone to wrack, with ruin over-spread, 670
 Had not th' Almighty FATHER, where he sits
 Shrin'd in his sanctuary of Heav'n secure,
 Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
 This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:
 That his great purpose he might so fulfil, 675
 To honor his Anointed SON, aveng'd
 Upon his enemies, and to declare
 All pow'r on him transfer'd: whence to his SON,
 (Th' Assessor of his Throne) he thus began.

Effulgence of my Glory, SON belov'd, 680
 SON in whose face invisible is beheld
 Visibly, what by Deity I am;
 And in whose hand what by decree I do,
 Second Omnipotence! two days are past,
 (Two days, as we compute the days of Heav'n) 685
 Since

Since MICHAEL and his Pow'rs went forth to tame
These disobedient: fore hath been their fight,
As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd:
For to themselves I left them, and thou know'st,
Equal in their creation they were form'd, 690
Save what sin hath impair'd, which yet hath wrought
Insensibly, for I suspend their doom:
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
Endless, and no solution will be found.
War wearied hath perform'd what war can do, 695
And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins,
With mountains as with weapons arm'd; which makes
Wild work in Heav'n, and dangerous to the main.
Two days are therefore past, the third is thine;
For thee I have ordain'd it; and thus far 700
Have suffer'd, that the glory may be thine
Of ending this great war, since none but thou
Can end it. Into thee such virtue, and grace
Immense, I have transfus'd, that all may know
In Heav'n and Hell thy pow'r above compare: 705
And this perverse commotion govern'd thus,
To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir
Of all things; to be Heir, and to be King
By sacred unction, thy deserved right.
Go then thou Mightiest in thy FATHER'S Might: 710
Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That shake Heav'n's basis, bring forth all my war,
My bow and thunder, my almighty arms
Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh.
Pursue these sons of darkness, drive them out 715
From all Heav'n's bounds, into the utter deep:
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
GOD, and MESSIAH his anointed King.

He said, and on his SON with rays direct
Shon full, he all his FATHER full exprest, 720
Ineffably into his face receiv'd:
And thus the Filial Godhead answer'ing spake.

O FATHER, O Supreme of heav'nly Thrones,
 First, Highest, Holiest, Best! Thou always seek'st
 To glorifie thy SON, I always thee, 725
 As is most just: this I my glory account,
 My exaltation, and my whole delight,
 That thou in me well pleas'd, declar'st thy will
 Fulfill'd, which to fulfill is all my bliss.
 Sceptre and pow'r, thy giving, I assume; 730
 And gladlier shall resign, when in the end
 Thou shalt be all in all, and I in thee
 For ever; and in me all whom thou lov'st:
 But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on
 Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on, 735
 Image of thee in all things: and shall soon,
 Arm'd with thy might, rid Heav'n of these rebell'd;
 To their prepar'd ill mansion driven down
 To chains of darkness, and th' undying worm;
 That from thy just obedience could revolt, 740
 Whom to obey is happiness entire.
 Then shall thy Saints unmix'd, and from th' impure
 Far separate, circling thy holy mount
 Unfained Hallelujahs to thee sing,
 Hymns of high praise, and I among them Chief. 745

So said, He o'er his sceptre bowing, rose
 From the right hand of glory where he sat;
 And the third sacred morn began to shine, [sound
 Dawning through Heav'n. Forth rush'd with whirlwind
 The chariot of Paternal Deity, 750
 Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
 It self instinct with spirit, but convoy'd
 By four Cherubic shapes; four faces each
 Had wondrous; as with stars, their bodies all,
 And wings, were set with eyes; with eyes, the wheels
 Of beril; and careering fires between: 756
 Over their heads a chrystal firmament;
 Where, on a saphir throne, (inlaid with pure
 Amber, and colors of the showry arch)

He

Book VI. PARADISE LOST.

151

He, in cœlestial panoply all arm'd 760
 Of radiant URIM, work divinely wrought!
 Ascended: at his right hand, Victory
 Sate eagle-wing'd; beside him hung his bow,
 And quiver with three-bolted thunder stor'd:
 And from about him fierce effusion rowl'd 765
 Of smoke, and bick'ring flame, and sparkles dire.
 Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints,
 He onward came; far off his coming shone,
 And twenty thousand (I their number heard)
 Chariots of GOD, half on each hand, were seen. 770
 He on the wings of Cherub rode sublime
 On the chrySTALLIN sky, in saphir thron'd,
 Illustrious far and wide: but by his own
 First seen, them unexpected joy surpriz'd,
 When the great ensign of MESSIAH blaz'd, 775
 Aloft by Angels born, his sign in Heav'n:
 Under whose conduct MICHAEL soon reduc'd
 His army, circumfus'd on either wing,
 Under their Head imbody'd all in one.
 Before him Pow'r Divine his way prepar'd; 780
 At his command th'uprooted hills retir'd
 Each to his place, they heard his voice and went
 Obsequious; Heav'n his wonted face renew'd,
 And with fresh flowrets hill and valley smil'd.

This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdur'd, 785
 And to rebellious fight rallied their Pow'rs,
 Insensate! hope conceiving from despair:
 In heav'nly spirits could such perverseness dwell?
 But (to convince the proud what signs avail,
 Or wonders move th'obdurate to relent) 790
 They harden'd more by what might most reclaim,
 Grieving to see his glory, at the sight
 Took envy; and aspiring to his height,
 Stood re-embattell'd fierce, by force or fraud
 Weening to prosper, and at length prevail 795
 Against GOD and MESSIAH; or to fall

In univerfal ruin laft : and now
 To final battel drew, difdaining flight,
 Or faint retreat; when the Great SON of GOD
 To all his hofts on either hand thus fpake, 800

Stand ftill in bright array, ye Saints, here ftand
 Ye Angels arm'd, this day from battel reft:
 Faithful hath been your warfare, and of GOD
 Accepted, fearless in his righteous caufe:
 And as ye have receiv'd, fo have ye done 805
 Invincibly. But of this curfed crew
 The punifhment to other hand belongs:
 Vengeance is his, or whose he fole appoints;
 Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,
 Nor multitude: ftand only, and behold 810
 GOD's indignation on thefe godlefs pour'd
 By me; not you, but me they have defpis'd;
 Yet envied: againft me is all their rage,
 Becaufe the FATHER, t'whom in Heav'n fupreme
 Kingdom, and pow'r, and glory appertains, 815
 Hath honor'd me according to his will.
 Therefore to me their doom he hath affign'd:
 That they may have their wifh, to try with me
 In battel which the ftonger proves; they all,
 Or I alone againft them; fince by ftrength 820
 They meafure all, of other excellence
 Not emulous, nor care who them excels;
 Nor other ftife with them do I vouchsafe.

So fpake the SON, and into terror chang'd
 His count'nance, too fevere to be beheld! 825
 And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
 At once the four fpread out their ftarry wings,
 With dreadful fhade contiguous, and the orbs
 Of his fierce chariot rowl'd, as with the found
 Of torrent floods, or of a numerous hoft. 830
 He on his impious foes right-onward drove,
 Gloomy as night: under his burning wheels

The

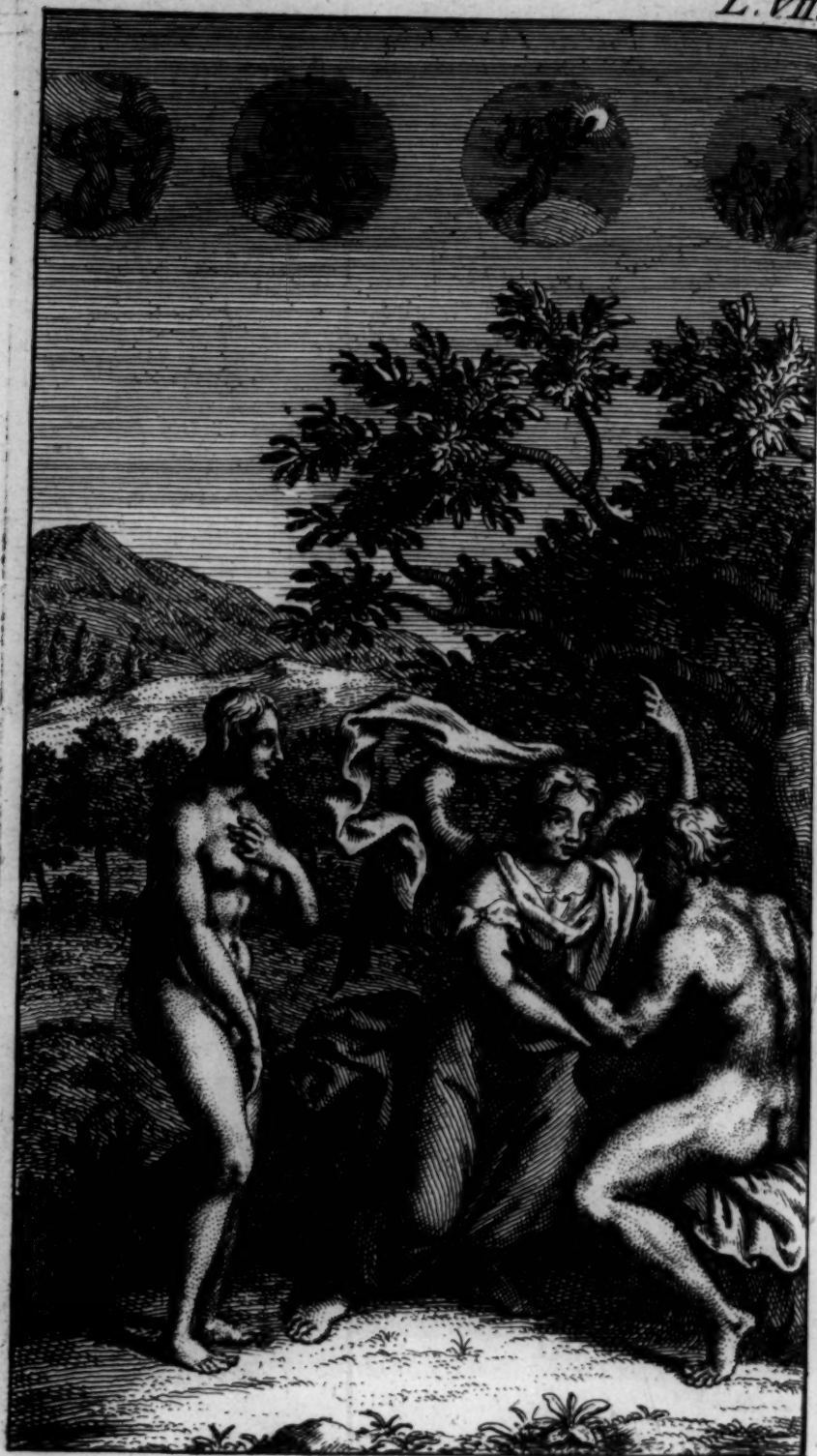
The stedfast empyrean shook throughout;
All but the throne it self of God. Full soon
Among them he arriv'd; in his right hand 835
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
Before him, such as in their souls infix'd
Plagues: they astonish'd, all resistance lost,
All courage; down their idle weapons dropp'd:
O'er shields, and helms, and helmed heads he rode 840
Of Thrones, and mighty Seraphim prostrate;
That wish'd the mountains now might be again
Thrown on them, as a shelter from his ire.
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd Four, 845
Distinct with eyes; and from the living wheels
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;
One spirit in them rul'd, and every eye
Glar'd light'ning, and shot forth pernicious fire
Among th' accurst, that wither'd all their strength,
And of their wonted vigor left them drain'd, 851
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid-volly; for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heav'n. 855
The overthrown he rais'd, and as a herd
Of goats, or tim'rous flock, together throng'd,
Drove them before him thunder-struck, persu'd
With terrors, and with furies, to the bounds
And chrystall wall of Heav'n; which op'ning wide
Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclos'd 861
Into the wasteful deep: the monstrous sight
Struck them with horror backward; but far worse
Urg'd them behind: headlong themselves they threw
Down from the verge of Heav'n; eternal wrath 865
Burn'd after them to the bottomless pit.
Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, Hell saw
Heav'n ruining from Heav'n, and would have fled
Affrighted; but strict fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound. 870

Nine days they fell; confounded CHAOS roar'd,
 And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
 Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout
 Incumber'd him with ruin! Hell at last
 Yawning receiv'd them whole, & on them clos'd; 875
 Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire
 Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.
 Disburden'd Heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repair'd
 Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.

Sole Victor, from th' expulsion of his foes, 880
 MESSIAH his triumphal chariot turn'd:
 To meet him all his Saints, who silent stood
 Eye-witnesses of his Almighty acts,
 With jubilee advanc'd; and as they went,
 Shaded with branching palm, each Order bright 885
 Sung triumph, and him sung Victorious King,
 SON, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion giv'n,
 Worthiest to reign: He celebrated rode
 Triumphant through mid-heav'n, into the courts
 And temple of his mighty FATHER thron'd 890
 On high; who into glory him receiv'd,
 Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

Thus (measuring things in Heav'n by things on earth)
 At thy request, and that thou may'st beware
 By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd 895
 What might have else to human race been hid;
 The discord which befel, and war in Heav'n
 Among th' Angelic Pow'rs, and the deep fall
 Of those too high aspiring, who rebell'd
 With SATAN, he who envies now thy state: 900
 Who now is plotting how he may seduce
 Thee also from obedience, that with him
 (Bereav'd of happiness) thou may'st partake
 His punishment, eternal misery;
 Which would be all his solace and revenge, 905
 As a despite done against the Most High,
 Thee





Thee once to gain companion of his woe;
 But listen not to his temptations; warn
 Thy weaker: let it profit thee to have heard,
 By terrible example, the reward
 Of disobedience: firm they might have stood,
 Yet fell. Remember, and fear to transgress.

910



PARADISE LOST.

B O O K V I I.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael at the request of Adam relates how and wherefore this world was first created; that God, after the expelling of Satan and his Angels out of Heaven, declar'd his pleasure to create another world and other creatures to dwell therein; sends His SON with glory & attendance of Angels to perform the work of Creation in six days: the Angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his re-ascension into Heaven.



Descend from Heav'n, URANIA! by that
 name

If rightly thou art call'd; whose voice
 divine

Following, above th' OLYMPIAN hill
 I soar

Above the flight of PEGASEAN wing.

The meaning, not the name I call: for thou

Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top

Of old OLYMPUS dwell'it; but heav'nly born,

Before

Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,
 Thou with eternal *Wisdom* didst converse,
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play 10
 In presence of th' Almighty FATHER, pleas'd
 With thy cœlestial song. Up led by thee,
 Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have presum'd,
 (An earthly guest) and drawn empyreal air,
 Thy temp'ring. With like safety guided down, 15
 Return me to my native element:
 Left from this flying steed unrein'd (as once
 BELLEROPHON, though from a lower clime)
 Dismounted, on th' ALBION field I fall,
 Erroneous there to wander, and forlorn. 20
 Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound
 Within the visible diurnal sphere:
 Standing on earth, not rap'd above the Pole,
 More safe I sing with mortal voice; unchang'd
 To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evill days, 25
 On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues;
 In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,
 And solitude! Yet not alone, while thou
 Visit'st my slumbers nightly; or when morn
 Purples the east: still govern thou my song, 30
 URANIA, and fit audience find, though few.
 But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
 Of BACCHUS and his revellers; the race
 Of that wild rout that tore the THRACIAN bard
 In RHODOPE, where woods and rocks had ears 35
 To rapture, 'till the savage clamor drown'd
 Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse defend
 Her son. So fail not thou, who thee implores;
 For thou art heav'nly, she an empty dream.

Say, Goddess, what ensu'd when RAPHAEL, 40
 The affable Arch-Angel, had forewarn'd
 ADAM, by dire example to beware
 Apostasy, by what besel in Heav'n
 To those apostates, lest the like befall

In

In Paradise to ADAM or his race, 45
 (Charg'd not to touch the interdicted Tree)
 If they transgress, and slight that sole command;
 So easily obey'd, amid the choice
 Of all tastes else to please their appetite,
 Though wand'ring. --- He, with his consoled EVE,
 The story heard attentive, and was fill'd 51
 With admiration, and deep muse, to hear
 Of things so high & strange; things to their thought
 So unimaginable, as hate in Heav'n,
 And war so near the peace of GOD in bliss, 55
 With such confusion: but the evil soon,
 Driv'n back, redounded, as a flood, on those
 From whom it sprung; impossible to mix
 With blessedness. Whence ADAM soon repeal'd
 The doubts that in his heart arose: and now 60
 Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know
 What nearer might concern him, how this world
 Of heav'n and earth conspicuous first began;
 When, and whereof created; for what cause;
 What within EDEN, or without, was done 65
 Before his memory (as one whose drouth
 Yet scarce allay'd, still eyes the current stream,
 Whose liquid murmur heard, new thirst exites.)
 Proceeded thus to ask his heav'nly guest.

Great things, and full of wonder in our ears, 70
 Far diff'ring from this world, thou hast reveal'd,
 Divine interpreter! by favor sent
 Down from the empyrean, to forewarn
 Us timely of what might else have been our loss
 Unknown; which human knowledge could not reach:
 For which to th' Infinitely Good we owe 76
 Immortal thanks, and his admonishment
 Receive, with solemn purpose to observe
 Immutably his sovereign will, the end
 Of what we are. But since thou hast vouchsaf'd 80
 Gently, for our instruction, to impart

Things

Things above earthly thought (which yet concern'd
 Our knowing, as to highest Wisdom seem'd)
 Deign to descend now lower, and relate
 (What may no less perhaps avail us known) 85
 How first began this heav'n, which we behold
 Distant so high, with moving fires adorn'd
 Innumerable; and this which yields or fills
 All space, the ambient air wide interfus'd,
 Imbracing round this florid earth; what cause 90
 Mov'd the Creator, in his holy rest
 Through all eternity, so late to build
 In CHAOS; and the work begun, how soon
 Absolv'd, if unforbid thou may'st unfold
 What we, not to explore the secrets ask 95
 Of his eternal empire, but the more
 To magnify his works, the more we know.
 And the great light of day yet wants to run
 Much of his race, though steep, suspense in heav'n
 Held by thy voice; thy potent voice he hears, 100
 And longer will delay, to hear thee tell
 His generation, and the rising birth
 Of nature from the unapparent Deep:
 Or if the star of ev'ning, and the moon
 Haste to thy audience, night with her will bring 105
 Silence; and sleep, list'ning to thee, will watch;
 Or we can bid his absence, 'till thy song
 End, and dismiss thee e're the morning shine.

Thus ADAM his illustrious guest besought;
 And thus the Godlike Angel answer'd mild. 110

This also thy request, with caution ask'd,
 Obtain: though to recount almighty works,
 What words, or tongue of Seraph, can suffice!
 Or heart of man suffice to comprehend!
 Yet what thou can'st attain, (which best may serve 115
 To glorify the Maker, and infer
 Thee also happier) shall not be with-held

Thy

Book VII. PARADISE LOST. 159

Thy hearing: such commission from above
 I have receiv'd, to answer thy desire
 Of knowledge within bounds: beyond abstain 120
 To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope
 Things not reveal'd, which th' invisible King,
 Only omniscient, hath suppress'd in night;
 To none communicable in earth or heav'n:
 Enough is left besides to search and know. 125
 But knowledge is as food, and needs no less
 Her temperance over appetite, to know
 In measure what the mind may well contain;
 Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
 Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind. 130

Know then, that after LUCIFER from Heav'n
 (So call him, brighter once amidst the host
 Of Angels, than that star the stars among)
 Fell with his flaming legions through the deep
 Into his place, and the great SON return'd 135
 Victorious with his Saints, th' Omnipotent
 Eternal FATHER from his throne beheld
 Their multitude, and to his SON thus spake.

At least our envious foe hath fail'd, who thought
 All like himself rebellious, by whose aid 140
 This inaccessible high strength, the seat
 Of Deity supreme, (us dispossess)
 He trusted to have seiz'd, and into fraud
 Drew many, whom their place knows here no more:
 Yet far the greater part have kept, I see, 145
 Their station; Heav'n, yet populous, retains
 Number sufficient to possess her realms,
 Though wide; and this high temple to frequent
 With ministeries due and solemn rites.
 But lest his heart exalt him in the harm 150
 Already done, to have dispeopled Heav'n,
 (My damage fondly deem'd!) I can repair
 That detriment, if such it be, to lose

Self-

Self-lost; and in a moment will create
 Another world; out of one man, a race 155
 Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
 Not here: 'till by degrees of merit rais'd
 They open to themselves at length the way
 Up hither; under long obedience try'd:
 And earth be chang'd to Heav'n, & Heav'n to earth,
 One kingdom, joy, and union without end. 161
 Mean-while inhabit lax, ye pow'rs of Heav'n!
 And thou my WORD, begotten SON! by thee
 This I perform, speak thou, and be it done.
 My overshadowing SPIRIT and might with thee
 I send along: ride forth, and bid the Deep 166
 Within appointed bounds, be heav'n and earth:
 Boundless the Deep, because I AM who fill
 Infinitude, nor vacuous the space,
 Though I, uncircumscrib'd my self, retire 170
 And put not forth my goodness; which is free
 To act or not: Necessity and Chance
 Approach not me, and what I will is Fate.

So spake th' Almighty, and to what he spake
 His WORD, the Filial Godhead, gave effect. 175
 Immediate are the acts of GOD, more swift
 Than time or motion; but to human ears
 Cannot without process of speech be told;
 So told, as earthly notion can receive.
 Great triumph and rejoicing was in Heav'n, 180
 When such was heard declar'd th' Almighty's will;
 Glory they sung to the Most High! good will
 To future men, and in their dwellings peace:
 Glory to him! whose just avenging ire
 Had driven out th' ungodly from his sight, 185
 And th' habitations of the just: to him
 Glory and praise! whose wisdom had ordain'd
 Good out of evil to create; instead
 Of spirits malign, a better race to bring
 Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse 190
 His good to worlds, and ages infinite.

So

So sang the Hierarchies. Mean while the Son
 On his great expedition now appear'd;
 Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
 Of Majesty Divine: sapience and love 195
 Immense, and all his FATHER in him shone.
 About his chariot numberless were pour'd
 Cherub, and Seraph, Potentates, and Thrones,
 And Virtues: winged spirits, and chariots wing'd,
 From th'armory of GOD, where stand of old 200
 Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd
 Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,
 Cœlestial equipage! and now came forth
 Spontaneous (for within them spirit liv'd)
 Attendent on their Lord: Heav'n open'd wide 205
 Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound!
 On golden hinges moving, to let forth
 The King of Glory, in his pow'rful WORD,
 And SPIRIT, coming to create new Worlds.
 On heav'nly ground they stood, & from the shore 210
 They view'd the vast immeasurable Abyss,
 Outragious as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild;
 Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds,
 And surging waves, as mountains, to assault
 Heav'n's height, & with the centre mix the Pole. 215

Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou Deep, peace!
 Said then th' omnific WORD, your discord end ---

Nor staid; but, on the wings of Cherubim
 Up-lifted, in paternal glory rode
 Far into CHAOS, and the world unborn; 220
 For CHAOS heard his voice. Him all his train
 Follow'd in bright procession, to behold
 Creation, and the wonders of his might.
 Then staid the fervid wheels, and in his hand
 He took the golden compasses, prepar'd 225
 In GOD's eternal store, to circumscribe
 This Universe, and all created things.

One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
 Round through the vast profundity obscure;
 And said, thus far extend, thus far thy bounds, 230
 This be thy just circumference, O world!

Thus GOD the heav'n created, thus the earth;
 Matter unform'd and void! Darkness profound
 Cover'd th' Abyss; but on the watry calm 234
 His brooding wings the SPIRIT of GOD out-spread,
 And vital-virtue infus'd, and vital warmth
 Throughout the fluid mass; but downward purg'd
 The black tartareous cold infernal dregs,
 Adverse to life: then founded, then conglob'd
 Like things to like; the rest to several place 240
 Disparted; and between, spun out the air;
 And earth self-ballanc'd on her centre hung.

Let there be light! said GOD; & forthwith light
 Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
 Sprung from the deep: & from her native east, 245
 To journey through the aery gloom began,
 Spher'd in a radiant cloud; (for yet the Sun
 Was not) she in a cloudy tabernacle
 Sojourn'd the while. GOD saw the light was good;
 And light from darkness by the hemisphere 250
 Divided: light the day, and darkness night
 He nam'd. Thus was the first Day Ev'n and Morn:
 Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung
 By the cœlestial quires, when orient light
 Exhaling first from darkness they beheld; 255
 Birth-day of heav'n and earth! with joy and shout,
 The hollow universal orb they fill'd;
 And touch'd their golden harps, & hymning prais'd
 GOD and his works, Creator him they sung. 259
 Both when first Ev'ning was, and when first Morn.

Again, GOD said, let there be firmament
 Amid the waters, and let it divide

The

Book VII. PARADISE LOST. 163

The waters from the waters! And God made
 The firmament expanse of liquid, pure,
 Transparent, elemental air, diffus'd 263
 In circuit to the uttermost convex
 Of this great round: partition firm and sure,
 The waters underneath from those above
 Dividing: for as earth, so he the world
 Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide 270
 Chrystallin ocean, and the loud misrule
 Of CHAOS far remov'd; lest fierce extremes
 Contiguous, might distemper the whole frame:
 And Heav'n he nam'd the firmament: so Ev'n
 And Morning Chorus sung the second Day. 275

The earth was form'd, but in the womb as yet
 Of waters (embryon immature) involv'd,
 Appear'd not: over all the face of earth
 Main ocean flow'd; not idle, but with warm
 Prolific humor soft'ning all her globe, 280
 Fermented the great mother to conceive,
 Sate with genial moisture: when God, said,
 Be gather'd now ye waters under heav'n
 Into one place, and let dry land appear! ---
 Immediately the mountains huge appear 285
 Emergent, and their broad bare backs up-heave
 Into the clouds; their tops ascend the sky.
 So high as heav'd the tumid hills, so low
 Down sunk a hollow bottom, broad and deep,
 Capacious bed of waters! Thither they 290
 Hasten'd with glad precipitance, up-rowl'd,
 As drops on duff conglobing from the dry:
 Part rise in chrystal wall, or ridge direct,
 For haste; such flight the great command impress'd
 On the swift floods: as armies at the call 295
 Of trumpet (for of armies thou hast heard)
 Troop to their standard; so the wat'ry throng,
 Wave rowling after wave, where way they found,
 If steep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,

Soft-ebbing; nor withstood them rock or hill; 300
 But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
 With serpent-error wandring, found their way,
 And on the washy ooze deep channels wore;
 Easie, ere God had bid the ground be dry,
 All but within those banks, where rivers now 305
 Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
 The dry land, earth; and the great receptacle
 Of congregated waters, he call'd seas;
 And saw that it was good: and said, let th' earth
 Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed, 310
 And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind;
 Whose seed is in her self upon the earth! ---
 He scarce had said, when the bare earth ('till then
 Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd)
 Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad 315
 Her universal face with pleasant green.
 Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flow'r'd
 Op'ning their various colors, and made gay
 Her bosom smelling sweet. And these scarce blown,
 Forth-flourish'd thick the clust'ring vine, forth crept 320
 The smelling gourd, up stood the corny reed
 Embattl'd in her field; and th' humble shrub,
 And bush, with frizl'd hair implicit. Last,
 Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread 324
 Their branches hung with copious fruit; or gemm'd
 Their blossoms: with high woods the hills were crown'd;
 With tufts the vallies, and each fountain side,
 With borders long the rivers: that, earth now
 Seem'd like to Heav'n; a seat, where Gods might dwell,
 Or wander with delight, and love to haunt 330
 Her sacred shades: though God had yet not rain'd
 Upon the earth, and man to till the ground
 None was: but from the earth a dewy mist
 Went up, and water'd all the ground, and each
 Plant of the field; which, ere it was in th'earth, 335
 God made, and ev'ry herb, before it grew
 On the green stem: God saw that it was good.
 So Ev'n and Morn recorded the third Day.

Again

Again th' Almighty spake: Let there be lights
 High in th' expanse of heaven, to divide 340
 The day from night: and let them be for signs,
 For seasons, and for days, and circling years;
 And let them be for lights, as I ordain
 Their office in the firmament of heav'n,
 To give light on the earth! --- and it was so. 345
 And GOD made two great lights (great for their use
 To man) the greater to have rule by day,
 The less by night, alterne: and made the stars;
 And set them in the firmament of heav'n,
 T' illuminate the earth, and rule the day, 350
 In their vicissitude, and rule the night;
 And light from darkness to divide. GOD saw,
 Surveying his great work, that it was good:
 For of coelestial bodies first, the Sun
 (A mighty sphere!) he fram'd; unlightsome first,
 Tho' of ethereal mold; then form'd the moon, 355
 Globose; and ev'ry magnitude of stars;
 And sow'd with stars the heav'n, thick as a field.
 Of light by far the greater part he took,
 Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and plac'd 360
 In the Sun's orb, made porous to receive
 And drink the liquid light, firm to retain.
 Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light:
 Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
 Repairing, in their golden urns draw light, 365
 And hence the morning planet gilds his horns:
 By tincture, or reflection, they augment
 Their small peculiar, though (from human sight
 So far remote) with diminution seen.
 First in his east the glorious lamp was seen, 370
 Regent of day; and all th' horizon round
 Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
 His longitude through heav'n's high road: the gray
 Dawn, and the PLEIADS before him danc'd,
 Shedding sweet influence. Less bright the moon, 375
 But opposita in level'd west was set,

His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
 From him, for other light she needed none
 In that aspect: and still that distance keeps
 'Till night; then in the east her turn she shines, 380
 Revolv'd on heav'n's great axle, and her reign
 With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
 With thousand thousand stars! that then appear'd
 Spangling the hemisphere; then first adorn'd
 With the bright luminaries, that set and rose. 385
 Glad Ev'ning and glad Morn crown'd the fourth Day.

And God said, let the waters generate
 Reptil, with spawn abundant, living soul!
 And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings
 Display'd on th' open firmament of heav'n! 390
 And God created the great whales, and each
 Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
 The waters generated by their kinds:
 And every bird of wing after his kind:
 And saw that it was good, and blest'd them, saying,
 Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas 396
 And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill;
 And let the fowl be multiply'd on th' earth.
 Forthwith the sounds, and seas, each creek and bay
 With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals 400
 Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales
 Glide under the green wave in sculls, that oft
 Bank the mid-sea: part single, or with mate,
 Graze the sea-weed their pasture; and thro' groves
 Of coral fray; or, sporting with quick glance, 405
 Shew to the Sun their wav'd coats, drop'd with gold:
 Or, in their pearly shells at ease, attend
 Moist nutriment; or under rocks their food,
 In jointed armor, watch: on smooth, the Seal,
 And bended Dolphins play: part, huge of bulk! 410
 Wallowing unweildy, enormous in their gait
 Tempest the ocean: there Leviathan,
 Hugest of living creatures, on the deep

Stretch'd

Stretch'd like a promontory, sleeps or swims;
 And seems a moving land, and at his gills 415
 Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out a sea.
 Mean while the tepid caves, and fens, and shoars,
 Their brood as numerous hatch from th'egg, that soon
 Bursting with kindly rupture, forth-disclos'd
 Their callow young; but feather'd soon, & fledg'd, 420
 They sum'd their pens, and soaring th' air sublime,
 With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud
 In prospect: there, the eagle, and the stork,
 On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build:
 Part loosely wing the region; part, more wise 425
 In common, rang'd in figure wedge their way,
 Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
 Their aery caravan, high over seas
 Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing
 Easing their flight; (so steers the prudent crane 430
 Her annual voyage) born on winds, the air
 Floats, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes.
 From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
 Solac'd the woods, and spread their painted wings
 'Till ev'n; nor then, the solemn nightingale 435
 Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft lays.
 Others, on silver lakes and rivers bath'd
 Their downy breast; the swan, with arched neck
 Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
 Her state with oary feet: yet oft they quit 440
 The dank, and rising on stiff pennons, tour
 The mid aerial sky. Others, on ground
 Walk'd firm; the crested cock, whose clarion sounds
 The silent hours; and th' other, whose gay train
 Adorns him, color'd with the florid hue 445
 Of rainbows, and starry eyes. The waters thus
 With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl,
 Ev'ning and Morn solemniz'd the fifth Day.

The sixth, and of creation last, arose
 With ev'ning harps and matin; when God said, 450

Let th' earth bring forth fowl living in her kind,
 Cattel, and creeping things, and beast of th' earth,
 Each in their kind! --- The earth obey'd; & straight
 Op'ning her fertile womb, teem'd at a birth
 Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms, 455
 Limb'd and full grown. Out of the ground up-rose
 As from his lair, the wild beast, where he wons
 In forest wild, in thicket, brake or den:
 Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd;
 The cattel in the fields, and meadows green: 460
 Those rare and solitary, these in flocks
 Pasturing at once, and in broad herds up-sprung.
 The grassy clods now calv'd, now half appear'd
 The tawny lion, pawing to get free 464
 His hinder parts; then springs as broke from bonds,
 And rampant shakes his brinded mane: the ounce,
 The libbard, and the tiger, (as the mole
 Rising) the crumbl'd earth above them threw
 In hillocks: the swift stag from under ground
 Bore up his branching head: scarce from his mould
 Behemoth (biggest born of earth) up-heav'd 471
 His vastness: fleec'd the flocks, and bleating, rose,
 As plants: ambiguous between sea and land,
 The river-horse, and scaly crocodile.
 At once came forth whatever creeps the ground, 475
 Insect or worm: those wav'd their limber fans,
 For wings; and smallest lineaments exact
 In all the liveries deck'd of summer's pride,
 With spots of gold, and purple, azure and green:
 These, as a line, their long dimension drew, 480
 Streaking the ground with sinuous trace: not all
 Minims of nature, some of serpent-kind,
 Wondrous in length and corpulence, involv'd
 Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept
 The parsimonious emmet, provident 485
 Of future, in small room large heart inclos'd!
 (Pattern of just equality perhaps
 Hereafter, joined in her popular tribes

Of commonalty) Swarming next, appear'd
 The female bee, that feeds her husband drone 490
 Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells
 With honey stor'd. The rest are numberless,
 And thou their natures know'st, & gav'st them names,
 Needless to thee repeated: nor unknown
 The serpent (subtlest beast of all the field) 495
 Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
 And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
 Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.

Now heav'n in all her glory shone, and rowl'd
 Her motions, as the great First-Mover's hand 500
 First wheel'd their course; earth in her rich attire
 Consummate lovely smil'd; air, water, earth,
 By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd
 Frequent; and of the sixth Day yet remain'd,
 There wanted yet the Master-work, the end 505
 Of all yet done; a creature, who not prone,
 And brute as other creatures, but indu'd
 With sanctity of reason, might erect
 His stature, and upright with front serene
 Govern the rest, self-knowing; and from thence,
 Magnanimous, to correspond with Heav'n; 511
 But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
 Descends; thither with heart, and voice, and eyes
 Directed in devotion, to adore
 And worship God supreme, who made him chief
 Of all his works: therefore th' Omnipotent 516
 Eternal FATHER (for where is not he
 Present?) thus to his SON audibly spake.

Let us make now MAN in our image, MAN
 In our similitude, and let them rule 520
 Over the fish, and fowl, of sea and air,
 Beast of the field, and over all the earth,
 And ev'ry creeping thing that creeps the ground!

This said, he form'd thee, ADAM, thee O Man!
 Dust of the ground; and in thy nostrils breath'd 525
 The breath of life: in his own image he
 Created thee, in the image of GOD
 Express, and thou becam'st a living soul.
 Male he created thee, but thy consort
 Female, for race: then bless'd mankind, & said, 530
 Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth,
 Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
 Over fish of the sea, and fowl of th' air,
 And ev'ry living thing that moves on th' earth,
 Where-ever thus created, for no place 535
 Is yet distinct by name. Thence (as thou know'st)
 He brought thee into this delicious grove,
 This garden; planted with the trees of GOD;
 Delectable both to behold and taste:
 And freely all their pleasant fruit for food 540
 Gave thee (all sorts are here that all th' earth yields,
 Variety without end!) but of the Tree,
 Which tasted works knowledge of good and evil,
 Thou may'st not: in the day thou eat'st, thou dy'st:
 Death is the penalty impos'd, beware! 545
 And govern well thy appetite, lest Sin
 Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.

Here finish'd He, and all that he had made
 View'd, and behold! all was entirely good;
 So Ev'n and Morn accomplish'd the sixth Day: 550
 Yet not 'till the Creator from his work
 Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd;
 Up to the Heav'n of heav'ns, his high abode,
 Thence to behold this new created world,
 Th' addition of his empire, how it shew'd 555
 In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
 Answering his great idea: Up he rode
 Follow'd with acclamation, and the sound
 Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tun'd
 Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air 560
 Re-

Resounded, (thou remember'st, for thou heardst)
 The heav'ns and all the constellations rung:
 The planets in their station list'ning stood,
 While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
 Open, ye everlasting gates, they sung, 565
 Open, ye Heav'ns, your living doors; let in
 The Great Creator, from his work return'd
 Magnificent, his six days work, a World!
 Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign
 To visit oft the dwellings of just men, 570
 Delighted; and with frequent intercourse
 Thither will send his winged messengers,
 On errands of supernal grace. So sung
 The glorious train ascending: He through Heav'n,
 That open'd wide her blazing portals, led 575
 To God's eternal house direct the way;
 A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold
 And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear
 Seen in the galaxy (that milky way
 Which nightly, as a circling zone, thou seest 580
 Poulder'd with stars.) And now on earth the seventh
 Ev'ning arose in EDEN, for the Sun
 Was set, and twilight from the east came on,
 Forerunning night; when, at the holy mount
 Of Heav'n's high-seated top, th' imperial throne 585
 Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and sure,
 The Filial Pow'r arriv'd, and sat him down
 With his Great FATHER: for he also went
 Invisible, yet staid (such privilege
 Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordain'd, 590
 Author and end of all things; and from work
 Now resting, bless'd and hallow'd the sev'nth Day,
 As resting on that day from all his work:
 But not in silence holy kept; the harp
 Had work and rested not, the solemn pipe 595
 And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,
 All sounds on fret by string, or golden wire,
 Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice
 Choral,

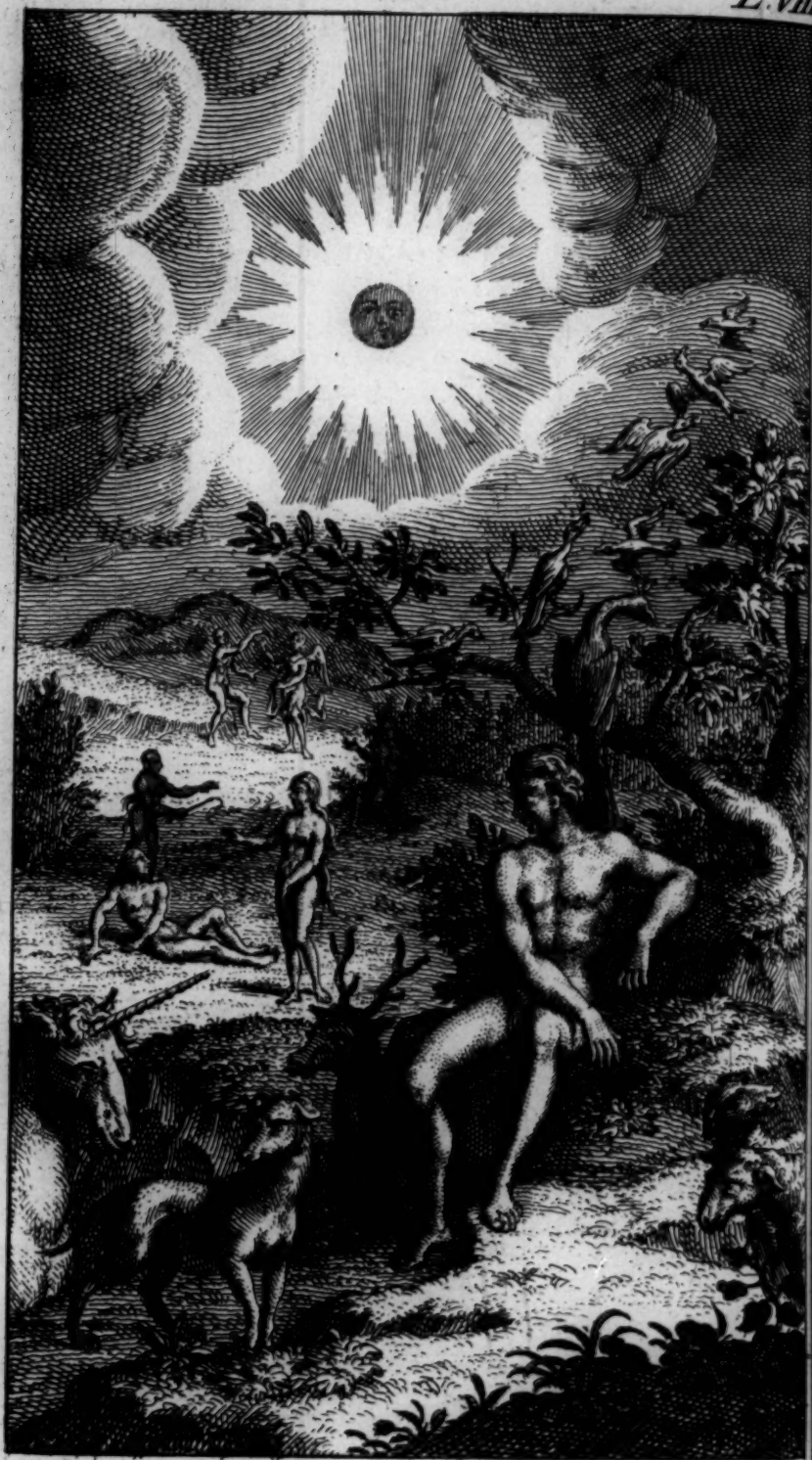
Choral, or unison: of incense clouds,
 Fuming from golden censers, hid the mount: 600
 Creation, and the six Days acts, they sung.

Great are thy works, JEHOVAH, infinite
 Thy pow'r! what thought can measure thee, or tongue
 Relate thee? Greater now in thy return
 Than from the Giant-Angels: Thee that day 605
 Thy thunders magnify'd; but to create
 Is greater, than created to destroy.
 Who can impair thee, Mighty King! or bound
 Thy empire? Easily the proud attempt
 Of spirits apostate, and their counsels vain, 610
 Thou hast repell'd; while impiously they thought
 Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw
 The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks
 To lessen thee, against his purpose serves
 To manifest the more thy might: his evil 615
 Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.
 Witness this new-made world, another Heav'n!
 From Heaven-gate not far, founded in view
 On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea;
 Of amplitude almost immense, with stars 620
 Numerous, and ev'ry star perhaps a world
 Of destin'd habitation; but thou know'st
 Their seasons: among these the seat of men,
 Earth, with her nether ocean circumfus'd, 624
 Their pleasant dwelling-place. Thrice happy men!
 And sons of men! whom GOD hath thus advanc'd.
 Created in his image, there to dwell
 And worship him; and in reward to rule
 Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air;
 And multiply a race of worshippers 630
 Holy and just: thrice happy if they know
 Their happiness, and persevere upright!

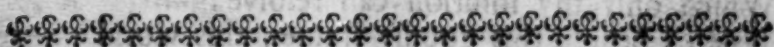
So sung they, and the empyrean rung
 With halleluiahs: Thus was Sabbath kept.

And





And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd 635
 How first this world and face of things began,
 And what before thy memory was done
 From the beginning, that posterity
 Inform'd by thee might know. If else thou seek'st
 Ought, not surpassing human measure, say. 640



PARADISE LOST.

B O O K V I I I.

THE ARGUMENT.

Adam inquires concerning celestial motions; is doubtfully answer'd, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge. Adam assents: and still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remember'd since his own creation; his placing in Paradise; his talk with GOD concerning solitude and fit society; his first meeting and nuptials with Eve; his discourse with the Angel there-upon; who, after admonitions repeated, departs.



HE Angel ended, and in ADAM's ear
 So charming left his voice, that he a
 while
 Thought him still speaking, still stood
 fix'd to hear:
 Then, as new wak'd, thus gratefully reply'd.

What thanks sufficient, or what recompense 5
 Equal, have I to render thee, divine
 Historian? who thus largely hast allay'd

The

The thirst I had of knowledge, and vouchsaf'd
 This friendly condescension to relate
 Things, else by me unsearchable; now heard 10
 With wonder, but delight; and, as is due,
 With glory attributed to the high
 Creator. Something yet of doubt remains;
 Which only thy solution can resolve.
 When I behold this goodly frame, this world 15
 Of heav'n and earth consisting; and compute
 Their magnitudes; this earth a spot, a grain,
 An atom, with the firmament compar'd,
 And all her number'd stars; that seem to rowl
 Spaces incomprehensible, (for such 20
 Their distance argues, and their swift return
 Diurnal) meerly to officiate light
 Round this opacous earth, this punctual spot,
 One day and night; in all their vast survey
 Useless besides: reasoning I oft admire, 25
 How Nature, wise and frugal, could commit
 Such disproportions; with superfluous hand,
 So many nobler bodies to create,
 Greater so manifold, to this one use,
 (For ought appears) and on their orbs impose 30
 Such restless revolution day by day
 Repeated, while the sedentary earth,
 (That better might with far less compass move)
 Serv'd by more noble than her self, attains
 Her end without least motion; and receives 35
 (As tribute, such a sumless journey brought
 Of incorporeal speed) her warmth and light;
 Speed, to describe whose swiftness number fails.

So spake our fire, and by his count'nance seem'd
 Ent'ring on studious thoughts abstruse; which EVE 40
 Perceiving, where she sat retir'd in sight,
 With lowliness majestic from her seat,
 And grace, that won who saw to wish her stay,
 Rose; and went forth among her fruits and flow'rs;
 To

To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom, 45
 Her nursery: that at her coming sprung,
 And touch'd by her fair tendance gladlier grew.
 Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
 Delighted, or not capable her ear
 Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd, 50
 ADAM relating, the sole auditress:
 Her husband the relater she prefer'd
 Before the Angel, and of him to ask
 Chose rather: he, she knew, would intermix
 Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute 55
 With conjugal caresses: from his lip
 Not words alone pleas'd her. (O when meet now
 Such pairs, in love and mutual honor join'd?)
 With Goddess-like demeanor forth she went;
 Not unattended! for on her, as Queen, 60
 A pomp of winning Graces waited still,
 And from about her shot darts of desire
 Into all eyes, to wish her still in sight.
 And RAPHAEL now, to ADAM's doubt propos'd,
 Benevolent, and facil thus reply'd. 65

To ask or search I blame thee not, for heav'n
 Is as the book of GOD before thee set,
 Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn
 His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years.
 This to attain, whether heav'n move or earth, 70
 Imports not, if thou reckon right; the rest,
 From man or Angel, the Great Architect
 Did wisely to conceal; and not divulge
 His secrets to be scan'd by them who ought
 Rather admire. Or, if they list to try 75
 Conjecture, he his fabric of the heav'n's
 Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move
 His laughter at their quaint opinions wide
 Hereafter; when they come to model heav'n,
 And calculate the stars, how they will wield 80
 The mighty frame; how build, unbuild, contrive

To save appearances; how gird the sphere
 With centric and eccentric scrib'd o'er,
 Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb.
 Already by thy reasoning this I guess, 85
 Who art to lead thy off-spring, and supposest,
 That bodies bright and greater should not serve
 The less not bright, nor heav'n such journies run;
 Earth sitting still, when she alone receives
 The benefit. Consider first, that great, 90
 Or bright, infers not excellence: the earth
 Though, in comparison of heav'n, so small,
 Nor glistering, may of solid good contain
 More plenty than the Sun, that barren shines;
 Whose virtue on it self works no effect, 95
 But in the fruitful earth: there first receiv'd,
 His beams (inactive else) their vigor find.
 Yet not to earth are those bright luminaries
 Officious, but to thee, earth's habitant.
 And for the heav'n's wide circuit, let it speak 100
 The Maker's high magnificence; who built
 So spacious, and his line stretcht out so far;
 That man may know he dwells not in his own;
 An edifice too large for him to fill,
 Lodg'd in a small partition; and the rest 105
 Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.
 The swiftness of those circles attribute,
 (Though numberless) to his omnipotence,
 That to corporeal substances could add
 Speed almost spiritual: methou think'st not slow, 110
 Who since the morning-hour set out from Heav'n,
 Where GOD resides; and e're mid-day arriv'd
 In EDEN: distance inexpressible
 By numbers that have name! but this I urge,
 Admitting motion in the heav'n's; to shew 115
 Invalid, that which thee to doubt it mov'd:
 Not that I so affirm, though so it seem
 To thee who hast thy dwelling here on earth.
 GOD, to remove his ways from human sense,
 Plac'd

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST. 177

Plac'd heav'n from earth so far, that earthly fight, 120
 If it presume, might err in things too high,
 And no advantage gain. What if the Sun
 Be centre to the world; and other stars
 (By his attractive virtue, and their own,
 Incited) dance about him various rounds? 125
 Their wandering course now high, now low, then hid,
 Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
 In fix thou seest: and what if sev'nth to these
 The planet Earth (so stedfast though she seem)
 Insensibly three different motions move? 130
 Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe,
 Mov'd contrary with thwart obliquities;
 Or save the Sun his labor, and that swift
 Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb suppos'd,
 Invisible else above all stars, the wheel 135
 Of day and night: which needs not thy belief,
 If earth, industrious of her self, fetch day
 Travelling east; and with her part averse
 From the Sun's beam, meet night; her other part
 Still luminous by his ray. What if that light, 140
 (Sent from her through the wide transpicious air)
 To the terrestrial moon be as a star,
 Inlightning her by day, as she by night
 This earth, reciprocal? if land be there,
 Fields and inhabitants: her spots thou seest 145
 As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce
 Fruits in her soften'd soil, for some to eat
 Allotted there: and other Suns perhaps,
 With their attendant moons, thou wilt descry,
 Communicating male and female light, 150
 (Which two great sexes animate the world)
 Stor'd in each orb, perhaps, with some that live.
 For such vast room in nature unpossess'd
 By living soul, desert and desolate,
 Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute 155
 Each orb a glimpse of light, convey'd so far
 Down to this habitable, which returns

Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.
 But whether thus these things, or whether not;
 Whether the Sun, predominant in heav'n, 160
 Rise on the earth; or earth rise on the Sun;
 He, from the east his flaming road begin;
 Or she, from west her silent course advance,
 With inoffensive pace (that spinning sleeps
 On her soft axle, while she paces ev'n, 165
 And bears thee soft with the smooth air along)
 Sollicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,
 Leave them to God above, him serve and fear.
 Of other creatures, as him pleases best,
 Where-ever plac'd, let him dispose: joy thou 170
 In what he gives to thee, this Paradise
 And thy fair EVE: Heav'n is for thee too high
 To know what passes there; be lowly wise:
 Think only what concerns thee, and thy being;
 Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there 175
 Live, in what state, condition or degree;
 Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd,
 Not of earth only, but of highest Heav'n.

To whom thus ADAM, clear'd of doubt, reply'd.
 How fully hast thou satisfy'd me, pure 180
 Intelligence of Heav'n, Angel serene!
 And freed from intricacies taught to live,
 The easiest way; nor with perplexing thoughts
 To interrupt the sweet of life, from which
 God hath bid dwell far-off all anxious cares, 185
 And not molest us, unless we our selves
 Seek them with wandring thoughts, and notions vain.
 But apt the mind, or fancy, is to rove
 Uncheck'd, and of her roving is no end:
 'Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learn, 190
 That not to know at large of things remote
 From use, obscure and subtile, but to know
 That which before us lies in daily life,
 Is the prime wisdom: what is more, is fume,

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST. 179

Or emptiness, or fond impertinence; 195
 And renders us in things that most concern
 Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and still to seek.
 Therefore from this high pitch let us descend
 A lower flight; and speak of things at hand
 Useful, whence happy mention may arise 200
 Of something not unseasonable to ask,
 By suff'rance, and thy wonted favor deign'd.
 Thee I have heard relating what was done
 E're my remembrance: now, hear me relate
 My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard: 205
 And day is yet not spent, 'till then thou seest
 How subtly to detain thee I devise,
 Inviting thee to hear while I relate;
 Fond! were it not in hope of thy reply.
 For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heav'n, 210
 And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
 Than fruits of Palm-tree (pleasantest to thirst,
 And hunger both, from labor) at the hour
 Of sweet repast: they satiate, and soon fill,
 Tho' pleasant; but thy words with grace divine 215
 Imbu'd, bring to their sweetness no satiety.

To whom thus RAPHAEL answer'd heav'nly meek.
 Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of men!
 Nor tongue ineloquent: for GOD on thee
 Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd, 220
 Inward and outward both, his image fair,
 Speaking; or mute, all comeliness and grace
 Attends thee, and each word, each motion, forms:
 Nor less think we in Heav'n of thee on earth,
 Than of our fellow-servant; and inquire 225
 Gladly into the ways of GOD with Man:
 For GOD we see hath honor'd thee, and set
 On Man his equal love. Say therefore on;
 For I that day was absent, as beset,
 Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure, 230
 Far on excursion toward the gates of Hell,

Squar'd in full legion, (such command we had)
 To see that none thence issu'd forth a spy,
 Or enemy, while GOD was in his work,
 Lest he (incens'd at such eruption bold) 235
 Destruction with creation might have mix'd.
 Not that they durst without his leave attempt;
 But us he sends upon his high behests
 For state, as Sov'reign King; and to inure
 Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut 240
 The dismal gates, and barricado'd strong!
 But long e're our approaching heard within
 Noise, other than the sound of dance or song:
 Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage:
 Glad we return'd up to the coast of light 245
 E're sabbath-evening: so we had in charge.
 But thy relation now! for I attend,
 Pleas'd with thy words no less than thou with mine.

So spake the God-like Pow'r, and thus our fire.
 For Man to tell how human life began 250
 Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?
 Desire with thee still longer to converse
 Induc'd me. --- As new wak'd from soundest sleep,
 Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid,
 In balmy sweat; which with his beams the Sun 255
 Soon dry'd, and on the reaking moisture fed.
 Straight toward heav'n my wondring eyes I turn'd,
 And gaz'd a while the ample sky; 'till rais'd
 By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
 As thitherward endeavouring, and upright 260
 Stood on my feet. About me round I saw
 Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
 And liquid lapse of murm'ring streams: by these,
 Creatures that liv'd, and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew;
 Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd: 265
 With fragrance, and with joy, my heart o'erflow'd.
 My self I then perus'd, and limb by limb
 Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
 With

With supple joints, as lively vigor led.
 But who I was, or where, or from what cause, 270
 Knew not: to speak I try'd, and forthwith spake;
 My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
 Whate'er I saw. Thou Sun, said I, fair light!
 And thou inlighten'd earth, so fresh and gay!
 Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods and plains! 275
 And ye that live and move, fair creatures! tell,
 Tell (if ye saw) how came I thus, how here.
 Not of my self --- By some great Maker then,
 In goodness and in pow'r præminent.
 Tell me, how may I know him, how adore, 280
 From whom I have that thus I move, and live,
 And feel that I am happier than I know.
 While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,
 From where I first drew air, and first beheld
 This happy light; when answer none return'd, 285
 On a green shady bank profuse of flow'rs
 Pensive I sat me down. There gentle sleep
 First found me, and with soft oppression seiz'd
 My droused sense, untroubl'd (though I thought
 I then was passing to my former state 290
 Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve)
 When suddenly stood at my head a dream,
 Whose inward apparition gently mov'd
 My fancy, to believe I yet had being,
 And liv'd. One came, methought, of shape divine, 295
 And said, „ Thy mansion wants thee, *Adam*, rise
 „ First man, of men innumerable ordain'd
 „ First father! call'd by thee, I come thy guide
 „ To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd. „
 So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd; 300
 And over fields and waters, as in air,
 Smooth-sliding without step, last led me up
 A woody mountain; whose high top was plain:
 A circuit wide-inclos'd, with goodliest trees
 Planted, with walks, & bow'rs; that what I saw 305
 Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree

Loaden with fairest fruit, that hung to th' eye.
 Tempting, stir'd in me sudden appetite
 To pluck and eat; whereat I wak'd, and found
 Before mine eyes all reall, as the dream 310
 Had lively shadow'd. Here had new begun
 My wandring, had not he, who was my guide
 Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,
 Presence Divine! rejoicing, but with awe,
 In adoration at his feet I fell 315
 Submits: He rear'd me, & „, whom thou sought'st I am,
 Said mildly, „, Author of all this thou seest
 „ Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
 „ This Paradise I give thee, count it thine
 „ To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat: 320
 „ Of every tree that in the garden grows
 „ Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:
 „ But of the tree whose operation brings
 „ Knowledge of Good and Ill, which I have set
 „ The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith, 325
 „ Amid the garden by the Tree of Life,
 „ (Remember what I warn thee!) shun to taste,
 „ And shun the bitter consequence; for know,
 „ The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command
 „ Transgress, inevitably thou shalt dye; 330
 „ From that day mortal: and this happy state
 „ Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world
 „ Of woe and sorrow „, --- Sternly he pronounc'd
 The rigid interdiction, which resounds
 Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice 335
 Not to incur: but soon his clear aspect
 Return'd, and gracious purpose thus renew'd.
 „ Not only these fair bounds, but all the earth
 „ To thee and to thy race I give: as Lords
 „ Possess it, and all things that therein live, 340
 „ Or live in sea, or air, beast, fish, and fowl;
 „ In sign whereof, each bird, and beast, behold
 „ After their kinds: I bring them to receive
 „ From thee their names, and pay thee fealty
 „ With

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST. 183

„ With low subjection: understand the same 345
 „ Of fish within their watry residence,
 „ Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change
 „ Their element to draw the thinner air.,,
 As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold
 Approaching, two and two; these, cower'd low 350
 With blandishment; each bird stoop'd on his wing.
 I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood
 Their nature (with such knowledge God indu'd
 My sudden apprehension!) but in these
 I found not what me-thought I wanted still; 355
 And to the heav'nly Vision thus presum'd.

O by what name (for thou above all these,
 Above mankind, or ought than mankind higher,
 Surpassest far my naming) how may I
 Adore thee, Author of this universe, 360
 And all this good to man? For whose well-being
 So amply, and with hand so liberal
 Thou hast provided all things. But with me
 I see not who partakes: in solitude
 What happiness, who can enjoy alone? 365
 Or all enjoying, what contentment find?

Thus I presumptuous; and the Vision bright,
 As with a smile more brighten'd, thus reply'd.

What call'st thou solitude? Is not the earth
 With various living creatures, and the air 370
 Replenish'd, and all these at thy command
 To come and play before thee? Know'st thou not
 Their language and their ways? They also know,
 And reason not contemptibly: with these
 Find pastime, and bear rule? thy realm is large. 375

So spake the Universal Lord, and seem'd
 So ordering: I, with leave of speech implor'd,
 And humble deprecation, thus reply'd.

Let not my words offend thee, heav'nly Pow'r,
 My Maker, be propitious while I speak! 380
 Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,
 And these inferior far beneath me set?
 Among unequals what society
 Can sort, what harmony, or true delight?
 Which must be mutual, in proportion due 385
 Giv'n and receiv'd: but in disparity
 (The one intense, the other still remiss)
 Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove
 Tedious alike. Of fellowship I speak
 Such as I seek, fit to participate 390
 All rational delight; wherein the brute
 Cannot be human consort: they rejoyce
 Each with their kind, lion with lioness;
 So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd:
 Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl 395
 So well converse, nor with the ox the ape:
 Worse then can man with beast, and least of all.

Whereto th' Almighty answer'd, not displeas'd.
 A nice and subtle happiness I see
 Thou to thy self propos'st, in the choice 400
 Of thy associates, ADAM; and wilt taste
 No pleasure (though in pleasure) solitary.
 What think'st thou then of me, and this my state?
 Seem I to thee sufficiently possess
 Of happiness, or not, who am alone 405
 From all eternity? for none I know
 Second to me, or like; equal much less.
 How have I then with whom to hold converse,
 Save with the creatures which I made, and those
 To me inferior, infinite descents 410
 Beneath what other creatures are to thee?

He ceas'd, I lowly answer'd. To attain
 The height, and depth of thy eternal ways,
 All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things!
 Thou

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST. 185

Thou in thy self art perfect, and in thee 415
 Is no deficiency found. Not so is Man,
 But in degree; the cause of his desire,
 By conversation with his like to help,
 Or solace his defects. No need that thou
 Should'st propagate, already Infinite; 420
 And through all numbers absolute, though ONE.
 But Man by number is to manifest
 His single imperfection; and beget
 Like of his like, his image multiply'd:
 In unity defective, which requires 425
 Collateral love, and dearest amity.
 Thou in thy secrecy although alone,
 Best with thy self accompany'd, seek'st not
 Social communication: yet, so pleas'd,
 Canst raise thy creature, to what height thou wilt
 Of union or communion, deify'd: 431
 I by conversing cannot these erect
 From prone, nor in their ways complacence find.

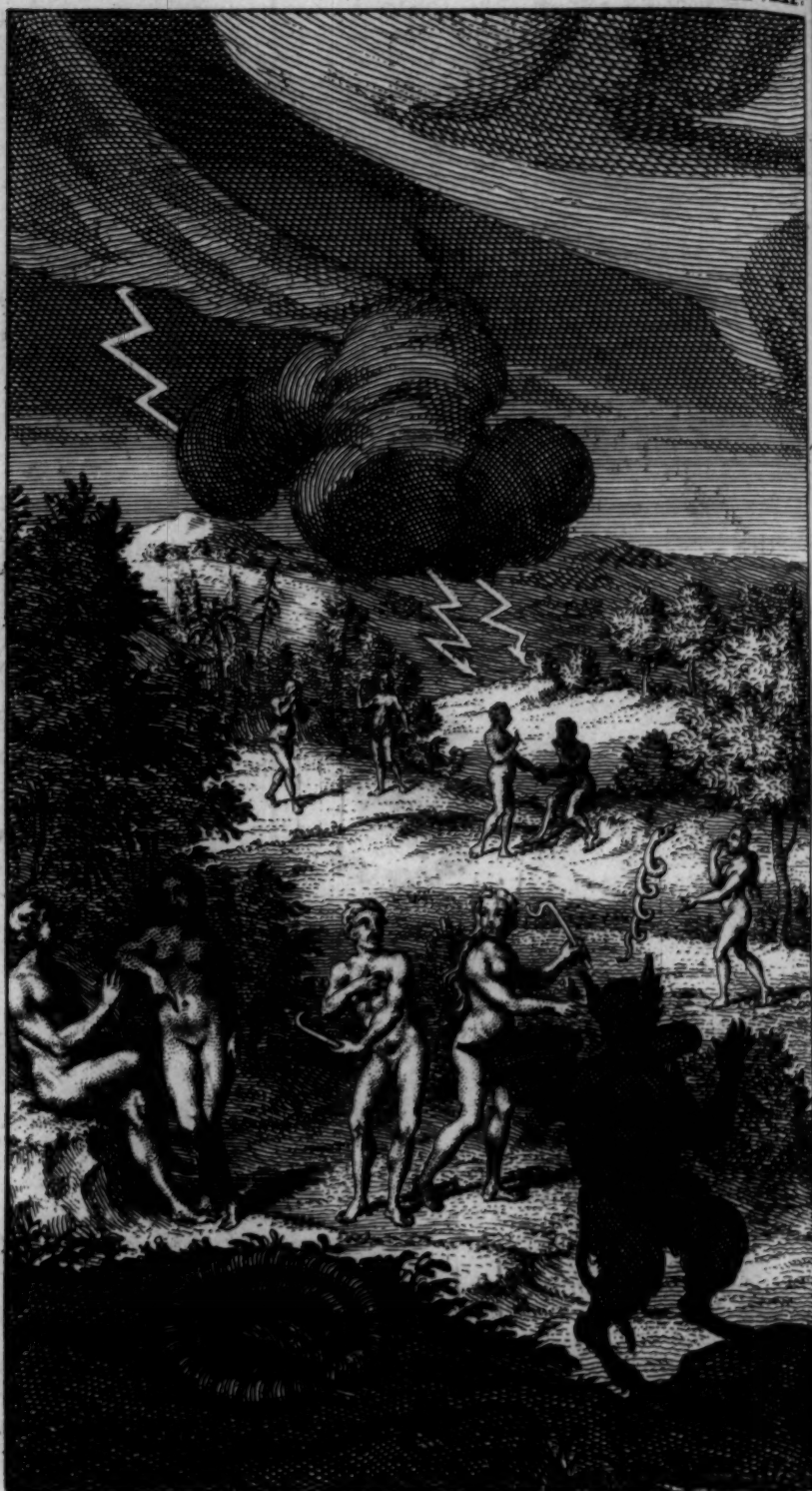
Thus I imbolden'd spake, and freedom us'd
 Permissive, and acceptance found; which gain'd 435
 This answer from the gracious Voice Divine.

Thus far to try thee, ADAM, I was pleas'd;
 And find thee knowing, not of beasts alone,
 (Which thou hast rightly nam'd) but of thy self:
 Expressing well the spirit within thee free, 440
 My Image, not imparted to the brute:
 Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee,
 Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike;
 And be so minded still. I, e're thou spak'st,
 Knew it not good for man to be alone: 445
 And no such company as then thou saw'st
 Intended thee; for tryal only brought,
 To see how thou couldst judge of fit and meet.
 What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,
 Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self, 450
 Thy wish, exactly to thy heart's desire.

He ended, or I heard no more, for now
 My earthly by his heav'nly overpower'd,
 Which it had long stood under, strain'd to th' height
 In that cœlestial colloquy sublime, 455
 (As with an object that excels the sense,
 Dazl'd and spent) sunk down, and sought repair
 Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd
 By nature as in aid, and clos'd mine eyes.
 Mine eyes he clos'd, but open left the cell 460
 Of fancy, my internal sight; by which
 (Abstract as in a transe) methought I saw,
 Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape
 Still glorious before whom awake I stood:
 Who stooping open'd my left side, and took 465
 From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,
 And life-blood streaming fresh: wide was the wound,
 But suddenly with flesh fill'd up and heal'd.
 The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands:
 Under his forming hands a creature grew 470
 Man-like, but different sex: so lovely fair!
 That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
 Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,
 And in her looks; which from that time infus'd
 Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before: 475
 And into all things from her air inspir'd
 The spirit of love, and amorous delight.
 She disappear'd, and left me dark! I wak'd
 To find her, or for ever to deplore
 Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure. 480
 When out of hope, behold her! not far off;
 Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
 With what all earth or heaven could bestow,
 To make her amiable: On she came,
 Led by her heav'nly Maker (though unseen) 485
 And guided by his voice; nor uninform'd
 Of nuptial sanctity, and marriage rites:
 Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,
 In every gesture dignity and love!
 I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud. 490

This





Book VIII. PARADISE LOST. 187

This turn hath made amends; Thou hast fulfill'd
 Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign!
 Giver of all things fair! but fairest this
 Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see
 Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, my self 495
 Before me: woman is her name, of man
 Extracted: for this cause he shall forgo
 Father and mother, and t'his wife adhere;
 And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.

She heard me thus, and tho' divinely brought, 500
 Yet innocence, and virgin modesty,
 Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,
 That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,
 The more desirable: or, to say all, 505
 Nature her self (though pure of sinful thought)
 Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd.
 I follow'd her; she what was honor knew,
 And with obsequious majesty approv'd,
 My pleas'd reason. --- To the nuptial bow'r 510
 I led her blushing like the morn: all heav'n,
 And happy constellations, on that hour
 Shed their selectest influence: the earth
 Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill:
 Joyous the birds; fresh gales, and gentle air's 515
 Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
 Flung rose, flung odors from the spicy shrub,
 Disporting! till the amorous bird of night
 Sung spousal, and bid haste the ev'ning star
 On his hill-top, to light the bridal lamp. 520

Thus I have told thee all my state, and brought
 My story to the sum of earthly bliss,
 Which I enjoy; and must confess to find
 In all things else delight indeed, but such
 As us'd or not, works in the mind no change, 525
 Nor vehement desire; these delicacies

I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flow'rs,
 Walks, and the melody of birds: but here
 Far otherwise, transported I behold,
 Transported touch: here passion first I felt, 530
 Commotion strange! in all enjoyments else
 Superior, and unmov'd; here only weak,
 Against the charm of beauty's powerful glance.
 Or Nature fail'd in me, and left some part
 Not proof enough such object to sustain; 535
 Or from my side subducting, took perhaps
 More than enough: at least, on her bestow'd
 Too much of ornament; in outward shew
 Elaborate, of inward less exact.
 For well I understand in the prime end 540
 Of Nature, her th' inferior, in the mind
 And inward faculties, which most excel:
 In outward also her resembling less
 His image who made both; and less expressing
 The character of that dominion giv'n 545
 O'er other creatures. Yet, when I approach
 Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
 And in her self complete, so well to know
 Her own; that what she wills to do or say,
 Seems wisest, virtuousest, discretest, best: 550
 All higher knowledge in her presence falls
 Degraded; wisdom in discourse with her
 Loses discount'nanc'd, and like folly shews:
 Authority and reason on her wait,
 As one intended first, not after made 555
 Occasionally: and (to consummate all)
 Greatness of mind, and nobleness, their seat
 Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
 About her, as a guard Angelic plac'd.

To whom the Angel with contracted brow. 560

Accuse not Nature, she hath done her part;
 Do thou but thine, and be not diffident

Of wisdom: she deserts thee not, if thou
 Dismiss not her, when most thou need'st her nigh;
 By attributing over-much to things 565
 Less excellent, as thou thy self perceiv'st.
 For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so?
 An outside? fair no doubt, and worthy well
 Thy cherishing, thy honoring, and thy love;
 Not thy subjection. Weigh with her thy self; 570
 Then value: oft-times nothing profits more
 Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right,
 Well manag'd: of that skill the more thou know'st;
 The more she will acknowledge thee her Head,
 And to realities yield all her shews: 575
 Made so adorn for thy delight the more;
 So awful, that with honor thou may'st love
 Thy mate; who sees, when thou art seen least wise.
 But if the sense of touch, whereby mankind
 Is propagated, seem such dear delight 580
 Beyond all other; think the same vouchsaf'd
 To cattel, and each beast; which would not be
 To them made common, and divulg'd, if ought
 Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue
 The soul of man, or passion in him move. 585
 What higher in her society thou findest
 Attractive, human, rational, love still:
 In loving thou dost well, in passion not;
 Wherein true love consists not. Love refines
 The thoughts, and heart enlarges; hath his seat 590
 In reason, and is judicious; is the scale
 By which to heav'nly love thou may'st ascend;
 Not sunk in carnal pleasure; for which cause,
 Among the beasts no mate for thee was found.

To whom thus, half abash'd, ADAM reply'd. 595
 Neither her out-side form'd so fair, nor ought
 In procreation common to all kinds,
 (Though higher of the genial bed by far,
 And with mysterious reverence I deem)

So much delights me, as those graceful acts, 600
 Those thousand decencies that daily flow
 From all her words, and actions, mix'd with love,
 And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
 Union of mind, or in us both one soul;
 Harmony to behold in wedded pair, 605
 More grateful than harmonious sound to th' ear.
 Yet these subject not: I to thee disclose
 What inward thence I feel; not therefore foil'd;
 Who meet with various objects, from the sense
 Variously representing; yet still free, 610
 Approve the best, and follow what I approve.
 To love thou blam'st me not; for love thou say'st
 Leads up to Heav'n, is both the way and guide;
 Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask:
 Love not the heav'nly spirits? And how their love
 Express they? By looks only? Or do they mix 615
 Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?

To whom the Angel, (with a smile that glow'd
 Cœlestial rosy-red, love's proper hue)
 Answer'd. Let it suffice thee that thou know'st 620
 Us happy, and without love no happiness.
 Whatever pure thou in thy body enjoy'st,
 (And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
 In eminence: and obstacle find none
 Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars: 625
 Easier than air with air, if spirits embrace,
 Total they mix; union of pure with pure
 Desiring: nor restrain'd conveyance need,
 As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.
 But I can now no more: the parting Sun 630
 Beyond the earth's green cape, and verdant isles,
 HESPEREAN sets, my signal to depart.
 Be strong, live happy, and love! But, first of all,
 HIM, whom to love is to obey, and keep
 His great command: take heed lest passion sway 635
 Thy judgment to do ought, which else free will
 Would

Would not admit: thine, and of all thy sons,
The weal or woe in thee is plac'd; beware!
I in thy persevering shall rejoyce,
And all the blest. Stand fast! to stand or fall 640
Free in thine own arbitrement it lies:
Perfect within, no outward aid requires,
And all temptation to transgress repel.

So saying, he arose: whom ADAM thus
Follow'd with benediction. Since to part! 645
Go heav'nly guest, ethereal messenger,
Sent from whose sov'reign goodness I adore!
Gentle to me, and affable, hath been
Thy condescension, and shall be honor'd ever
With grateful memory: thou to mankind, 650
Be good, and friendly still, and oft return!

So parted they, the Angel up to Heav'n
From the thick shade, and ADAM to his bow'r.



PARADISE LOST.

B O O K I X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan having compass'd the earth, with meditated guile returns as a mist by night into Paradise, and enters into the serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labors, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each laboring apart: Adam consents not, alleging the danger lest that enemy, of whom they were

were forewarn'd, should attempt her found alone: Eve, (loth to be thought not circumspect or firm enough) urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make tryal of her strength; Adam at last yields: the serpent finds her alone; his subtile approach, first gazing, then speaking, with much flattery extolling Eve above all other Creatures. Eve, wond'ring to hear the serpent speak, asks how he attain'd to human speech, and such understanding not 'till now; the serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain tree in the garden he attain'd both to speech and reason, 'till then void of both: Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the Tree of Knowledge forbidden: the serpent, now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat; she, pleas'd with the taste, deliberates a-while whether to impart thereof to Adam, or not: at last brings him of the fruit, relates what persuaded her to eat thereof: Adam at first amaz'd, but perceiving her lost, resolves (through vehemence of love) to perish with her, & extenuating the trespass eats also of the fruit: the effects thereof in them both: they seek to cover their nakedness: then fall to variance, and accusation of one another.



O more of talk where God, or Angel-guest,
 With Man, as with his friend, familiar
 us'd
 To sit indulgent, and with him partake
 Rural repast; permitting him the while
 Venial discourse un-blam'd. I now must change 5
 Those notes to tragic! Foul distrust, and breach
 Disloyal on the part of man, revolt,
 And disobedience: on the part of Heav'n
 (Now alienated!) distance, and distaste,
 Anger, and just rebuke, and judgement giv'n, 10
 That brought into this world a world of woe;
 Sin, and her shadow Death, and misery

Death's

Death's harbinger. Sad task! yet argument
 Not less, but more heroic than the wrath
 Of stern ACHILLES on his foe persu'd 15
 Thrice fugitive about TROY wall: or rage
 Of TURNUS for LAVINIA dis-espous'd,
 Or NEPTUNE's ire, or JUNO's, that so long
 Perplex'd the GREEK, and CYTHEREA's son:
 If answerable style I can obtain 20
 Of my coelestial patroness, who deigns
 Her nightly visitation unimplor'd,
 And dictates to me slumbring; or inspires
 Easie my unpremeditated verse:
 Since first this subject for Heroic song 25
 Pleas'd me, long chusing, and beginning late;
 Not sedulous by nature to indite
 Wars, hitherto the only argument
 Heroic deem'd; chief mast'ry to dissect
 With long and tedious havock fabled Knights 30
 In battels feign'd: (the better fortitude
 Of patience, and Heroic Martyrdom,
 Unsung) or to describe Races, and Games;
 Or tilting furniture, emblazon'd shields,
 Impresses quaint, caparisons, and steeds; 35
 Bases, and tinsel trappings, gorgeous Knights
 At joust, and tournament; then marshal'd feast,
 Serv'd up in hall with sewers, and seneschals:
 The skil of artifice, or office, mean!
 Not that which justly gives Heroic name 40
 To person, or to poem. Me (of these
 Nor skill'd, nor studious) higher argument
 Remains; sufficient of itself to raise
 That name, unless an age too late, or cold
 Climate, or years, damp my intended wing 45
 Deprest: and much they may, if all be mine,
 Not hers, who brings it nightly to my ear.

The Sun was sunk, and after him the star
 Of HESPERUS, whose office is to bring
 N Twilight

Twilight upon the earth (short arbiter
 'Twixt day and night) and now, from end to end,
 Night's hemisphere had veil'd th' horizon round:
 When SATAN who late fled before the threats
 Of GABRIEL out of EDEN, now improv'd
 In meditated fraud, and malice, bent
 On man's destruction, maugre what might hap
 Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.
 By night he fled, and at midnight return'd
 From compassing the earth; cautious of day,
 Since URIEL, regent of the Sun, descry'd
 His entrance, and forewarn'd the Cherubim,
 That kept their watch: thence full of anguish driv'n,
 The space of sev'n continu'd nights he rode
 With darkness; thrice the equinoctial Line
 He circled; four times cross'd the car of Night
 From Pole to Pole, traversing each Colure;
 On th' eighth return'd, and on the coast averse
 From entrance, or Cherubic watch, by stealth
 Found unsuspected way. There was a place,
 Now not (tho' sin, not time, first wrought the change)
 Where TIGRIS, at the foot of Paradise,
 Into a gulph shot under-ground, 'till part
 Rose up a fountain by the Tree of Life.
 In with the river sunk, and with it rose
 SATAN, involv'd in rising mist; then sought
 Where to lie hid: sea he had search'd, and land,
 From EDEN over PONTUS, and the pool
 MÆOTIS, up beyond the river OB:
 Downward as far antartic: and in length,
 West from ORONTES, to the ocean barr'd
 At DARIEN: thence, to the land where flows
 GANGES, and INDUS. Thus the orb he roam'd
 With narrow search; and with inspection deep
 Consider'd every creature, which of all
 Most opportune might serve his wiles; and found
 The serpent subtlest beast of all the field.
 Him after long debate (irresolute

Of thoughts revol'd) his final sentence chose
 Fit vessel, fittest imp of fraud, in whom
 To enter, and his dark suggestions hide 90
 From sharpest sight: for in the wily snake
 Whatever sleights, none would suspicious mark,
 As from his wit and native subtilty
 Proceeding; which in other beasts observ'd
 Doubt might beget of diabolic pow'r, 95
 Active within, beyond the sense of brute.
 Thus he resolv'd, but first from inward grief
 His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd:

O Earth, how like to Heav'n! if not prefer'd
 More justly, seat worthier of Gods, as built 100
 With second thoughts, reforming what was old!
 For what God after better, worse would build?
 Terrestrial heav'n, danc'd round by other heav'ns
 That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,
 Light above light, for thee alone, as seems, 105
 In thee concentring all their preeious beams
 Of sacred influence! As God in Heav'n
 Is centre, yet extends to all; so thou
 Centring, receiv'st from all those orbs: in thee,
 Not in themselves, all their known virtue appears 110
 Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth
 Of creatures animate with gradual life,
 Of growth, sense, reason, all summ'd up in Man!
 With what delight could I have walk'd thee round,
 If I could joy in ought: sweet interchange 115
 Of hill, and valley, rivers, woods, and plains!
 Now land, now sea, and shores with forest crown'd,
 Rocks, dens, and caves! But I in none of these
 Find place or refuge: and the more I see
 Pleasures about me, so much more I feel 120
 Torment within me, as from the hateful siege
 Of contraries: all good to me becomes
 Bane; and in Heav'n much worse would be my state.
 But neither here seek I, no nor in Heav'n

To dwell, unless by mast'ring Heav'n's Supreme: 125
Nor hope to be my self less miserable
By what I seek, but others to make such
As I, though thereby worse to me redound.
For only in destroying I find ease
To my relentless thoughts; and him destroy'd, 130
Or won to what may work his utter loss,
For whom all this was made; all this will soon
Follow, as to him link'd in weal or woe:
In woe then! that destruction wide may range.
To me shall be the glory sole among 135
Th' infernal Pow'rs, in one day to have marr'd
What he *Almighty* styl'd, six nights and days
Continu'd making; and who knows how long
Before had been contriving? though perhaps
Not longer than since I, in one night, freed 140
From servitude inglorious well nigh half
Th' Angelic name, and thinner left the throng
Of his adorers. He, to be aveng'd,
And to repair his numbers thus impair'd;
Whether such virtue spent of old now fail'd 145
More Angels to create (if they at least
Are his created) or, to spite us more,
Determin'd to advance into our room
A creature form'd of earth, and him endow,
(Exalted from so base original!) 150
With heav'nly spoils; our spoils. What he decreed,
He effected; Man he made, and for him built
Magnificent this world, and earth his seat,
Him Lord pronounc'd; and, O indignity!
Subjected to his service Angel-wings, 155
And flaming ministers, to watch and tend
Their earthy charge. Of these the vigilance
I dread, and to elude, thus wrap'd in mist
Of midnight vapor glide obscure, and pry
In every bush, and brake, where hap may find 160
The serpent sleeping; in whose mazy folds
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.

O foul descent! that I, who erst contended
 With Gods to sit the highest, am now constrain'd
 Into a beast; and mix'd with bestial slime, 165
 This essence to incarnate and imbrute,
 That to the height of Deity aspir'd!
 But what will not ambition, and revenge,
 Descend to? who aspires, must down as low,
 As high he soar'd; obnoxious, first or last, 170
 To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,
 Bitter e're long back on it self recoiles:
 Let it; I reck not, so it light well aim'd!
 Since higher I fall short, on him who next
 Provokes my envy (this new favorite 175
 Of Heav'n, this man of clay, son of despite,
 Whom, us the more to spite, his maker rais'd
 From dust) spite then with spite is best repaid.

So saying, through each thicket, dank or dry,
 Like a black mist low creeping, he held on 180
 His midnight-search; where soonest he might find
 The serpent: him fast-sleeping soon he found,
 In labyrinth of many a round self-rowl'd;
 His head the midst, well-stor'd with subtil wiles:
 Not yet in horrid shade, or dismal den, 185
 Nor nocent yet; but, on the grassy herb,
 Fearless un-fear'd he slept. In at his mouth
 The Devil enter'd; and his brutal sense,
 (In heart, or head) possessing, soon inspir'd
 With act intelligential; but his sleep 190
 Disturb'd not, waiting close th' approach of morn.

Now when as sacred light began to dawn
 In EDEN on the humid flow'rs, that breath'd
 Their morning incense, when all things that breathe,
 From th' earth's great altar send up silent praise 195
 To the Creator, and his nostrils fill
 With grateful smell, forth came the human pair,
 And join'd their vocal worship to the choir

Of creatures wanting voice: that done, partake
 The season, prime for sweetest scents and airs: 200
 Then commune, how that day they best may ply
 Their growing work (for much their work out-grew
 The hands dispatch of two, gard'ning so wide)
 And EVE first to her husband thus began,

ADAM, well may we labor still to dress 205
 This garden, still to tend plant, herb and flow'r,
 Our pleasant task injoin'd; but 'till more hands
 Aid us, the work under our labor grows
 Luxurious by restraint: what we by day
 Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind, 210
 One night or two with wanton growth derides,
 Tending to wild. Thou therefore now advise,
 Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present:
 Let us divide our labors: thou, where choice
 Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind
 The woodbine round this arbor, or direct 216
 The clasping ivy where to climb: while I,
 In yonder spring of roses, intermix'd
 With myrtle, find what to redress till noon.
 For while so near each each other thus all day 220
 Our task we chuse, what wonder if so near
 Looks intervene, and smiles, or object new
 Casual discourse draw on; which intermits
 Our day's-work, brought to little, though begun
 Early, and th' hour of supper comes un-earn'd. 225

To whom mild answer ADAM thus return'd.
 Sole EVE, associate sole, to me beyond
 Compare, above all living creatures dear!
 Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts employ'd,
 How we might best fulfil the work, which here 230
 GOD hath assign'd us; nor of me shalt pass
 Unprais'd: (for nothing lovelier can be found
 In woman, than to study household good,
 And good works in her husband to promote.)

Yet

Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd
 Labor, as to debar us when we need
 Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,
 (Food of the mind) or this sweet intercourse
 Of looks and smiles, for smiles from reason flow,
 To brute deny'd, and are of love the food;
 Love, not the lowest end of human life.
 For not to irksome toil, but to delight
 He made us, and delight to reason join'd.
 The paths, & bow'rs, doubt not but our joint-hands
 Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide
 As we need walk; till younger hands e're long
 Assist us. But, if much converse perhaps
 Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield:
 (For solitude sometimes is best society,
 And short retirement urges sweet return.)
 But, other doubt possesses me; lest harm
 Befall thee sever'd from me: for thou know'st
 What hath been warn'd us, what malicious foe
 Envyng our happiness, and of his own
 Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame
 By fly assault: and somewhere nigh at hand
 Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
 His wish, and best advantage, us asunder;
 Hopeless to circumvent us join'd, where each
 To other speedy aid might lend at need;
 Whether his first design be to withdraw
 Our fealty from God; or to disturb
 Conjugal love; than which perhaps no bliss
 Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more:
 Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side
 That gave thee being, still shades thee and protects.
 The wife, where danger, or dishonor lurks,
 Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
 Who guards her, or with her the worst indures.

To whom the virgin-majesty of EVE,
 As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,
 With sweet austere composure thus reply'd.

Off-spring of heav'n and earth, & all earth's Lord!
 That such an enemy we have, who seeks
 Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn, 275
 And from the parting Angel over-heard,
 As in a shady nook I stood behind,
 Just then return'd at shut of ev'ning flow'rs.
 But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt
 To GOD or thee, because we have a foe 280
 May tempt it, I expected not to hear.
 His violence thou fear'st not, being such
 As we (not capable of death, or pain)
 Can either not receive, or can repel.
 His fraud is then thy fear; which plain infers 285
 Thy equal fear, that my firm faith, and love,
 Can by his fraud be shaken or seduc'd;
 Thoughts, which how found they harbor in thy breast,
 ADAM, mis-thought of her to thee so dear?

To whom with healing words ADAM reply'd. 290
 Daughter of GOD and Man, immortal EVE!
 For such thou art, from sin and blame entire:
 Not diffident of thee do I dissuade
 Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid
 Th' attempt it self, intended by our foe: 295
 For he who tempts, though in vain, at least asperies
 The tempted with dishonor foul; suppos'd
 Not incorruptible of faith, not proof
 Against temptation. Thou thy self with scorn,
 And anger, would'st resent the offer'd wrong, 300
 Though ineffectual found: misdeem not then,
 If such affront I labor to avert
 From thee alone, which on us both at once
 The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare;
 Or daring, first on me th' assault shall light. 305
 Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn:
 Subtile he needs must be, who could seduce
 Angels: nor think superfluous other's aid.
 I, from the influence of thy looks, receive

Access

Access in every virtue; in thy fight 310
 More wise, more watchful, stronger, (if need were
 Of outward strength) while shame, thou looking on,
 Shame to be overcome, or over-reach'd,
 Would utmost vigor raise, and rais'd unite.
 Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel 315
 When I am present, and the tryal chuse
 With me, best witness of thy virtue try'd?

So spake domestic ADAM in his care,
 And matrimonial love: but EVE, who thought
 Less attributed to her faith sincere, 320
 Thus her reply with accent sweet renew'd.

If this be our condition, thus to dwell
 In narrow circuit straiten'd by a foe,
 Subtile or violent, we not indu'd
 Single with like defence, where-ever met; 325
 How are we happy, still in fear of harm?
 But harm precedes not sin: only our foe
 Tempting, affronts us with his foul esteem
 Of our integrity: his foul esteem
 Sticks no dishonor on our front, but turns 330
 Foul on himself: then wherefore shunn'd or fear'd
 By us? who rather double honor gain
 From his surmise prov'd false, find peace within,
 Favor from Heav'n, our witness, from th'event.
 And what is faith, love, virtue unassay'd 335
 Alone, without exterior help sustain'd?
 Let us not then suspect our happy state
 Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,
 As not secure to single, or combin'd:
 Frail is our happiness, if this be so, 340
 And EDEN were no EDEN thus expos'd.

To whom thus ADAM fervently reply'd.
 O woman! best are all things as the will
 Of GOD ordain'd them: His creating hand

Nothing imperfect or deficient left, 345
 Of all that he created; much less man,
 Or ought that might his happy state secure:
 Secure from outward force; within himself
 The danger lyes, yet lyes within his pow'r.
 Against his will he can receive no harm; 350
 But GOD left free the will; for what obeys
 Reason, is free; and reason he made right;
 But bid her well beware, and still erect;
 Lest by some fair appearing good surpriz'd,
 She dictate false, and misinform the will 355
 To do what GOD expressly hath forbid.
 Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoins,
 That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me.
 Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,
 Since reason not impossible may meet 360
 Some specious object, by the foe suborn'd;
 And fall into deception unaware,
 Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.
 Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
 Were better; and most likely, if from me 365
 Thou sever not; tryall will come unsought.
 Wouldst thou approve thy constancy? approve
 First thy obedience; th' other who can know,
 Not seeing thee attempted? who attest?
 But if thou think, tryal unsought may find 370
 Us both securer, than thus warn'd thou seem'st ---
 Go! for thy stay, not free, absents thee more;
 Go in thy native innocence! rely
 On what thou hast of virtue; summon all:
 For GOD towards thee hath done his part, do thine.

So spake the patriarch of mankind; but EVE 376
 Persisted, yet submits, though last, reply'd.

With thy permission then, and thus forewarn'd,
 Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words
 Touch'd only; that our tryal, when least sought, 380
 May

May find us both perhaps far less prepar'd,
 The willinger I go: nor much expect
 A foe so proud will first the weaker seek;
 So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse.

Thus saying, from her husband's hand her hand 385
 Soft she withdrew; and like a Wood-Nymph light
 OREAD, or DRYAD, or of DELIA's train,
 Betook her to the groves: but DELIA's self
 In gait surpass'd, and Goddess-like deport;
 Though not, as she, with bow and quiver arm'd; 390
 But with such gard'ning-tools as art, yet rude,
 Guiltless of fire had form'd, or Angels brought.
 To PALES, or POMONA thus adorn'd,
 Likeliest she seem'd, (POMONA, when she fled
 VERTUMNUS) or to CERES in her prime, 395
 Yet virgin of PROSERPINA from JOVE.
 Her long with ardent look his eye persu'd
 Delighted, but desiring more her stay:
 Oft he to her his charge of quick return
 Repeated; she to him as oft engag'd 400
 To be return'd by noon amid the bow'r;
 And all things in best order, to invite
 Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.
 O much deceiv'd, much failing, (hapless EVE!)
 Of thy presum'd return! event perverse! 405
 Thou never from that hour in Paradise
 Foundst either sweet repast, or sound repose!
 Such ambush, laid among sweet flow'rs, & shades,
 Waited with hellish rancor imminent
 To intercept thy way, or send thee back 410
 Despoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliss! ---
 For now, and since first break of dawn, the Fiend,
 (Mere serpent in appearance) forth was come,
 And on his quest, where likeliest he might find
 The only two of mankind; but in them 415
 The whole included race, his purpos'd prey.
 In bow'r, and field he sought, where any tuft

Of grove, or garden-plot more pleasant lay,
 Their tendance, or plantation for delight,
 By fountain, or by shady rivulet. 420
 He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find
 EVE separate; he wish'd, but not with hope
 Of what so seldom chanc'd: when to his wish,
 Beyond his hope, EVE separate he spies,
 Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood, 425
 Half-spy'd, so thick the roses bushing round
 About her glow'd; half-stooping to support
 Each flow'r of slender stalk, whose head though gay
 Carnation, purple, azure, or speck'd with gold,
 Hung drooping unsustain'd; them she upstays 430
 Gently with myrtle-band; mindless the while
 Her self, though fairest, unsupported flow'r,
 From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh!
 Nearer he drew, and many a walk travers'd
 Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm; 435
 Then voluble and bold; now hid, now seen,
 Among thick-woven arborets and flow'rs
 Imborder'd on each bank, the hand of EVE:
 (Spot more delicious! than those gardens feign'd
 Or of reviv'd ADONIS: or renown'd 440
 ALCINOUS, host of old LAERTES' Son;
 Or that, not mystic, when the Sapiient King
 Held dalliance with his fair ÆGYPTIAN spouse.)
 Much he the place admir'd, the person more:
 As one who long in populous city pent, 445
 Where houses thick, and sewers, annoy the air,
 Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe
 Among the pleasant villages, and farms
 Adjoyn'd, from each thing met conceives delight;
 The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine, 450
 Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound;
 If chance, with Nymph-like step, fair virgin pass,
 What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more;
 She most, and in her look sums all delight:
 Such pleasure took the serpent to behold. 455

This

This flow'ry plat, the sweet recess of Eve
Thus early, thus alone: her heav'nly form
Angelic, (but more soft, and feminine)
Her graceful innocence, her every air
Of gesture, or least action, overaw'd 460
His malice, and, with rapine sweet, bereav'd
His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought.
That space the Evil One abstracted stood
From his own evil, and for the time remain'd,
Stupidly good; of enmity disarm'd, 465
Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge;
But the hot hell that always in him burns,
Though in mid heav'n, soon ended his delight;
And tortures him now more, the more he sees
Of pleasure not for him ordain'd: then soon 470
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.

Thoughts, whither have ye led me! with what sweet
Compulsion thus transported, to forget
What hither brought us! hate, not love, nor hope
Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste 476
Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,
Save what is in destroying; other joy
To me is lost. Then let me not let pass
Occasion which now smiles; behold alone 480
The woman, opportune to all attempts!
Her husband (for I view far round) not nigh,
Whose higher intellectual more I shun,
And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb
Heroic built, though of terrestrial mold, 485
Foe not formidable! exempt from wound:
I not: (so much hath Hell debas'd, and pain
Infeebled me, to what I was in Heav'n!)
She fair, divinely fair! fit love for Gods;
Not terrible: though terror be in love, 490
And beauty, not approach'd by stronger hate;
Hate, stronger under shew of love well feign'd;
The way which to her ruin now I tend,

So

So spake the enemy of mankind, inclos'd
 In serpent, inmate bad! and toward EVE 495
 Address'd his way: not with indented wave,
 Prone on the ground, as sence; but on his rear,
 Circular base of rising foulds, that tow'rd
 Fould above fould, a surging maze! His head
 Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes; 500
 With burnish'd neck of verdant gold, erect
 Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass
 Floated redundant: pleasing was his shape,
 And lovely? Never since of serpent-kind
 Lovelier; not those that in ILLYRIA chang'd 505
 HERMIONE, and CADMUS; or the God
 In EPIDAUROS: nor, to which transform'd
 AMMONIAN JOVE, or CAPITOLINE was seen;
 He, with OLYMPIAS; this, with her who bore
 SCIPIO the height of ROME. With tract oblique
 At first, (as one who sought access, but fear'd 510
 To interrupt) side-long he works his way:
 As when a ship, by skilfull steers-man wrought
 Nigh river's mouth, or fore-land, where the wind
 Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail: 515
 So vary'd he, and of his tortuous train
 Curl'd many a wanton wreath, in sight of EVE,
 To lure her eye: she busied, heard the sound
 Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as us'd
 To such disport before her through the Field, 520
 From every beast; more duteous at her call,
 Than at CIRCEAN call the herd disguis'd.
 He bolder now, uncall'd before her stood;
 But as in gaze admiring: oft he bow'd
 His turret crest, and sleek-enamel'd neck, 525
 Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.
 His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length
 The eye of EVE, to mark his play; he glad
 Of her attention gain'd (with serpent-tongue
 Organic, or impulse of vocal air) 530
 His fraudulent temptation thus began.

Wonder

Wonder not, sov'reign Mistress! if perhaps
 Thou canst, who art sole wonder; much less arm
 Thy looks, the heav'n of mildness, with disdain,
 Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze 535
 Infatiate; I thus single; nor have fear'd
 Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.
 Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair!
 Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
 By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore, 540
 With ravishment beheld! there best beheld,
 Where universally admir'd: but here
 In this inclosure wild, these beasts among,
 (Beholders rude, and shallow to discern
 Half what in thee is fair) one man except, 545
 Who sees thee, & what is one! who shouldst be seen
 A Goddess among Gods, ador'd and serv'd
 By Angels numberless, thy daily train.

So glaz'd the tempter, and his poem tun'd:
 Into the heart of Eve his words made way, 550
 Though at the voice much marvelling: at length,
 Not un-amaz'd, she thus in answer spake.

What may this mean? Language of man pronounc'd
 By tongue of brute, and human sense express'd?
 The first, at least, of these I thought deny'd 555
 To beasts; whom God, on their creation-day,
 Created mute to all articulate sound:
 The latter I demur; for in their looks
 Much reason, and in their actions, oft appears.
 Thee, serpent, subtil'st beast of all the field 560
 I knew, but not with human voice indu'd.
 Redouble then this miracle, and say,
 How can'st thou speakable of mute; and how
 To me so friendly grown above the rest
 Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight? 565
 Say! for such wonder claims attention due.

To whom the guileful tempter thus reply'd:
 Empress of this fair world, resplendent EVE!
 Easy to me it is to tell thee all [obey'd.
 What thou command'st; & right thou shouldst be
 I was at first as other beasts that graze. 571
 The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,
 As was my food; nor ought but food discern'd,
 Or sex; and apprehended nothing high.
 Till on a day roving the field, I chanc'd 575
 A goodly tree far distant to behold,
 Loaden with fruit of fairest colors mix'd,
 Ruddy and gold: I nearer drew to gaze;
 When from the boughs a savoury odor blown,
 Grateful to appetite! more pleas'd my sense 580
 Than smell of sweetest fenel, or the teats
 Of ewe or goat, dropping with milk at ev'n,
 Unfuck'd of lamb, or kid, that tend their play.
 To satisfy the sharp desire I had
 Of tasting those fair apples, I resolv'd 585
 Not to defer: hunger and thirst at once,
 Pow'rful persuaders! quicken'd at the scent
 Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me so keen.
 About the mossy trunk I wound me soon;
 (For, high from ground, the branches would require
 Thy utmost reach, or ADAM'S) round the tree 591
 All other beasts that saw, with like desire
 Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.
 Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung
 Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill 595
 I spar'd not; for such pleasure till that hour
 At feed, or fountain, never had I found.
 Sated at length, e're long I might perceive
 Strange alteration in me, to degree
 Of reason in my inward pow'rs; and speech 600
 Wanted not long; though to this shape retain'd.
 Thenceforth to speculations high, or deep,
 I turn'd my thoughts; and with capacious mind
 Consider'd all things visible in heav'n,

Or

Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 209

Or earth, or middle; all things fair and good: 605
But all that fair and good, in thy divine
Semblance, and in thy beauty's heav'nly ray,
United I beheld: no fair to thine
Equivalent, or second! which compell'd
Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come 610
And gaze, and worship thee, of right declar'd
Sov'reign of creatures, universal dame!

So talk'd the spirited fly snake: and EVE,
Yet more amaz'd, unwary thus reply'd.

Serpent! thy over-praising leaves in doubt 615
The virtue of that fruit, in thee first prov'd.
But say, where grows the tree, from hence how far?
For many are the trees of GOD that grow
In Paradise, and various yet unknown
To us, in such abundance lyes our choice, 620
As leaves a greater store of fruit untouch'd:
Still hanging incorruptible, till men
Grow up to their provision, and more hands
Help to disburden nature of her birth.

To whom the wily adder, blithe and glad: 625
Empress! the way is ready, and not long;
Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,
Fast by a fountain, one small thickest past
Of blowing myrrh, and balm: if thou accept
My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon. 630

Lead then, said EVE. He leading swiftly rowl'd
In tangles, and made intricate seem straight,
To mischief swift: hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest: as when a wandering fire,
Compact of unctuous vapor, which the night 635
Condenses, and the cold invirons round,
Kindled through agitation to a flame,
(Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends)

O

Hovering,

Hovering, and blazing with delusive light,
 Misleads th' amaz'd night-wanderer from his way 640
 Through bogs, and mires, and oft thro' pond or pool,
 There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far:
 So glister'd the dire snake, and into fraud
 Led EVE, our credulous mother, to the tree
 Of prohibition, root of all our woe: 645
 Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake.

Serpent, we might have spar'd our coming hither,
 Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to excess:
 The credit of whose virtue rest with thee;
 Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects! 650
 But of this tree we may not taste, nor touch,
 GOD so commanded; and lest that command
 Sole daughter of his voice: the rest, we live
 Law to our selves, our reason is our law.

To whom the tempter guilefully reply'd: 655
 Indeed! Hath GOD then said that of the fruit
 Of all these garden-trees ye shall not eat,
 Yet Lords declar'd of all in earth, or air?

To whom thus EVE, yet sinless. Of the fruit
 Of each tree in the Garden we may eat; 660
 But of the fruit of this fair tree amidst
 The Garden, GOD hath said, Ye shall not eat
 Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die.

She scarce had said, tho' brief, when now more bold
 The tempter (but with shew of zeal, and love 665
 To man, and indignation at his wrong)
 New part puts on; and as to passion mov'd,
 Fluctuates disturb'd, yet comely, and in act
 Rais'd, as of some great matter to begin.
 As when of old some Orator renown'd, 670
 In ATHENS, or free ROME, where eloquence
 Flourish'd (since mute!) to some great cause address'd,
 Stood

Stood in himself collected; while each part,
 Motion, each act, won audience, e're the tongue;
 Sometimes in height began, as no delay 675
 Of preface brooking, through his zeal of right:
 So standing, moving, or to height up-grown,
 The tempter all im-passion'd thus began.

O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving plant,
 Mother of science! now I feel thy pow'r 680
 Within me clear; not only to discern
 Things in their causes, but to trace the ways
 Of highest agents, deem'd however wise.
 Queen of this universe! do not believe
 Those rigid threats of death: ye shall not die: 685
 How should ye? by the fruit? it gives you life
 To knowledge: by the threatner? Look on me,
 Me! who have touch'd, and tasted; yet both live,
 And life more perfect have attain'd than fate
 Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot. 690
 Shall that be shut to man, which to the beast
 Is open? Or will God incense his ire
 For such a petty trespass, and not praise
 Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain
 Of death denounc'd (whatever thing death be) 695
 Deter'd not from atchieving what might lead
 To happier life, knowledge of good and evil?
 Of good, how just? of evil, (if what is evil
 Be real) why not known, since easier shunn'd?
 God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just: 700
 Not just, not God; not fear'd then, nor obey'd:
 Your fear it self of death removes the fear.
 Why then was this forbid? Why, but to awe;
 Why, but to keep ye low and ignorant,
 His worshippers: He knows that in the day 705
 You eat thereof, your eyes (that seem so clear,
 Yet are but dim) shall perfectly be then
 Open'd and clear'd: and ye shall be as Gods,
 Knowing both Good and Evil, as they know

That ye shall be as Gods, since I as Man, 710
 Internal man, is but proportion meet:
 I of brute, human; ye of human, Gods.
 So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off
 Human, to put on Gods; death to be wish'd 714
 Tho' threaten'd, which no worse than this can bring.
 And what are Gods, that man may not become
 As they, participating God-like food?
 The Gods are first, and that advantage use
 On our belief, that all from them proceeds:
 I question it! for this fair earth I see, 720
 Warm'd by the Sun, producing every kind;
 Them, nothing: if they all things, who inclos'd
 Knowledge of Good and Evil in this tree,
 That whoso eats thereof, forthwith attains
 Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies 725
 Th' offence, that man should thus attain to know?
 What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree
 Impart against his will, if all be his?
 Or is it envy, And can envy dwell
 In heav'nly breasts? These, these, and many more
 Causes import your need of this fair fruit: 731
 Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste!

He ended, and his words, replete with guile,
 Into her heart too easy entrance won:
 Fix'd on the fruit she gaz'd, which to behold 735
 Might tempt alone: and in her ears the sound
 Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd
 With reason (to her seeming) and with truth:
 Mean while the hour of noon drew on, and wak'd
 An eager appetite, rais'd by the smell 740
 So savoury of that fruit; which with desire,
 (Inclinable now grown to touch, or taste)
 Solicited her longing eye: yet first
 Pausing a while, thus to her self she mus'd.

Great

Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits! 745
 Though kept from man, and worthy to be admir'd;
 Whose taste, too long forbörn, at first assay
 Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
 The tongue not made for speech, to speak thy praise:
 Thy praise he also who forbids thy use, 750
 Conceals not from us, naming thee the Tree
 Of knowledge; knowledge both of good and evil:
 Forbids us then to taste: but his forbidding
 Commends thee more, while it infers the good
 By thee communicated, and our want; 755
 For good unknown, sure is not had; or had
 And yet unknown, is as not had at all.
 In plain then, what forbids he but to know,
 Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?
 Such prohibitions bind not. --- But if Death 760
 Bind us with after-bands, what profits then
 Our inward freedom? In the day we eat
 Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we shall die. ---
 How dies the serpent? he hath eat'n and lives,
 And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns;
 Irrational till then. For us alone 766
 Was death invented? or to us deny'd
 This intellectual food, for beasts reserv'd?
 For beasts it seems: yet that one beast which first
 Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy 770
 The good befall'n him, author unsuspect,
 Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.
 What fear I then, rather what know to fear
 Under this ignorance of Good and Evil,
 Of God or Death, of law or penalty? 775
 Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine!
 Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,
 Of virtue to make wise! What hinders then
 To reach, and feed at once both body and mind?

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour 780
 Forth-reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat!

Earth felt the wound; and Nature from her seat,
 Sighing through all her works, gave sign of woe
 That all was lost. Back to the thicket slunk
 The guilty serpent; and well might: for Eve 785
 Intent now wholly on her taste, nought else
 Regarded; such delight till then, as seem'd,
 In fruit she never tasted, whether true,
 Or fancy'd so, through expectation high
 Of knowledge; nor was God-head from her thought.
 Greedily she ingorg'd without restraint, 795
 And knew not eating Death. Sate at length,
 And heighten'd as with wine, jocund and boon
 Thus to her self she pleasingly began.

O sov'reign, virtuous, precious of all trees 795
 In Paradise! of operation blest
 To sapience! hitherto obscur'd, infam'd,
 And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end
 Created: but henceforth my early care,
 (Not without song, each morning, and due praise)
 Shall tend thee, and the fertil burden ease 805
 Of thy full branches, offer'd free to all:
 Till dieted by thee, I grow mature
 In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know;
 Though others envy what they cannot give; 805
 For had the gift been theirs, it had not here
 Thus grown. Experience next, to thee I owe,
 Best guide! not following thee, I had remain'd
 In ignorance, thou open'st wisdom's way,
 And giv'st access, though secret the retire. 810
 And I perhaps am secret: heav'n is high,
 High, and remote to see from thence distinct
 Each thing on earth; and other care, perhaps,
 May have diverted from continual watch
 Our Great Forbidder, safe with all his spies 815
 About him. --- But, to ADAM in what sort
 Shall I appear? shall I to him make known
 As yet my change, and give him to partake

Full

Book IX. PARADISE LOST.

213

Full happiness with me? or rather not;
 But keep the odds of knowledge in my pow'r, 820
 Without co-partner? so to add what wants
 In female sex, the more to draw his love,
 And render me more equal, and perhaps,
 (A thing not undesirable) sometime
 Superior: for inferior, who is free? 825
 This may be well --- But, what if God have seen,
 And Death ensue? Then I shall be no more!
 And ADAM wedded to another EVE,
 Shall live with her injoying, I extinct;
 A death to think! Confirm'd then I resolve, 830
 ADAM shall share with me in bliss or woe:
 So dear I love him, that with him, all deaths
 I could indure; without him, live no life.

So saying, from the tree her step she turn'd,
 But first low reverence done, as to the Pow'r 835
 That dwelt within, whose presence had infus'd
 Into the plant sciential sap, deriv'd
 From Nectar, drink of Gods. ADAM the while,
 Waiting desirous her return, had wove
 Of choicest flow'rs a garland, to adorn 840
 Her tresses, and her rural labors crown:
 As reapers oft are wont their Harvest-Queen.
 Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
 Solace in her return, so long delay'd:
 Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill, 845
 Misgave him; he the faulting measure felt;
 And forth to meet her went, the way she took
 That morn, when first they parted. By the Tree
 Of Knowledge he must pass; there he her met,
 Scarce from the tree returning: in her hand 850
 A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smil'd,
 New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd.
 To him she hasted; in her face excuse
 Came prologue, and apology too prompt;
 Which, with bland words at will, she thus address. 855

Earth felt the wound; and Nature from her seat,
 Sighing through all her works, gave sign of woe
 That all was lost. Back to the thicket slunk
 The guilty serpent; and well might: for EVE 784
 Intent now wholly on her taste, nought else
 Regarded; such delight till then, as seem'd,
 In fruit she never tasted, whether true,
 Or fancy'd so, through expectation high
 Of knowledge; nor was God-head from her thought.
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Book IX. PARADISE LOST.

215

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 To him she hasted; in her face excuse
 Came prologue, and apology too prompt;
 Which, with bland words at will, she thus address'd. 855

Hast thou not wonder'd, ADAM, at my stay?
 Thee I have miss'd, and thought it long, depriv'd
 Thy presence; agony of love! till now
 Not felt, nor shall be twice; for never more
 Mean I to try, (what rash untry'd I sought) 860
 The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange
 Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear.
 This Tree is not, as we are told, a Tree
 Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown
 Op'ning the way; but of divine effect 865
 To open eyes, and make them Gods who taste;
 And hath been tasted such. The serpent wise,
 (Or not restrain'd as we, or not obeying)
 Hath eaten of the fruit; and is become
 Not dead, as we are threaten'd; but thenceforth 870
 Indu'd with human voice, and human sense,
 Reasoning to admiration; and with me
 Persuasively hath so prevail'd, that I
 Have also tasted, and have also found
 Th' effects to correspond: opener mine eyes, 875
 Dim erst; dilated spirits, ampler heart,
 And growing up to Godhead; which for thee
 Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise:
 For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss;
 Tedious, unshar'd with thee, and odious soon. 880
 Thou therefore also taste, that equal lot
 May join us; equal joy, as equal love:
 Lest thou not tasting, different degree
 Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce
 Deity for thee, when fate will not permit. 885

Thus EVE with count'nance blithe her story told;
 But in her cheek distemper flushing glow'd.
 On th' other side, ADAM, soon as he heard
 The fatal trespass done by EVE, amaz'd,
 Astonied stood; and blank; while horror chill 890
 Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd:
 From his slack hand the garland wreath'd for EVE
 Down

Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 217

Down drop'd, and all the faded Roses shed:
Speechless he stood, and pale! till thus at length
First to himself he inward silence broke. 895

O fairest of creation, last and best
Of all G O D's works! Creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost, 900
Defac'd, deflowr'd; and now to death devote!
Rather, how hast thou yielded to transgress
The strict forbiddance! how, to violate
The sacred fruit forbidd'n! some cursed fraud
Of enemy hath beguil'd thee! yet unknown; 905
And me with thee hath ruin'd; for with thee
Certain my resolution is to die!
How can I live without thee! how forgo
Thy sweet converse and love, so dearly join'd,
To live again in these wild woods forlorn! 910
Should G O D create another E V E, and I
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart! no, no! I feel
The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state 915
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe!

So having said, as one from sad dismay
Re-comforted, and, after thoughts disturb'd,
Submitting to what seem'd remediless,
Thus in calm mood his words to E V E he turn'd. 920

Bold deed thou hast presum'd, adventurous E V E!
And peril great provok'd, who thus hast dar'd,
Had it been only coveting to eye
That sacred fruit, sacred to abstinence;
Much more to taste it, under bann to touch. 925
But past who can recall, or done undo?
Not G O D Omnipotent, nor Fate: yet so

Perhaps thou shalt not die, perhaps the fact
 Is not so heinous now, foretasted fruit,
 Profan'd first by the serpent, by him first 930
 Made common, and unhallow'd e're our taste:
 Nor yet on him found deadly; he yet lives;
 Lives, as thou saidst, and gains to live, as man,
 Higher degree of life: inducement strong
 To us, as likely tasting to attain 935
 Proportional ascent; which cannot be
 But to be Gods, or Angels, Demi-gods.
 Nor can I think that GOD, Creator wise!
 Though threatening, will in earnest so destroy
 Us his prime creatures; dignify'd so high, 940
 Set over all his works; which in our fall,
 For us created, needs with us must fail,
 Dependent made: so GOD shall uncreate,
 Be frustrate, do, undo, and labor lose;
 Not well conceiv'd of GOD: who (tho' his pow'r
 Creation could repeat) yet would be loth 946
 Us to abolish; lest the Adversary
 Triumph and say; „ Fickle their state whom GOD
 „ Most favors! who can please him long? Me first
 „ He ruin'd, now mankind: whom will he next? „
 Matter of scorn, not to be giv'n the Foe. 951
 However I with thee have fix'd my lot,
 Certain to undergo like doom: if Death
 Confort with thee, Death is to me as life:
 So forcible within my heart, I feel 955
 The bond of nature draw me to my own;
 My own in thee! for what thou art is mine:
 Our state cannot be sever'd, we are one,
 One flesh; to lose thee were to lose my self.

So ADAM; and thus EVE to him reply'd. 960
 O glorious tryal of exceeding love,
 Illustrious evidence, example high,
 Ingaging me to emulate! but short
 Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,

ADAM?

Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 219

ADAM? from whose dear side I boast me sprung?
 And gladly of our union hear thee speak, 986
 One heart, one soul in both! whereof good proof
 This day affords; declaring thee resolv'd,
 Rather than Death, or ought than Death more dread,
 Shall separate us (link'd in love so dear!) 970
 To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,
 (If any be) of tasting this fair fruit:
 Whose virtue (for of good still good procedes,
 Direct, or by occasion) hath presented
 This happy tryal of thy love; which else 975
 So eminently never had been known,
 Were it I thought Death menac'd would ensue
 This my attempt, I would sustain alone
 The worst, and not persuade thee; rather die
 Deserted, than oblige thee with a fact 980
 Pernicious to thy peace, chiefly assur'd
 Remarkably so late of thy so true,
 So faithful love unequal'd; but I feel
 Far otherwise th' event, not Death, but Life
 Augmented; open'd eyes, new hopes, new joys, 985
 Taste so divine! that what of sweet before
 Hath touch'd my sense, flat seems to this, & harsh,
 On my experience, ADAM, freely taste,
 And fear of Death deliver to the winds.

So saying, she embrac'd him, and for joy 990
 Tenderly wept; much won, that he his love
 Had so innobl'd, as of choice t' incur
 Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.
 In recompense (for such compliance bad
 Such recompense best merits) from the bough 995
 She gave him of that fair-inticing fruit,
 With liberal hand: he scrupl'd not to eat,
 Against his better knowledge; not deceiv'd,
 But fondly overcome with female charm.
 Earth trembl'd from her entrails, as again 1000
 In pangs; and Nature gave a second groan.

Sky

Sky lowr'd, and mutt'ring thunder, some sad drops
 Wept, at compleating of the mortal sin
 Original! while ADAM took no thought,
 Eating his fill; nor EVE to iterate 1005
 Her former trespass fear'd; the more to sooth
 Him, with her lov'd society: that now,
 (As with new wine intoxicated both)
 They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
 Divinity within them breeding wings, 1010
 Wherewith to scorn the earth. But that false fruit
 Far other operation first display'd,
 Carnal desire inflaming: he on EVE
 Began to cast lascivious eyes; she him
 As wantonly repaid; in lust they burn: 1015
 Till ADAM thus 'gan EVE to dalliance move.

EVE, now I see thou art exact of taste,
 And elegant, of sapience no small part;
 Since to each meaning favor we apply,
 And palate call judicious: I the praise 1020
 Yield thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd.
 Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd
 From this delightful fruit, nor known till now
 True relish, tasting: if such pleasure be
 In things to us forbidd'n, it might be wish'd, 1025
 For this one tree had been forbidden ten.
 But come, so well refresh'd, now let us play,
 As meet is, after such delicious fare:
 For never did thy beauty since the day
 I saw thee first, and wedded thee, adorn'd 1030
 With all perfections, so inflame my sense
 With ardor to enjoy thee; fairer now
 Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree!

So said he, and forbore not glance, or toy
 Of amorous intent; well understood 1035
 Of EVE, whose eye darted contagious fire.
 Her hand he seiz'd and to a shady bank,

Thick

Thick over-head with verdant roof imbowl'd,
 He led her nothing loth: flow'rs were the couch,
 Panties, and Violets, and Asphodel, 1040
 And Hyacinth, earth's freshest softest lap.
 There they their fill of love, and love's disport
 Took largely; of their mutual guilt the seal,
 The solace of their sin: till dewy sleep
 Oppress'd them, wearied with their amorous play:

Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit, 1046
 That with exhilarating vapor bland
 About their spirits had plaid, and inmost pow'rs
 Made err, was now exhal'd; and grosser sleep,
 Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams 1050
 Incumber'd, now had left them; up they rose
 As from un-rest, and each the other viewing,
 Soon found their eyes how open'd, and their minds
 How darken'd! Innocence, that (as a veil)
 Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone:
 Just confidence, and native righteousness 1056
 And honor from about them, naked left
 To guilty shame: he cover'd, but his robe
 Uncover'd more: so rose the DANITE strong,
 HERCULEAN SAMPSON, from the harlot-lap 1060
 Of PHILISTEAN DALILAH, and wak'd
 Shorn of his strength: they, destitute, and bare
 Of all their virtue: silent, and in face
 Confounded, long they sate, as stricken mute:
 Till ADAM, though no less than EVE abash'd, 1065
 At length gave utterance to these words constrain'd.

O EVE! in evil hour thou didst give ear
 To that false worm, of whomsoever taught
 To counterfeit man's voice; true in our fall,
 False in our promis'd rising: since our eyes 1070
 Open'd we find indeed, and find we know
 Both Good and Evil; Good lost, and Evil got.
 Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know,
 Which

Which leaves us naked thus, of honour void,
 Of innocence, of faith, of purity, 1075
 Our wonted ornaments, now soil'd and stain'd!
 And in our faces evident the signs
 Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store;
 Ev'n shame, the last of evils; of the first
 Before then. --- How shall I behold the face 1080
 Henceforth of GOD or Angel, erst with joy
 And rapture so oft beheld? those heav'nly shapes
 Will dazle now this earthly, with their blaze
 Insufferably bright. O, might I here
 In solitude live savage, in some glade 1085
 Obscur'd, where highest woods impenetrable
 To star or sun-light, spread their umbrage broad
 And brown as evening! Cover me, ye Pines!
 Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs
 Hide me, where I may never see them more! 1090
 But let us now, as in bad plight, devise
 What best may for the present serve to hide
 The parts of each from other, that seem most
 To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen:
 Some tree, whose broad smooth leaves together sow'd,
 And girded on our loins, may cover round 1096
 Those middle parts, that this new comer, Shame,
 There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.

So counsel'd he, and both together went
 Into the thickest wood; there soon they chose 1100
 The Fig-tree, not that kind for fruit renown'd;
 But such as at this day (to INDIANS known
 In MALABAR, or DECAN) spreads her arms
 Branching so broad, and long, that in the ground
 The bended twigs take root, & daughters grow 1105
 About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade
 High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between:
 There oft the INDIAN herdsman shunning heat,
 Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds
 At loopholes cut thro' thickest shade: those leaves
 They

They gather'd, broad as AMAZONIAN targe 1111
 And with what skill they had, together sow'd,
 To gird their waist; vain covering, if to hide
 Their guilt, and dreaded shame! O, how unlike
 To that first naked glory! (such of late 1115
 COLUMBUS found th' AMERICAN, so girt
 With feather'd cincture; naked else, and wild
 Among the trees, on isles and woody shores.)
 Thus fenc'd, and, as they thought, their shame in part
 Cover'd, but not at rest or ease of mind, 1120
 They sat them down to weep: nor only tears
 Rain'd at their eyes; but high winds worse within
 Began to rise, high passions, anger, hate,
 Mistrust, suspicion, discord, and shook sore
 Their inward state of mind; calm region once, 1125
 And full of peace; now tost, and turbulent!
 For understanding rul'd not; and the will
 Heard not her lore; but in subjection now
 To sensual appetite, who from beneath
 Usurping, over sov'reign reason claim'd, 1130
 Superior sway: from thus distemper'd breast,
 ADAM estrang'd in look and alter'd style,
 Speech intermitted thus to EVE renew'd.

Would thou hadst hearken'd to my words, & stay'd
 With me, as I besought thee, when that strange 1135
 Desire of wand'ring this unhappy morn,
 I know not whence possess'd thee! We had then
 Remain'd still happy; not, as now, despoil'd
 Of all our good, sham'd, naked, miserable.
 Let none henceforth seek needless cause t' approve
 The faith they owe; when earnestly they seek 1141
 Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail.

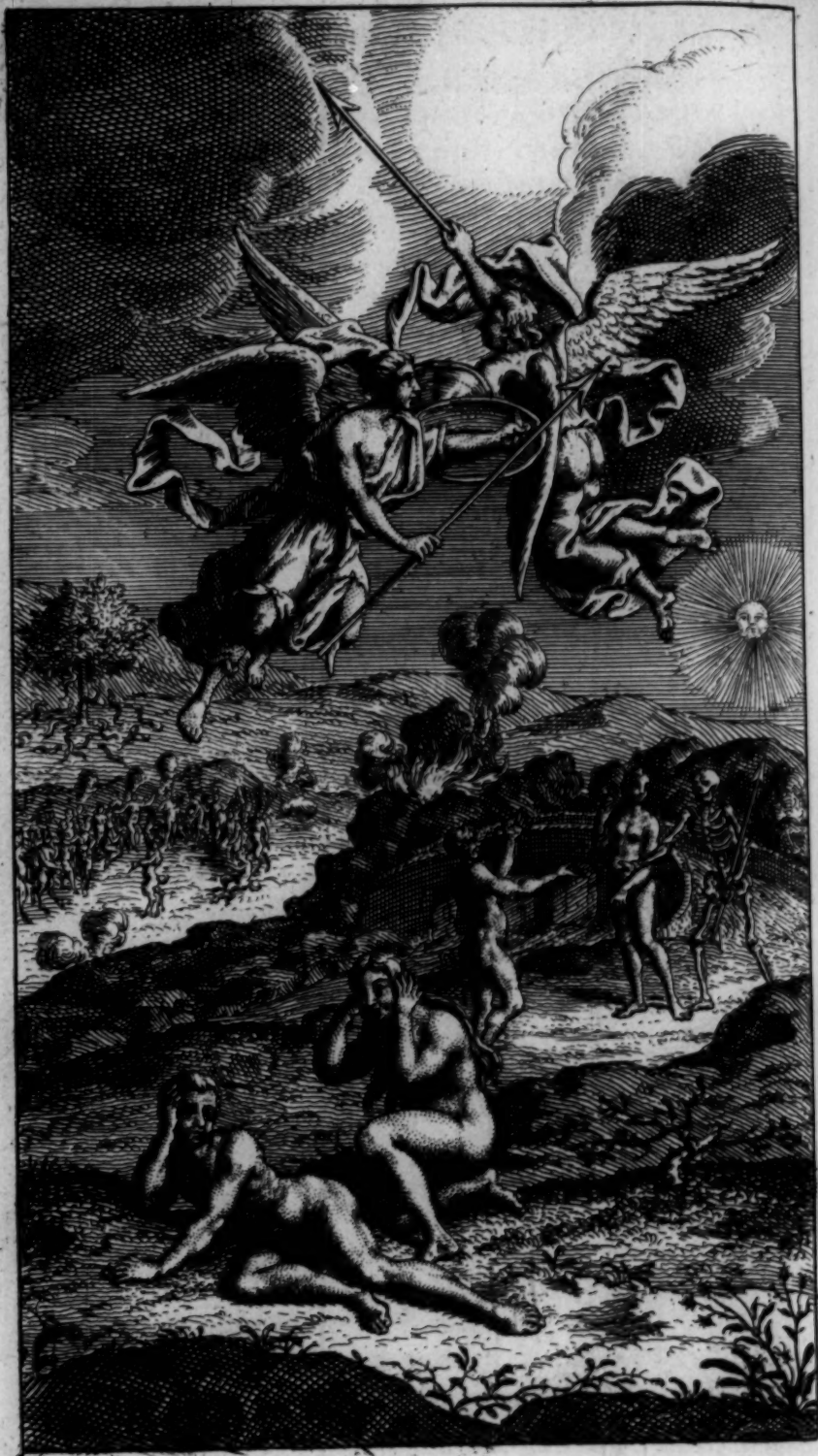
To whom, soon mov'd with touch of blame, thus EVE,
 What words have pass'd thy lips, ADAM severe!
 Imput'st thou that to my default, or will 1145
 Of wand'ring (as thou call'st it) which, who knows
 But

But might as ill have happen'd thou being by;
 Or to thy self perhaps: hadst thou been there,
 Or here th' attempt, thou could'st not have discern'd
 Fraud in the serpent, speaking as he spake; 1150
 No ground of enmity between us known,
 Why he should mean me ill, or seek to harm.
 Was I to have never parted from thy side?
 As good have grown there still a lifeless rib.
 Being as I am, why didst not thou, the Head, 1155
 Command me absolutely not to go,
 Going into such danger, as thou said'st?
 Too facil then, thou didst not much gainsay;
 Nay didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.
 Hadst thou been firm, and fix'd in thy dissent, 1160
 Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with me.

To whom then first incens'd A D A M reply'd:
 Is this the love, is this the recompense
 Of mine to thee, ingrateful E V E! exprest
 Immutable, when thou wert lost, not I; 1165
 Who might have liv'd, and joy'd immortal bliss:
 Yet willingly chose rather Death with thee.
 And am I now upbraided, as the cause
 Of thy transgressing? Not enough severe,
 It seems, in my restraint! What could I more? 1170
 I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee; foretold
 The danger, and the lurking enemy
 That lay in wait: beyond this, had been force;
 And force upon free will hath here no place.
 But confidence then bore thee on; secure 1175
 Either to meet no danger, or to find
 Matter of glorious tryal: and perhaps
 I also err'd, in overmuch admiring.
 What seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought
 No evil durst attempt thee: but I rue 1180
 That error now, which is become my crime;
 And thou th'accuser! Thus it shall befall
 Him, who to worth in women overtrusting,

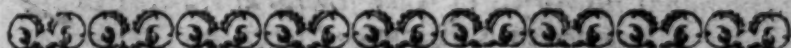
Lets





Lets her will rule: restraint she will not brook;
And left to herself, if evil thence ensue, 1185
She first his weak indulgence will accuse. ---

Thus they in mutual accusation spent
The fruitless hours; but neither self-condemning:
And of their vain contest appear'd no end.



PARADISE LOST.

B O O K X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Man's transgression known, the Guardian-Angels forsake Paradise, and return up to Heaven to approve their vigilance, and are approv'd, GOD declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his SON to judge the transgressors; who descends & gives sentence accordingly; then in pity cloaths them both, and re-ascends. Sin and Death sitting till then at the gates of Hell, by wondrous sympathy feeling the success of Satan in this new world, and the sin by man there committed, resolve to sit no longer confin'd in Hell, but to follow Satan their sire up to the place of man: to make the way easier from Hell to this world to & fro, they pave a broad high-way, or bridge, over Chaos, according to the track that Satan first made; then, preparing for earth, they meet him, proud of his success, returning to Hell: their mutual gratulation: Satan arrives at Pandæmonium, in full assembly, relates with boasting his success against man; instead of applause is entertain'd with a general hiss by all his audience,
P trans-

transform'd with himself also suddenly into serpents, according to his doom giv'n in Paradise; then deluded with a shew of the forbidden tree springing up before them, they greedily reaching to take of the fruit, chew dust & bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin & Death; GOD foretels the final victory of his SON over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the present commands his Angels to make several alterations in the heavens and elements. Adam, more & more perceiving his fall'n condition, heavily bewails, rejects the condolment of Eve; she persists, & at length appeases him; then, to evade the curse likely to fall on their off spring, proposes to Adam violent ways, which he approves not; but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promise made them, that her seed should be reveng'd on the serpent; and exhorts her with him to seek peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.



*Mean-while the hainous and despiteful act
Of SATAN, done in Paradise, & how
He, in the serpent, had perverted EVE,
Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,
Was known in Heav'n: for what can
scape the eye*

5

*Of GOD all-seeing, or deceive his heart
Omniscient? Who, in all things wise and just,
Hinder'd not SATAN to attempt the mind
Of man, with strength entire and free-will arm'd,
Complete to have discover'd, and repuls'd
Whatever wiles of foe, or seeming friend:
For still they knew, (& ought t'have still remember'd)
The high injunction, not to taste that fruit,
Whoever tempted: which they not obeying,
Incurr'd (what could they less?) the penalty,
And manifold in sin, deserv'd to fall.*

10

15

*Up into Heav'n from Paradise in haste
Th' Angelic Guards ascended, mute and sad*

For

For man; for of his state by this they knew:
 Much wondring how the subtil Fiend had stol'n 20
 Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome news
 From earth arriv'd at Heaven-gate, displeas'd
 All were who heard: dim sadness did not spare
 That time cœlestial visages; yet mix'd
 With pity, violated not their bliss. 25
 About the new arriv'd, in multitudes
 Th' ethereal people ran, to hear and know
 How all befel: they towards the Throne supreme
 Accountable made haste, to make appear
 With righteous plea, their utmost vigilance; 30
 And easily approv'd: when the Most High
 Eternal FATHER, from his secret cloud
 Amidst, in thunder utter'd thus his voice.

Assembl'd Angels, and ye Pow'rs return'd
 From unsuccessful charge! be not dismay'd, 35
 Nor troubl'd at these tidings from the earth,
 Which your sincerest care could not prevent,
 Foretold so lately what would come to pass,
 When first this tempter cross'd the gulf from Hell.
 I told ye then he should prevail, and speed 40
 On his bad errand; man should be seduc'd,
 And flatter'd out of all, believing lies
 Against his Maker: no decree of mine
 Concurring to necessitate his fall;
 Or touch with lightest moment of impulse 45
 His free-will, to her own inclining left
 In even scale. But fall'n he is: and now
 What rests, but that the mortal Sentence pass
 On his transgression, death denounc'd that day?
 Which he presumes already vain, and void, 50
 Because not yet inflict'd, (as he fear'd)
 By some immediate stroke: but soon shall find
 Forbearance no acquittance, e're day end.
 Justice shall not return, as bounty, scotch'd.
 But whom send I to judge them? whom, but thee 55

Vicegerent SON? To thee I have transfer'd
 All judgment, whether in Heav'n, or Earth, or Hell,
 Easy it might be seen that I intend
 Mercy colleague with justice, sending thee,
 Man's friend, his Mediator, his design'd 60
 Both Ransom, and Redeemer, voluntary;
 And destin'd man himself, to judge man fall'n.

So spake the FATHER, and unfolding bright
 Tow'rd the right hand his Glory, on the SON
 Blaz'd forth unclouded Deity: He full 65
 Resplendent all his FATHER manifest
 Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd mild.

FATHER Eternal! Thine is to decree;
 Mine, both in Heav'n and earth to do thy will
 Supreme; that thou in me thy SON belov'd 70
 Mayst ever rest well pleas'd. I go to judge
 On earth these thy transgressors; but thou know'st,
 Whoever judg'd, the worst on me must light,
 When time shall be; for so I undertook
 Before thee: and not repenting, this obtain 75
 Of right, that I may mitigate their doom
 On me deriv'd: yet I shall temper so
 Justice with Mercy, as may illustrate most
 Them fully satisfy'd, and thee appease.
 Attendance none shall need, nor train, where none 80
 Are to behold the judgment, but the judg'd,
 Those two: the third best absent is condemn'd;
 Convict by flight, and rebel to all law:
 Conviction to the serpent none belongs.

Thus saying, from his radiant seat he rose 85
 Of high collateral glory: Him Thrones, and Pow'rs,
 Princedoms, and Dominations ministrant,
 Accompany'd to Heaven-gate: from whence
 EDEN, and all the coast in prospect lay.
 Down he descended straight: (the speed of Gods 90
 Time

Time counts not, tho' with swiftest minutes wing'd.)
 Now was the Sun in western cadence low
 From noon; and gentle airs, due at their hour,
 To fan the earth now wak'd, and usher in
 The ev'ning cool; when he, from wrath more cool,
 Came, the mild Judge, and Intercessor both, 96
 To sentence man: the voice of GOD they heard,
 Now walking in the garden, by soft winds
 Brought to their ears, while day declin'd: they heard,
 And from his presence hid themselves, among 100
 The thickest trees, both man and wife: till GOD
 Approaching, thus to ADAM call'd aloud.

Where art thou ADAM, wont with joy to meet
 My coming seen far-off? I miss thee here,
 Not pleas'd; thus entertain'd with solitude, 105
 Where obvious duty e're-while appear'd unsought:
 Or come I less conspicuous? Or what change
 Absents thee? Or what chance detains? Come forth!

He came, and with him EVE, more loth, tho' first
 To offend; discountenanc'd both, & discompos'd: 110
 Love was not in their looks, either to GOD
 Or to each other; but apparent guilt,
 And shame, and perturbation, and despair,
 Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile:
 Whence ADAM, fault'ring long, thus answer'd brief. 115

I heard thee in the garden, and of thy voice
 Afraid, being naked, hid my self. --- To whom
 The gracious Judge without revile reply'd.

My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,
 But still rejoyc'd: how is it now become 120
 So dreadful to thee? That thou art naked, who
 Hath told thee? Hast thou eaten of the tree,
 Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?

To whom thus ADAM, sore beset! reply'd.
 O heav'n! in evil streight this day I stand 125
 Before my Judge, either to undergo
 My self the total crime; or to accuse
 My other self, the partner of my life:
 Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,
 I should conceal, and not expose to blame 130
 By my complaint. But strict necessity
 Subdues me, and calamitous constraint!
 Lest on my head both sin and punishment,
 However insupportable, be all
 Devolv'd. Though should I hold my peace, yet thou
 Wouldst easily detect what I conceal. --- 136
 This Woman, whom thou mad'st to be my help,
 And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,
 So fit, so acceptable, so divine,
 That from her hand I could suspect no ill; 140
 And what she did, whatever in it self,
 Her doing seem'd to justify the deed;
 She gave me of the tree, --- and I did eat!

To whom the Sov'reign Presence thus reply'd.
 Was she thy GOD, that her thou didst obey 145
 Before his voice? Or was she made thy guide,
 Superior, or but equal; that to her
 Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the place
 Wherein GOD set thee above her, made of thee;
 And for thee; whose perfection far excell'd 150
 Hers, in all real dignity? Adorn'd
 She was indeed, and lovely to attract
 Thy love; not thy subjection: and her gifts
 Were such, as under government well-seem'd;
 Unseemly to bear rule; which was thy part, 155
 And person, hadst thou known thy self aright.

So having said, he thus to EVE in few:
 Say, woman, what is this which thou hast done?

To whom sad EVE, with shame nigh overwhelm'd,
 Confessing soon; yet not before her Judge 160
 Bold, or loquacious, thus abash'd reply'd, ---
 The serpent me beguil'd, and I did eat!

Which when the Lord GOD heard, without delay
 To judgment He proceeded on th'accus'd
 Serpent, though brute; unable to transfer 165
 The guilt on him, who made him instrument
 Of mischief, and polluted from the end
 Of his creation; justly then accurst,
 As vitiated in nature. More to know
 Concern'd not man, (since he no further knew) 170
 Nor alter'd his offence: yet GOD at last
 To SATAN, first in sin, his doom apply'd,
 Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best:
 And on the Serpent thus his curse let fall.

Because thou hast done this, thou art accurst 175
 Above all cattle, each beast of the field;
 Upon thy belly groveling thou shalt go;
 And dust shalt eat, all the days of thy life:
 Between thee and the woman I will put
 Enmity, and between thine and her seed: 180
 Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.

So spake this oracle, then verify'd
 When JESUS Son of MARY (second EVE)
 Saw SATAN fall, like lightning, down from Heav'n,
 Prince of the air: then, rising from his grave, 185
 Spoil'd Principalities and Pow'rs, triumph'd
 In open shew; and, with ascension bright,
 Captivity led captive through the air,
 The realm it self of SATAN, long usurp'd;
 Whom He shall tread at last under our feet: 190
 Ev'n HE who now foretold his fatal bruise;
 And to the woman thus his sentence turn'd.

Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply
 By thy conception; children thou shalt bring
 In sorrow forth; and to thy husband's will 195
 Thine shall submit; he over thee shall rule.

On ADAM last thus judgment he pronounc'd:
 Because thou hast hearken'd to the voice of thy wife,
 And eaten of the tree, concerning which
 I charg'd thee, saying, thou shalt not eat thereof: 200
 Curs'd is the ground for thy sake: thou in sorrow
 Shalt eat thereof, all the days of thy life:
 Thorns also, and thistles, it shall bring thee forth
 Unbid; and thou shalt eat th' herb of the field.
 In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, 205
 Till thou return unto the ground; for thou
 Out of the ground wast taken, (know thy birth)
 For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.

So judg'd he man, both Judge and Saviour sent;
 And th' instant stroke of Death, denounc'd that day,
 Remov'd far off: then, pitying how they stood 211
 Before him naked to the air, (that now
 Must suffer change) disdain'd not to begin
 Thenceforth the form of servant to assume:
 As when he wash'd his servants feet; so now, 215
 As father of his family, he clad
 Their nakedness with skins of beasts; or slain,
 Or (as the snake) with youthful coat repaid:
 And thought not much to cloath his enemies.
 Nor he their outward only, with the skins 220
 Of beasts, but inward nakedness (much more
 Opprobrious!) with his robe of righteousness
 Arraying, cover'd from his FATHER's sight.
 To him with swift ascent he up return'd,
 (Into his blissful bosom reassum'd 225
 In glory, as of old) to him appeas'd
 All (tho' all-knowing) what had past with man
 Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.

Mean

Mean while e're thus was sin'd & judg'd on earth,
Within the gates of Hell sat SIN and DEATH, 230
In counter-view within the gates, that now
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
Far into CHAOS, since the Fiend past through,
SIN op'ning; who thus now to DEATH began.

O son! why sit we here each other viewing 235
Idly, while SATAN, our great author, thrives
In other worlds, and happier seat provides
For us his off-spring dear? It cannot be
But that success attends him: if mishap,
E're this he had return'd, with fury driv'n 240
By his avengers, since no place like this
Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.
Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,
Wings growing, and dominion giv'n me large
Beyond this Deep: whatever draws me on, 245
Or sympathy, or some connat'ral force,
Pow'rful at greatest distance to unite
With secret amity, things of like kind;
By secretest conveyance. Thou, my shade
Inseparable, must with me along: 250
For DEATH from SIN no pow'r can separate.
But lest the difficulty of passing back
Stay his return, perhaps, over this gulf
Impassable, impervious; let us try
(Advent'rous work! yet to thy pow'r & mine, 255
Not unagreeable) to found a path
Over this main, from Hell to that new world,
Where SATAN now prevails; a monument
Of merit high, to all th'infernal host;
Easing their passage hence, for intercourse, 260
Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead.
Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn
By this new felt attraction, and instinct.

Whom thus the meagre Shadow answer'd soon.
 Go whither fate, and inclination strong 265
 Leads thee; I shall not lag behind, nor err
 The way, thou leading: such a scent I draw
 Of carnage, prey innumerable! and taste
 The favor of Death from all things there that live.
 Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest 270
 Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.

So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell
 Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock
 Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,
 Against the day of battel, to a field, 275
 Where armies lie incamp'd, come flying, lur'd
 With scent of living carcases, design'd
 For death the following day, in bloody fight:
 So scented the grim Feature, and up-turn'd
 His nostrils wide into the murky air, 280
 Sagacious of his quarry from so far.
 Then both from out Hell-gates, into the waste
 Wide anarchy of CHAOS, damp and dark,
 Flew divers; and with pow'r (their pow'r was great)
 Hovering upon the waters; what they met 285
 Solid or slimy, as in raging sea
 Toft up and down, together crowded drove
 From each side shoaling towards the mouth of Hell:
 As when two polar winds, blowing adverse
 Upon the CRONIAN sea, together drive 290
 Mountains of ice, that stop th' imagin'd way
 Beyond PETZORA eastward, to the rich
 CATHAIAN coast. The aggregated soil
 DEATH with his mace petrific, cold and dry,
 As with a trident smote; and fix'd as firm 295
 As DELOS floating once: the rest, his look
 Bound with GORGONIAN rigor, not to move:
 And with ASPHALTIC slime, (broad as the gate,
 Deep to the roots of Hell) the gather'd beach
 They fasten'd; & the mole immense wrought-on, 300
 Over

Over the foaming Deep high-arch'd; a bridge,
Of length prodigious, joining to the wall
Immoveable of this now-fenceless world,
Forfeit to DEATH. From hence, a passage broad,
Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to Hell. 305
So (if great things to small may be compar'd)
XERXES, the Liberty of GRECE to yoke,
From SUSA (his MEMNONIAN palace high)
Came to the sea; and over HELLESPONT
Bridging his way, EUROPE with ASIA join'd; 310
And scourg'd with many a stroke th' indignant waves.
Now had they brought the work, by wondrous art
Pontifical (a ridge of pendent rock
Over the vex'd Abyss, following the track
Of SATAN) to the self-same place where he 315
First lighted from his wing, and landed safe
From out of CHAOS to the outside bare
Of this round world: with pins of adamant
And chains they made all fast; too fast they made,
And durable: And now, in little space, 320
The confines met of empyrean heav'n,
And of this world; and on the left hand, hell,
With long reach interpos'd: three sev'ral ways
In sight, to each of these three places led,
And now their way to earth they had descry'd, 325
To Paradise first tending; when, behold!
SATAN, in likeness of an Angel bright,
Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering
His zenith, while the Sun in Aries rose;
Disguis'd he came; but those his children dear 330
Their parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.
He, after EVE seduc'd, unminded flunk
Into the wood fast by; and changing shape
T'observe the sequel, saw his guileful act
By EVE (though all unweeting) seconded 335
Upon her husband; saw their shame, that sought
Vain covertures: but when he saw descend
The SON of GOD to judge them, terrify'd
He

He fled; not hoping to escape, but shun
 The present; fearing guilty what his wrath 340
 Might suddenly inflict: that past, return'd
 By night, and listening where the hapless pair
 Sat in their sad discourse, and various plaint,
 Thence gather'd his own doom: which understood
 Not instant, but of future time, with joy 345
 And tidings fraught, to Hell he now return'd:
 And at the brink of CHAOS, near the foot
 Of this new wondrous pontifice, unhop'd
 Met, who to meet him came, his off-spring dear:
 Great joy was at their meeting, and at sight 350
 Of that stupendous bridge, his joy increas'd.
 Long he admiring stood, till SIN, his fair
 Inchanting daughter, thus the silence broke.

O parent! these are thy magnific deeds;
 Thy trophies, which thou view'st as not thine own;
 Thou art their author, and prime architect. 356
 For I no sooner in my heart divin'd
 (My heart, which by a secret harmony
 Still moves with thine, join'd in connexion sweet!)
 That thou on earth hadst prosper'd, which thy looks
 Now also evidence, but straight I felt 361
 (Though distant from thee worlds between, yet felt)
 That I must after thee, with this thy son:
 Such fatal consequence unites us three!
 Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds; 365
 Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure,
 Detain from following thy illustrious track.
 Thou hast atchiev'd our liberty, confin'd
 Within Hell gates till now: Thou us impower'd
 To fortifie thus far, and over-lay 370
 With this portentous bridge the dark Abyss.
 Thine now is all this world; thy virtue hath won
 What thy hands builded not: thy wisdom gain'd,
 With odds what war hath lost: and fully aveng'd
 Our soil in Heav'n: here thou shalt Monarch reign; 375
 There

There didst not: there let him still victor sway,
 As battel hath adjudg'd, from this new world
 Retiring, by his own doom alienated:
 And henceforth Monarchy with thee divide
 Of all things, parted by th'empyreal bounds, 380
 His quadrature, from thy orbicular world;
 Or try thee, now more dang'rous to his throne.

Whom thus the Prince of darkness answer'd glad.
 Fair Daughter, and thou Son and Grandchild both!
 High proof ye now have giv'n to be the race 385
 Of SATAN (for I glory in the name,
 Antagonist of Heav'n's Almighty King)
 Amply have merited of me, of all
 Th'infernal empire, that, so near Heav'n's door
 Triumphal with triumphal act have met, 390
 Mine, with this glorious work; and made one realm
 Hell and this world (our realm) one Continent
 Of easy thorough-fare. Therefore while I
 Descend through darkness, on your road with ease,
 To my associate Pow'rs, them to acquaint 395
 With these successes, and with them rejoyce;
 You two this way, among these numerous Orbs
 (All yours!) right down to Paradise descend:
 There dwell, and reign in bliss; thence on the earth
 Dominion exercise, and in the air, 400
 Chiefly on Man, sole Lord of all declar'd:
 Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.
 My substitutes I send ye, and create
 Plenipotent on earth, of matchless might
 Issuing from me: on your joint vigor now 405
 My hold of this new kingdom all depends;
 Through sin to death expos'd by my exploit.
 If your joint pow'r prevail, th'affairs of hell
 No detriment need fear; go and be strong.

So saying he dismiss'd them; they with speed 410
 Their course through thickest constellations held,
 Spreading

Spreading their bane: the blasted stars look'd wan,
 And Planets, planet-struck, real Eclipse
 Then suffer'd. Th' other way, SATAN went down
 The causey to Hell gate: on either side, 415
 Disparted CHAOS over-built exclaim'd,
 And with rebounding surge the bars assail'd,
 That scorn'd his indignation. Through the gate,
 Wide-open and unguarded, SATAN pass'd,
 And all about found desolate: for those 420
 Appointed to sit there, had left their charge,
 Flown to the upper world: the rest were all
 Far to th' in-land retir'd, about the walls
 Of PANDÆMONIUM, city and proud seat
 Of LUCIFER (so by allusion call'd, 425
 Of that bright star to SATAN paragon'd)
 There kept their watch the legions; while the Grand
 In council sat, solicitous what chance
 Might intercept their Emperor sent: so he
 Departing gave command, and they observ'd. 430
 As when the TARTAR from his RUSSIAN foe,
 By ASTRACAN, over the snowy plains,
 Retires: or BACTRIAN Sophy from the horns
 Of TURKISH Crescent, leaves all waste beyond
 The realm of ALADULE, in his retreat 435
 To TAURUS, or CASBEEN: so these (the late
 Heav'n-banish'd host) left desert utmost Hell
 Many a dark league, reduc'd in careful watch
 Round their Metropolis; and now expecting
 Each hour their great adventurer from the search 440
 Of foreign worlds: he through the midst unmark'd,
 In shew plebeian Angel militant
 Of lowest order, past; and from the door
 Of that PLUTONIAN hall, invisible
 Ascended his high throne; which under state 445
 Of richest texture spread, at th' upper end
 Was plac'd in regal lustre. Down a-while
 He sat, and round about him saw unseen.
 At last, as from a cloud, his fulgent head,

And

And shape star-bright, appear'd, (or brighter, clad
 With what permissive glory since his fall 451
 Was left him, or false glitter :) all amaz'd
 At that so sudden blaze, the Strygian throng
 Bent their aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld,
 Their mighty Chief return'd: loud was th'acclaim!
 Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting Peers, 456
 Rais'd from their dark Divan, and with like joy
 Congratulant approach'd him; who with hand
 Silence, and with these words attention, won.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Pow'rs!
 For in possession such, not only of right, 461
 I call ye and declare ye now; return'd
 Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth
 Triumphant out of this infernal pit
 Abominable, accurs'd, the house of woe, 465
 And dungeon of our tyrant! now possess,
 As Lords, a spacious world, t'our native Heav'n
 Little inferior, by my adventure hard
 With peril great atchiev'd. Long were to tell
 What I have done, what suffer'd, with what pain 470
 Voyag'd th'unreal, vast, unbounded Deep
 Of horrible confusion! over which
 By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd,
 To expedite your glorious march: but I
 Toil'd out my uncouth passage, forc'd to ride 475
 Th'untractable Abyss, plung'd in the womb
 Of unoriginal Night, and Chaos wild:
 That, jealous of their secrets, fiercely oppos'd
 My journey strange, with clamorous uproar
 Protesting fate supreme: thence, how I found 480
 The new created world, which fame in Heav'n
 Long had foretold; a fabric wonderful!
 Of absolute perfection: therein Man,
 Plac'd in a Paradise, by our exile
 Made happy: him by fraud I have seduc'd 485
 From his Creator; and, the more t'increase

Your

Your wonder, with an apple: He thereat
 Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up
 Both his beloved Man, and all his world,
 To SIN and DEATH a prey, and so to us, 490
 Without our hazard, labor, or alarm;
 To range in, and to dwell, and over man
 To rule, as over all he should have rul'd.
 True is, me also he hath judg'd (or rather
 Me not, but the brute serpent, in whose shape 495
 Man I deceiv'd) that which to me belongs,
 Is enmity, which he will put between
 Me and mankind; I am to bruise his heel;
 His seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head.
 A world who would not purchase with a bruise, 500
 Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th' account
 Of my performance: What remains, ye Gods,
 But up and enter now into full bliss? ---

So having said, a while he stood, expecting
 Their universal shout, and high applause 505
 To fill his ear; when contrary, he hears
 On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
 A dismal universal hiss, the sound
 Of public scorn: he wonder'd, but not long
 Had leisure, wond'ring at himself now more: 510
 His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare;
 His arms clung to his ribs; his legs entwining
 Each other, till supplanted down he fell;
 A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,
 Reluctant; but in vain! a greater pow'r 515
 Now rul'd him, punish'd in the shape he sinn'd,
 According to his doom. He would have spoke;
 But hiss for hiss return'd with forked tongue,
 To forked tongue; for now were all transform'd
 Alike, to serpents all, as accessories 520
 To his bold Riot: dreadful was the din
 Of hissing through the hall, thick swarming now
 With complicated monsters head and tail;
 Scorpion,

Scorpion, and Asp, and Amphisbæna dire,
 Ceraſtes horn'd, Hydrus, and Elops drear, 525
 And Dipſas (not ſo thick ſwarm'd once the ſoil
 Bedrop'd with blood of GORGON; or the iſle
 OPHIUſA) but ſtil greateſt he the miſt;
 Now Dragon grown; larger than whom the Sun
 Ingender'd in the PYTHIAN vale on ſlime, 530
 Huge PYTHON! and his pow'r no leſs he ſeem'd
 Above the reſt ſtill to retain: they all
 Him follow'd, iſſuing forth to th' open field;
 Where all yet left of that revolted rout,
 Heav'n-fall'n, in ſtation ſtood or juſt array, 535
 Sublime with expectation, when to ſee
 In triumph iſſuing forth their glorious Chief.
 They ſaw, but other ſight inſtead! a crowd
 Of ugly ſerpents: horror on them fell,
 And horrid ſympathy: for what they ſaw, 540
 They felt themſelves, now changing: down their arms,
 Down fell both ſpear and ſhield, down they aſt:
 And the dire hiſs renew'd, and the dire form
 Catch'd by contagion; like in puniſhment,
 As in their crime. Thus was th' applauſe they meant,
 Turn'd to exploding hiſs, triumph to ſhame, 546
 Caſt on themſelves from their own mouths. There ſtood
 A grove hard by, ſprung up with this their change,
 (His will, who reigns above!) to aggravate
 Their pennance, laden with fruit, like to that 550
 Which grew in Paradife, the bait of EVE
 Uſ'd by the tempter: on that proſpect ſtrange
 Their earneſt eyes they fix'd; imagining
 For one forbidden Tree, a multitude
 Now fix'd, to work them further woe or ſhame: 555
 Yet parch'd with ſcalding thirſt, and hunger fierce,
 Though to delude them ſent, could not abſtain;
 But on they roll'd in heaps, and up the trees
 Climbing, ſat thicker than the ſnaky locks
 That curl'd MEGÆRA: greedily they pluck'd 560
 The fruitage fair to ſight (like that which grew

Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flam'd:
 This, more delusive, not the touch, but taste
 Deceiv'd) they fondly thinking to allay
 Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit 565
 Chew'd bitter ashes, which th'offended taste
 With spattering noise rejected: oft they assay'd,
 Hunger and thirst constraining; drug'd as oft
 With hatefullest disrelish, writh'd their jaws,
 With soot and cinders fill'd: so, oft they fell 570
 Into the same illusion; not as man, [plagu'd
 Whom they triumph'd, once laps'd. Thus were they
 And worn with famine, long and ceaseless hiss,
 Till their lost shape, permitted, they resum'd:
 Yearly injoin'd, some say, to undergo 575
 This annual humbling certain number'd days,
 To dash their pride, and joy for man seduc'd.
 However, some tradition they dispers'd
 Among the Heathen, of their purchase got,
 And fabled how the serpent, whom they call'd 580
 OPHION, with EURYNOME (the wide-
 Encroaching EVE perhaps) had first the rule
 Of high OLYMPUS; thence by SATURN driv'n,
 And OPS, ere yet DICTÆAN JOVE was born.

Mean while in Paradise the hellish pair 585
 Too soon arriv'd, SIN, there in pow'r before,
 Once actual; now in body, and to dwell
 Habitual habitant; behind her DEATH,
 Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
 On his pale horse: to whom SIN thus began. 590

Second of SATAN sprung, all-conquering DEATH!
 What think'st thou of our empire now? Tho' earn'd
 With travel difficult, not better far,
 Than still at Hell's dark threshold t'have sat watch,
 Unnam'd, undreaded, and thy self half starv'd? 595

Whom

Whom thus the fin-born monster answer'd soon:
 To me, who with eternal famine pine,
 Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heav'n;
 There best, where most with ravin I may meet:
 Which here, tho' plenteous, all too little seems
 To stuff this maw, this vast un-hide-bound corps.

To whom th' incestuous mother thus reply'd:
 Thou therefore on these herbs, & fruits, & flow'rs
 Feed first; on each beast next, and fish, and fowl;
 No homely morsels! and whatever thing
 The scythe of TIME mowes down, devour unspar'd:
 Till I in man residing, through the race,
 His thoughts, his looks, words, actions all infect;
 And season him thy last and sweetest prey.

This said, they both betook them several ways,
 Both to destroy, or un-immortal make
 All kinds; and for destruction to mature
 Sooner or later: which th' Almighty seeing,
 From his transcendent seat the Saints among,
 To those bright Orders utter'd thus his voice.

See! with what heat these dogs of hell advance,
 To waste and havock yonder world; which I
 So fair and good created; and had still
 Kept in that state, had not the folly of man
 Let in these wasteful Furies; who impute
 Folly to me: so doth the Prince of Hell,
 And his adherents, that with so much ease
 I suffer them to enter and possess
 A place so heav'nly, and conniving seem
 To gratifie my scornful enemies,
 That laugh, as if (transported with some fit
 Of passion) I to them had quitted all,
 At random yielded up to their mis-rule:
 And know not that I call'd, and drew them thither,
 My hell-hounds, to lick up the draff, and filth,

Which man's polluting sin with taint hath shed
 On what was pure: till cramm'd & gorg'd, nigh burst,
 With suck'd and glutted offal, at one sling
 Of thy victorious arm, well-pleasing SON! 634
 Both SIN, & DEATH, & yawning GRAVE, at last
 Through CHAOS hurl'd, obstruct the mouth of Hell
 For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.

Then, heav'n and earth renew'd, shall be made pure
 To sanctity, that shall receive no stain:
 Till then, the curse pronounc'd on both precedes. 640

He ended, and the heav'nly audience loud
 Sung Hallelujah, as the sound of seas,
 Through multitude that sung! „ Just are thy ways,
 „ Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works;
 „ Who can extenuate Thee? next, to the SON, 645
 „ Destin'd restorer of Mankind, by whom
 „ New heav'n and earth shall to the ages rise;
 „ Or down from Heav'n descend... Such was their
 While the Creator calling forth by name [song,
 His mighty Angels, gave them several charge, 650
 As sorted best with present things. The Sun
 Had first his precept so to move, so shine,
 As might affect the earth with cold, and heat,
 Scarce tollerable; and from the north to call
 Decrepit Winter; from the south to bring 655
 Solstitial summer's heat. To the blanc moon
 Her office they prescrib'd; to th' other five,
 Their planetary motions, and aspects,
 In Sextil, Square, and Trine, and Opposite,
 Of noxious efficacy; and when to join 660
 In synod unbenign: and taught the fix'd
 Their influence malignant when to show'r;
 Which of them, rising with the Sun, or falling,
 Should prove tempestuous. To the winds they set
 Their corners; when with bluster to confound 665
 Sea, air, and shoar: the thunder, when to roll
 With terror through the dark aerial hall.

Some

Some say, he bid his Angels turn ascanse
The Poles of earth, twice ten degrees and more,
From the Sun's axle; they with labor push'd 670
Oblique the centric globe: some say the Sun
Was bid turn from the Æquinoctial road
Like distant breadth to Taurus, with the sev'n
ATLANTIC sisters, and the SPARTAN Twins,
Up to the Tropic Crab; thence, down amain 675
By Leo, and the Virgin, and the Scales,
As deep as Capricorn; to bring in change
Of seasons to each clime: else had the spring
Perpetual smil'd on earth with vernant flow'rs,
Equal in days and nights, except to those 680
Beyond the Polar circles: to them day
Had unbenighted shone, while the low Sun
To recompense his distance, in their sight
Had rounded still th' Horizon, and not known
Or east or west; which had forbid the snow 685
From cold ESTOTILAND; and south as far
Beneath MAGELLAN. At that tasted fruit
The Sun, as from THYESTEAN banquet, turn'd
His course intended; else how had the world
Inhabited, though sinless, more than now 690
Avoided pinching cold, and scorching heat?
These changes in the heav'ns (though flow) produc'd
Like change on sea, and land; sidereal blast,
Vapor, and mist, and exhalation hot;
Corrupt, and pestilent! Now from the north 695
Of NORUMBEGUE, and the SAMOED shore,
Bursting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice
And snow, and hail, and stormy gust, and flaw,
Boreas, and Cæcias, and Argestes loud,
And Thrascias, rend the woods, and seas up-turn:
With adverse blast up-turns them from the south 700
Notus, and Afer, black with thundrous clouds
From SIERRA LIONA: thwart of these, as fierce,
Forth rush the Levant, and the Ponent winds,
Eurus, and Zephyr; with their lateral noise, 705

Sirocco, and Libecchio. Thus began
 Outrage from lifeless things: but Discord first
 (Daughter of SIN) among th'irrational
 DEATH introduc'd, through fierce antipathy:
 Beast now with beast 'gan war, & fowl with fowl, 710
 And fish with fish: to graze the herb all leaving,
 Devour'd each other; nor stood much in awe
 Of man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim
 Glar'd on him passing. These were from without
 The growing miseries, which ADAM saw 715
 Already in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,
 To sorrow abandon'd: but worse felt within!
 And in a troubled sea of passion tost,
 Thus to disburden sought with sad complaint.

O miserable of happy! is this the end 720
 Of this new glorious world, and me so late
 The glory of that glory, who now become
 Accurst of blessed? Hide me from the face
 Of GOD, whom to behold was then my height
 Of happiness! yet well, if here would end 725
 The misery; I deserv'd it, and would bear
 My own deservings; but this will not serve!
 All that I eat, or drink, or shall beget,
 Is propagated curse. O voice once heard
 Delightfully, *Increase and multiply*; 730
 Now death to hear! For what can I increase,
 Or multiply, but curses on my head?
 Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling
 The evil on him brought by me, will curse
 My head? ill fare our ancestor impure! 735
 For this we may thank ADAM! but his thanks
 Shall be the execration: so besides
 Mine own that bide upon me, all from me
 Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound:
 On me, as on their natural centre, light: 740
 Heavy, though in their place! O fleeting joys
 Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!

Did

Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay,
 To mold me man? Did I sollicite thee
 From darkness to promote me? Or here place 745
 In this delicious garden? As my will
 Concurr'd not to my being, it were but right,
 And equal, to reduce me to my dust,
 Desirous to resign, and render back
 All I receiv'd; unable to perform 750
 Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
 The good I sought not. To the loss of that,
 Sufficient penalty! why hast thou added
 The sense of endless woes? Inexplicable
 Thy justice seems. --- Yet, to say truth, too late,
 I thus contest: then should have been refus'd 756
 These terms, whatever, when they were propos'd:
 Thou didst accept them; wilt thou enjoy the good,
 Then cavil the conditions? And though God
 Made thee without thy leave; what if thy son 760
 Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,
 Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not!
 Wouldst thou admit, for his contempt of thee,
 That proud excuse? Yet him, not thy election,
 But natural necessity begot. 765
 God made thee of choice his own, and of his own
 To serve him; thy reward was of his grace;
 Thy punishment then justly is at his will.
 Be it so! for I submit; His doom is fair,
 That dust I am, and shall to dust return: 770
 O welcome hour whenever! Why delays
 His hand to execute, what his decree
 Fix'd on this day? Why do I over-live?
 Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out
 To deathless pain? How gladly would I meet 775
 Mortality my sentence, and be earth
 Insensible! How glad would lay me down,
 As in my mother's lap! There I should rest,
 And sleep secure: His dreadful voice no more
 Would thunder in my ears: no fear of worse 780

To me, and to my off-spring, would torment me
With cruel expectation. --- Yet one doubt
Persues me still, lest all I cannot die;
Lest that pure breath of life, the spirit of man,
Which G O D inspir'd, cannot together perish 785
With this corporeal clod: then, in the grave,
Or in some other dismal place, who knows
But I shall die a living death? O thought
Horrid, if true! Yet why? It was but breath
Of life that sinn'd: what dies, but what had life, 790
And sin? The body properly hath neither.
All of me then shall die; let this appease
The doubt, since human reach no further knows.
For though the Lord of all be infinite,
Is his wrath also? Be it! Man is not so; 795
But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise
Wrath without end on man, whom death must end?
Can he make deathless death? That were to make
Strange contradiction, which to G O D himself
Impossible is held; as argument 800
Of weakness, not of pow'r. Will he draw out,
For anger's sake, finite to infinite,
In punish'd man, to satisfy his rigor,
Satisfy'd never? That were to extend
His sentence beyond dust, and nature's law: 805
By which all causes else, according still
To the reception of their matter, act;
Not to th' extent of their own sphere. But say
That Death be not one stroke, as I suppos'd,
Bereaving sense: but endless misery 810
From this day onward; which I feel begun
Both in me, and without me, and so last
To perpetuity --- Ah me! That fear
Comes thundring back with dreadful revolution
On my defenseless head: both Death and I 815
Am found eternal, and incorporate both.
Nor I on my part single; in me all
Posterity stands curst! Fair patrimony

That

That I must leave ye, sons! O were I able
 To waste it all my self, and leave ye none! 820
 So disinherited, how would ye bless
 Me, now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind,
 For one man's fault, thus guiltless be condemn'd,
 If guiltless? But from me what can proceed,
 But all corrupt, both mind and will deprav'd, 825
 Not to do only, but to will the same
 With me? How can they then acquitted stand
 In sight of GOD? Him after all disputes
 Forc'd I absolve: all my evasions vain
 And reasonings, (tho thro' mazes) lead me still 830
 But to my own conviction: first and last
 On me, me only, as the source and spring
 Of all corruption, all the blame lights due:
 So might the wrath! Fond with! couldst thou support
 That burden, heavier than the earth to bear; 835
 Than all the world much heavier; though divided
 With that bad woman? Thus what thou desir'st
 And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all hope
 Of refuge; and concludes thee miserable,
 Beyond all past example, and future: 840
 To SATAN only like, both crime and doom.
 O Conscience! into what abyss of fears
 And horrors hast thou driv'n me? Out of which
 I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!

Thus ADAM to himself lamented loud, 845
 Through the still night; not now (as e're man fell)
 Wholsom, and cool, and mild; but with black air
 Accompany'd; with damps and dreadful gloom;
 Which to his evil conscience represented
 All things with double terror. On the ground 850
 Outstretch'd he lay, on the cold ground: and oft
 Curs'd his creation; Death as oft accus'd
 Of tardy execution, since denounc'd
 The day of his offence. Why comes not Death,
 (Said he) with one thrice acceptable stroke 855

To end me? Shall Truth fail to keep her word?

Justice Divine not hasten to be just?

But Death comes not at call, Justice Divine

Mends not her slowest pace for pray'rs, or cries!

O woods, O fountains, * hillocks, dales, & bow'rs!

With other echo late I taught your shades 861

To answer, and resound far other song! ---

Whom thus afflicted when sad EVE beheld,

Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,

Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd: 865

But her with stern regard he thus repell'd.

Out of my sight, thou serpent! --- That name best

Befits thee, with him leagu'd; thy self as false

And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy shape,

Like his, and color serpentine, may shew 870

Thy inward fraud; to warn all creatures from thee

Henceforth; lest that too heav'nly form, pretended

To hellish falsehood, snare them! But for thee

I had persisted happy; had not thy pride

And wand'ring vanity, when least was safe, 875

Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd

Not to be trusted; longing to be seen,

Though by the Devil himself; him overweening

To over-reach: but with the serpent meeting,

Fool'd and beguil'd, by him thou, I by thee 880

To trust thee from my side; imagin'd wise,

Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,

And understood not all was but a shew,

Rather than solid virtue; all but a rib,

Crooked by nature, bent (as now appears) 885

More to the part sinister from me drawn;

Well if thrown out, as supernumerary

To my just number found! O! why did GOD,

Creator wise! that peopl'd highest Heav'n

With spirits masculine, create at last 890

This novelty on earth, this fair defect

Of

* Perhaps it shou'd be, Hills, Rocks.

Of nature? And not fill the world at once
 With men, as Angels, without feminine?
 Or find some other way to generate
 Mankind? This mischief had not then befall'n, 895
 And more that shall befall: innumerable
 Disturbances on earth through female snares,
 And strait conjunction with this sex: for either
 He never shall find out fit mate; but such
 As some misfortune brings him, or mistake; 900
 Or, whom he wishes most, shall seldom gain
 Through her perverseness; but shall see her gain'd
 By a far worse; or if she love, with-held
 By parents; or his happiest choice too late
 Shall meet, already link'd, and wedlock-bound 905
 To a fell adversary, his hate, or shame:
 Which infinite calamity shall cause
 To human life, and house-hold peace confound!

He added not, and from her turn'd --- But EVE
 Not so repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing, 910
 And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet
 Fell humble; and embracing them, besought
 His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.

Forfake me not thus, ADAM! Witness Heav'n
 What love sincere, and reverence in my heart 915
 I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
 Unhappily deceiv'd! Thy suppliant
 I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not
 (Whereon I live!) thy gentle looks, thy aid,
 Thy counsel, in this uttermost distress, 920
 My only strength, and stay! Forlorn of thee,
 Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
 While yet we live, (scarce one short hour perhaps)
 Between us two let there be peace; both joining
 (As join'd in injuries) one enmity 925
 Against a foe by doom express assign'd us,
 That cruel serpent! On me exercise not

Thy

Thy hatred for this misery befall'n;
 On me already lost! Me, than thy self
 More miserable! Both have sinn'd; but thou 930
 Against God only; I against God, and thee;
 And to the place of judgment will return,
 There with my cries importune Heav'n, that all
 The sentence, from thy head remov'd, may light
 On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe, 935
 Me, me, only just object of his ire!

She ended weeping; and her lowly plight
 Immoveable, till peace obtain'd from fault
 Acknowledg'd, and deplor'd, in ADAM wrought
 Commiseration: soon his heart relented 940
 Towards her, his life so late, and sole delight,
 Now at his feet submissive in distress!
 Creature so fair his reconciliation seeking,
 His counsel, (whom she had displeas'd) his aid!
 As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost; 945
 And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon.

Unwary, and too desirous (as before,
 So now) of what thou know'st not, who desir'st
 The punishment all on thy self! Alas!
 Bear thine own first; ill able to sustain 950
 His full wrath, whose thou feel'st as yet least part;
 And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If pray'rs
 Could alter high decrees, I to that place
 Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,
 That on my head all might be visited, 955
 Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiv'n;
 To me committed, and by me expos'd.
 But rise; let us no more contend, nor blame
 Each other; blam'd enough elsewhere! But strive
 In offices of love, how we may light'n 960
 Each other's burthen, in our share of woe:
 Since this day's death denounc'd (if ought I see)
 Will prove no sudden, but a slow-pac'd, evil;

A long day's dying to augment our pain:
And to our seed (O hapless seed!) deriv'd. 965

To whom thus EVE, recov'ring heart, reply'd.
ADAM, by sad experiment, I know
How little weight my words with thee can find,
Found so erroneous; thence by just event
Found so unfortunate; nevertheless, 970
Restor'd by thee, (vile as I am!) to place
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain
Thy love (the sole contentment of my heart
Living or dying) from thee I will not hide
What thoughts in my unquiet breast are ris'n: 975
Tending to some relief of our extremes,
Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable
As in our evils, and of easier choice,
If care of our descent perplex us most,
Which must be born to certain woe, devour'd 980
By DEATH at last, (and miserable it is
To be to others cause of misery,
Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring
Into this cursed world a woeful race;
That after wretched life must be at last 985
Food for so foul a monster:) in thy pow'r
It lies yet, e're conception, to prevent
The race unblest, to being yet unbegot.
Childless thou art, childless remain: so DEATH
Shall be deceiv'd his glut; and with us two 990
Be forc'd to satisfy his rav'nous maw.
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain
From love's due rites, nuptial embraces sweet,
And with desire to languish without hope, 995
Before the present object languishing
With like desire (which would be misery,
And torment, less than none of what we dread)
Then, both our selves and seed at once to free
From what we fear for both, let us make short, 1000
Let

Let us seek DEATH: or he not found, supply
 With our own hands his office on our selves.
 Why stand we longer shivering under fears,
 That shew no end but death; and have the pow'r
 Of many ways to die, the shortest chusing, 1005
 Destruction with destruction to destroy? ---

She ended here, or vehement despair
 Broke off the rest: so much of death her thoughts
 Had entertain'd, as dy'd her cheeks with pale.
 But ADAM, with such counsel nothing sway'd, 1010
 To better hopes his more attentive mind
 Lab'ring had rais'd; and thus to EVE reply'd.

EVE; thy contempt of life, and pleasure, seems
 To argue in thee something more sublime,
 And excellent, than what thy mind contemns. 1015
 But self-destruction therefore sought, refutes
 That excellence thought in thee: and implies,
 Not thy contempt, but anguish, and regret
 For loss of life, and pleasure, over-lov'd.
 Or if thou covet Death, as utmost end 1020
 Of misery; so thinking to evade
 The penalty pronounc'd; doubt not but GOD
 Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire, than so
 To be forestall'd: much more I fear, lest Death,
 So snatch'd, will not exempt us from the pain 1025
 We are by doom to pay. Rather, such acts
 Of contumacy will provoke the Highest,
 To make Death in us live! Then, let us seek
 Some safer resolution; which methinks
 I have in view, calling to mind with heed 1030
 Part of our sentence, that „ *thy seed shall bruise*
 „ *The Serpent's head*: „ Piteous amends! unless
 Be meant (whom I conjecture) our grand foe,
 SATAN: who in the Serpent hath contriv'd
 Against us this deceit. To crush his head 1035
 Would be revenge indeed, which will be lost

By

By death brought on our selves; or childless days
 Resolv'd, as thou propos'st: so, our foe
 Shall scape his punishment ordain'd; and we
 Instead shall double ours upon our heads. 1040
 No more be mention'd then of violence
 Against our selves; and wilful barrenness
 That cuts us off from hope; and favors only
 Rancor, and pride, impatience, and despite,
 Reluctance against GOD, and his just yoke 1045
 Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild
 And gracious temper he both heard, and judg'd
 Without wrath, or reviling: we expected
 Immediate dissolution, which we thought
 Was meant by Death that day; when lo! to thee
 Pains only in child-bearing were foretold, 1051
 And bringing forth; soon recompens'd with joy,
 Fruit of thy womb: on me the curse aslope
 Glanc'd on the ground; with labor I must earn
 My bread: what harm? Idleness had been worse:
 My labor will sustain me: and lest cold, 1056
 Or heat, should injure us, his timely care
 Hath, unbefought, provided; and his hands
 Cloath'd us unworthy; pitying while he judg'd.
 How much more, if we pray him, will his ear 1060
 Be open, and his heart to pity incline?
 And teach us further by what means to shun
 Th' inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail and snow;
 Which now the sky, with various face, begins
 To shew us in this mountain; while the winds 1065
 Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks
 Of these fair-spreading trees; which bids us seek
 Some better shrowd, some better warmth, to cherish
 Our limbs benumm'd; e're this diurnal star 1069
 Leave cold the night, how we his gather'd beams
 Reflected, may with matter sere foment;
 Or, by collision of two bodies, grind
 The air attrite to fire; as late the clouds
 Jostling, or push'd with winds, rude in their shock
 Time

Time the slant lightning; whose thwart flame driv'n
down, 1075

Kindles the gummy bark of Fir, and Pine;
And sends a comfortable heat from far,
Which might supply the Sun. Such fire to use,
And what may else be remedy, or cure
To evils, which our own misdeeds have wrought;
He will instruct us praying, and of grace 1081

Beseeching him. So as we need not fear
To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd
By him with many comforts; till we end
In dust, our final rest, and native home! 1085

What better can we do, than to the place
Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall
Before him reverent; and there confess
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg; with tears

Wat'ring the ground, and with our sighs the air 1090
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek?

Undoubtedly he will relent, and turn
From his displeasure: in whose look serene,
When angry most he seem'd, and most severe, 1095
What else but favor, grace and mercy shone?

So spake our father penitent: nor EVE
Felt less remorse. They forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judg'd them, prostrate fell
Before him reverent; and both confess'd 1100
Humbly their faults; and pardon begg'd; with tears
Wat'ring the ground; and with their sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite; in sign
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

The end of the tenth Book.









PARADISE LOST.

B O O K X I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The SON of GOD presents to His FATHER the prayers of our first parents now repenting, and intercedes for them: GOD accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise: sends Michael with a band of Cherubim to dispossess them; but first to reveal to Adam future things: Michael's coming down. Adam shews to Eve certain ominous signs: he discerns Michael's approach; goes out to meet him: the Angel denounces their departure. Eve's Lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits: the Angel leads him up to a high Hill; and sets before him in vision what shall happen till the Flood.

 **H**US they, in lowliest plight, repentant
 stood
 Praying; for, from the mercy-seat above,
 Preventive grace descending, had re-
 mov'd

The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh
 Regenerate grow instead; that sighs now breath'd
 Unutterable, which the spirit of pray'r
 Inspir'd, and wing'd for Heav'n with speedier flight
 Than loudest oratory. Yet their port
 Not of mean suitors; nor important less
 Seem'd their petition, than when th' antient pair
 R. In

In fables old (less antient yet than these)
 DEUCALION, and chaste PYRRHA, to restore
 The race of mankind drown'd, before the shrine
 Of THEMIS stood devout. To Heav'n their pray'rs
 Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds 15
 Blown vagabond, or frustrate: in they pass'd
 Dimensionless thro' heav'nly doors; then clad
 With incense, where the golden altar fum'd,
 By their great Intercessor, came in sight
 Before the FATHER's throne: them the glad SON
 Presenting, thus to intercede began. 21

See, FATHER, what first fruits on earth are sprung
 From thy implanted grace in man! these sighs
 And pray'rs, which in this golden censer, mix'd
 With incense, I thy Priest before thee bring: - 25
 Fruits of more pleasing favor, from thy seed
 Sown with contrition in his heart, than those
 Which (his own hand manuring) all the trees
 Of Paradise could have produc'd, e're fall'n
 From innocence. Now therefore, bend thine ear 30
 To supplication; hear his sighs though mute!
 Unskilful with what words to pray, let me
 Interpret for him; me, his advocate
 And propitiation; all his works on me,
 Good or not good, ingraft: My merit those 35
 Shall perfect; and for these, my death shall pay.
 Accept me; and in me, from these receive
 The smell of peace tow'rd mankind: let him live
 Before thee reconcil'd, (at least his days
 Number'd) tho' sad; till Death (his doom, which I
 To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse) 41
 To better life shall yield him; where with me
 All my Redeem'd may dwell, in joy, and bliss;
 Made one with me, as I with thee am one.

To whom the FATHER, without cloud, serene. 45
 All thy request for man, accepted SON,
 Obtain;

Obtain; all thy request was my decree.
 But longer in that Paradise to dwell,
 The law I gave to nature him forbids.
 Those pure immortal elements, that know 50
 No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,
 Eject him, tainted now; and purge him off,
 (As a distemper) gross, to air as gross,
 And mortal food, as may dispose him best
 For dissolution wrought by sin, that first 55
 Distemper'd all things; and of incorrupt,
 Corrupted. I, at first, with two fair gifts
 Created him endow'd, with happiness,
 And immortality: that, fondly lost,
 This other, serv'd but to eternise woe, 60
 Till I provided Death: so Death becomes
 His final remedy: and after life
 Try'd in sharp tribulation, and refin'd
 By faith, and faithful works, to second life,
 (Wak'd in the renovation of the just) 65
 Resigns him up, with heav'n and earth renew'd.
 But let US call to synod all the Blest, [hide
 Thro' Heav'n's wide bounds: from them I will not
 My judgments, how with mankind I proceed;
 As how with peccant Angels late they saw, 70
 And in their state, tho' firm, stood more confirm'd.

He ended, and the Son gave signal high
 To the bright Minister that watch'd: he blew
 His trumpet (heard in OREB since, perhaps,
 When GOD descended; &, perhaps, once more 75
 To sound at general doom.) Th' Angelic blast
 Fill'd all the regions: from their blissful bow'rs
 Of amarantin shade, fountain or spring,
 By the waters of life, where-e'er they sat
 In fellowships of joy, the sons of light 80
 Hastened, resorting to the summons high,
 And took their seats: till from his Throne supreme
 Th' Almighty thus pronounc'd his sov'reign Will.

O Sons! like one of Us man is become
 To know both good and evil, since his taste 85
 Of that defended fruit: but let him boast
 His knowledge of good lost, and evil got:
 Happier! had it suffic'd him to have known
 Good by it self, and evil not at all.
 He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite; 90
 My motions in him: longer than they move,
 His heart I know how variable, and vain,
 Self-left. Lest therefore his now bolder hand
 Reach also of the Tree of Life, and eat,
 And live for ever, (dream at least to live 95
 For ever) to remove him I decree,
 And send him from the garden forth, to till
 The ground whence he was taken; fitter soil.

MICHAEL, this my behest have thou in charge!
 Take to thee from among the Cherubim 100
 Thy choice of flaming warriors; lest the Fiend,
 (Or in behalf of man, or to invade
 Vacant possession,) some new trouble raise.
 Haste thee! and from the Paradise of God
 Without remorse drive out the sinful pair; 105
 From hallow'd ground th'unholy: and denounce
 To them, and to their progeny, from thence
 Perpetual banishment. Yet lest they faint,
 At the sad sentence rigorously urg'd,
 (For I behold them soften'd, and with tears 110
 Bewailing their excess) all terror hide.
 If patiently thy bidding they obey,
 Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveal
 To ADAM what shall come in future days,
 As I shall thee enlighten: intermix 115
 My cov'nant in the woman's seed renew'd:
 So send them forth, tho' sorrowing, yet in peace.
 And on the east-side of the garden place,
 (Where entrance up from EDEN easiest climbs)
 Cherubic watch; and of a sword the flame 120
 Wide-

Wide-waving, all approach far off to fright,
 And guard all passage to the Tree of Life:
 Lest Paradise a receptacle prove
 To spirits foul, and all my trees their prey;
 With whose stol'n fruit man once more to delude. 125

He ceas'd; and th' Arch-Angelic Pow'r prepar'd
 For swift descent: with him the cohort bright
 Of watchful Cherubim: four faces each
 Had, like a double JANUS; all their shape
 Spangled with eyes, more numerous than those 130
 Of ARGUS, and more wakeful than to drouze,
 Charm'd with ARCADIAN pipe, the past'ral reed
 Of HERMES, or his opiate rod. Mean-while,
 To re-salute the world with sacred light 134
 LEUCOTHEA wak'd; and with fresh dews imbalm'd
 The earth; when ADAM, and first matron EVE,
 Had ended now their orisons; and found
 Strength added from above; new hope to spring
 Out of despair; joy, but with fear yet link'd:
 Which thus to EVE his welcome words renew'd. 140

EVE, easily may faith admit, that all
 The good which we enjoy, from Heav'n descends:
 But, that from us ought should ascend to Heav'n,
 So prevalent, as to concern the mind
 Of GOD high-blest, or to incline his Will, 145
 Hard to belief may seem: yet, this will pray'r,
 Or one short sigh of human breath, up-born
 Ev'n to the seat of GOD. For since I sought
 By pray'r th' offended Deity t'appease;
 Kneel'd, and before him humbl'd all my heart, 150
 Methought I saw him placable, and mild,
 Bending his ear: persuasion in me grew
 That I was heard with favor; peace return'd
 Home to my breast; and to my memory
 His promise, that "thy seed shall bruise our foe:" 155
 Which, then not minded in dismay, yet now

Assures me that the bitterness of Death
Is past, and we shall live. Whence, hail to thee!
Eve rightly call'd, mother of all mankind,
Mother of all things living, since by thee 160
Man is to live; and all things live for man!

To whom thus Eve, with sad demeanor meek:
Ill worthy I, such title should belong
To me transgressor, who, for thee ordain'd
A help, became thy snare: to me reproach 165
Rather belongs, distrust, and all dispraise.
But infinite in pardon was my Judge,
That I, who first brought death on all, am grac'd
The source of life: next favourable thou,
Who highly thus t'intitle me vouchsaf'st: 170
Far other name deserving! But the field
To labor calls us, now with sweat impos'd,
Though after sleepless night: for see! the morn,
All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins
Her rosy progress smiling: let us forth; 175
I never from thy side henceforth to stray,
Where-e'er our days work lies; though now enjoin'd
Laborious, till day droop; while here we dwell,
What can be toilsom in these pleasant walks?
Here let us live, though in fall'n state, content! 180

So spake, so wish'd much-humbl'd Eve; but Fate
Subscrib'd not: Nature first gave signs, impress'd
On bird, beast, air: air suddenly eclips'd,
After short blush of morn: nigh in her sight,
The bird of Jove, stoop'd from his aery tour, 185
Two birds of gayest plume before him drove.
Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods
(First hunter then) persu'd a gentle brace,
Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind:
Direct to th' eastern gate was bent their flight. 190
Adam observ'd, and with his eye the chase
Persuing, not unmov'd, to Eve thus spake.

O EVE! some further change awaits us nigh,
 Which Heav'n, by these mute signs in nature, shews
 Forerunners of his purpose: or to warn 195
 Us, haply too secure, of our discharge
 From penalty, because from Death releas'd
 Some days: how long, and what till then our life,
 Who knows? Or more than this, that we are dust,
 And thither must return and be no more? 200
 Why else this double object in our sight,
 Of flight persud'd in th' air, and o'er the ground,
 One way the self-same hour? Why in the east
 Darkness e're day's mid-course? And morning-light
 More orient in yon western cloud, that draws 205
 O'er the blue firmament a radiant white;
 And slow descends, with something heav'nly fraught?

He err'd not; for by this the heav'nly bands
 Down from a sky of jasper lighted now
 In Paradise, and on a hill made halt: 210
 A glorious apparition! had not doubt
 And carnal fear that day dimm'd ADAM's eye.
 Not that more glorious, when the Angels met
 JACOB, in MAHANAIM, where he saw
 The field pavilion'd with his guardians bright: 215
 Nor that, which on the flaming mount appear'd
 In DOTHAN, cover'd with a camp of fire,
 Against the SYRIAN King; who to surprize
 One man, assassine like, had levy'd war;
 War unproclaim'd. The Princely Hierarch 220
 In their bright stand there left his Pow'rs, to seise
 Possession of the garden: he alone,
 To find where ADAM shelter'd, took his way;
 Not unperceiv'd of ADAM, who to EVE,
 While the great visitant approach'd, thus spake. 225

EVE, now expect great tidings, which perhaps
 Of us will soon determine; or impose
 New laws to be observ'd: for I descry,

From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill,
 One of the heav'nly host, and by his gait 230
 None of the meanest: some great Potentate,
 Or of the Thrones above; such majesty
 Invests him coming! yet not terrible,
 That I should fear, nor sociably mild,
 As RAPHAEL, that I should much confide, 235
 But solemn and sublime: whom not t' offend,
 With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.

He ended, and th' Arch-Angel soon drew nigh,
 Not in his shape cœlestial, but as man
 Clad to meet man: over his lucid arms 240
 A military vest of purple flow'd,
 Livelier than MELIBOEAN, or the grain
 Of SARRA, worn by Kings and Heroes old
 In time of truce: IRIS had dipp'd the wooff:
 His starry helm unbuckl'd, shew'd him prime 245
 In manhood, where youth ended: by his side
 (As in a glist'ring Zodiac) hung the sword,
 Satan's dire dread; and in his hand the spear.
 ADAM bow'd low: he, Kingly, from his state
 Inclined not, but his coming thus declar'd. 250

ADAM! Heav'n's high behest no preface needs:
 Sufficient that thy pray'rs are heard, and Death,
 (Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress)
 Defeated of his seizure, many days
 Giv'n thee of grace, wherein thou may'st repent, 255
 And one bad act with many deeds well done
 May'st cover: well may then thy Lord, pleas'd,
 Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious claim.
 But longer in this Paradise to dwell
 Permits not: to remove thee I am come, 260
 And send thee from the garden forth, to till
 The ground whence thou wast taken, fitter soil!

He

He added not; for ADAM at the news
Heart-struck with chilling gripe of sorrow flood,
That all his senses bound! EVE, who unseen 265
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Discover'd soon the place of her retire.

O unexpected stroke, worse than of Death!
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades, 270
Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to spend,
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both! O flow'rs,
That never will in other climate grow;
My early visitation, and my last 275
At ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first op'ning bud, and gave ye names!
Who now shall rear ye to the Sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from th'ambrosial fount?
Thee lastly, nuptial bow'r, by me adorn'd 280
With what to sight or smell was sweet! from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world; to this obscure,
And wild? How shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits? 285

Whom thus the Angel interrupted mild:
Lament not, EVE, but patiently resign
What justly thou hast lost: nor set thy heart
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine.
Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes 290
Thy husband; him to follow thou art bound:
Where he abides, think there thy native soil.

ADAM, by this from the cold sudden damp
Recov'ring, and his scatter'd spirits return'd,
To MICHAEL thus his humble words address'd. 295

Cœlestial! whether among the Thrones, or nam'd
 Of them the highest; for such of shape may seem
 Prince above Princes! Gently hast thou told
 Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
 And in performing end us, what besides 300
 Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,
 Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring,
 Departure from this happy place (our sweet
 Recess, and only consolation left
 Familiar to our eyes!) all places else 305
 Inhospitable appear, and desolate;
 Nor knowing us, nor known. And if by pray'r
 Incessant, I could hope to change the will
 Of him who all things can, I would not cease
 To weary him with my assiduous cries. 310
 But pray'r against his absolute decree
 No more avails, than breath against the wind;
 Blown stifling back on him that breaths it forth:
 Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
 This most afflicts me, that departing hence, 315
 As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd
 His blessed count'nance! Here I could frequent
 With worship, place by place, where he vouchsaf'd
 Presence Divine: and to my sons relate;
 „ On this mount he appear'd; under this tree 320
 „ Stood visible; among these pines his voice
 „ I heard; here with him at this fountain talk'd.,,
 So many grateful altars I would rear
 Of grassy turf; and pile up every stone
 Of lustre, from the brook; in memory, 325
 Or monument to ages: and thereon
 Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flow'rs.
 In yonder nether world where shall I seek
 His bright appearances, or foot-step trace?
 For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd 330
 To life prolong'd, and promis'd race, I now
 Gladly behold, though but his utmost skirts
 Of glory, and far off his steps adore.

To

To whom thus MICHAEL with regard benign.
 ADAM! thou know'st Heav'n his, and all the earth,
 Not this rock only. His Omnipresence fills 336
 Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,
 Fomented by his virtual pow'r, and warm'd,
 All th' earth he gave thee to possess, and rule:
 No despicable gift! surmise not then 340
 His presence to these narrow bounds confin'd
 Of Paradise, or EDEN: this had been
 Perhaps thy Capital Seat, from whence had spread
 All generations; and had thither come
 From all the ends of th' earth, to celebrate 345
 And reverence thee their great progenitor.
 But this præ-eminence thou hast lost, brought down
 To dwell on even ground now with thy sons.
 Yet doubt not but in valley, and in plain,
 GOD is as here, and will be found alike 350
 Present, and of his presence many a sign
 Still following thee, still compassing thee round
 With goodness, and paternal love, his face
 Express, and of his steps the track divine.
 Which that thou may'st believe, & be confirm'd 355
 E're thou from hence depart, know, I am sent
 To shew thee what shall come in future days
 To thee, and to thy offspring: good with bad
 Expect to hear, supernal grace contending
 With sinfulness of men; thereby to learn 360
 True patience, and to temper joy, with fear
 And pious sorrow, equally inur'd
 By moderation either state to bear,
 Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead
 Safest thy life, and best prepar'd indure 365
 Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend
 This hill. Let EVE (for I have drench'd her eyes)
 Here sleep below, while thou to foresight wak'st,
 As once thou slept'st whilst she to life was form'd.

To whom thus ADAM gratefully reply'd. 370
 Ascend, I follow thee, safe Guide! the path
 Thou lead'st me; and to the hand of Heav'n submit,
 However chaf't'ning: to the evil, turn
 My obvious breast; arming to overcome
 By suffering, and earn rest from labor won: 375
 If so I may attain! --- So both ascend,
 In the visions of GOD. It was a hill,
 Of Paradise the highest; from whose top
 The hemisphere of earth, in clearest ken,
 Stretch'd out to th' amplest reach of prospect lay. 380
 Not high'r that hill, nor wider looking round,
 Whereon (for different cause) the tempter set
 Our second ADAM, in the wilderness;
 To shew him all earth's kingdoms, and their glory.
 His eye might there command wherever stood 385
 City, of old or modern fame, the seat
 Of mightiest empire: from the destin'd walls
 Of CAMBALU, seat of CATHAIAN CHAM;
 And SAMARCAND by OXUS, TEMIR's throne;
 To PEKIN, of SINÆAN Kings: and thence 390
 To AGRA, and LAHOR, of great MOGUL;
 Down to the golden CHERSONESE: or where
 The PERSIAN in ECBATAN sat; or since
 In HISPAHAN: or, where the RUSSIAN KZAR
 In MOSCOW; or the SULTAN in BIZANCE; 395
 TURCHESTAN-born: nor could his eye not ken
 * Th' empire of NEGUS, to his utmost port
 ERCOCO; and the less maritim Kings,
 MONBAZA, and QUILOA, and MELIND,
 And SOFALA (thought OPHIR) to the realm 400
 Of CONGO, and ANGOLA, farthest south:
 Or thence, from NIGER flood to ATLAS mount,
 The Kingdoms of ALMANSOR, FEZ, and SUS,
 MOROCCO, and ALGIERS, and TREMISEN:
 Or EUROPE thence, & where ROME was to sway
 The world: in spirit perhaps he also saw 406

Rich

* *Ethiopia.*

Rich MEXICO, the seat of MONTEZUME,
 And CUSCO in PERU, the richer seat
 Of ATABALIPA: and yet unspoil'd
 GUIANA; whose * great city GERYON's sons 410
 Call EL DORADO. But to nobler fights,
 MICHAEL from ADAM's eyes the film remov'd,
 Which that false fruit that promis'd clearer sight
 Had bred; then purg'd with euphrasy and rue
 The visual nerve, for he had much to see; 415
 And from the well of life three drops instill'd.
 So deep the pow'r of these ingredients pierc'd
 (Ev'n to the inmost seat of mental sight)
 That ADAM, now inforc'd to close his eyes,
 Sunk down, and all his spirits became intrans'd: 420
 But him the gentle Angel by the hand
 Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd.

ADAM, now ope thine eyes; and first behold
 Th' effects, which thy original crime hath wrought
 In some to spring from thee; who never touch'd 425
 Th' excepted tree; nor with the snake conspir'd;
 Nor sinn'd thy sin: yet from that sin derive
 Corruption, to bring forth more violent deeds.

His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,
 Part arable and tilth, whereon were sheaves 430
 New reap'd: the other part, sheep-walks and Folds:
 I' th' midst, an altar, as the land-mark, stood,
 Rustic, of grassy sod: thither anon
 A sweaty reaper from his tillage brought
 First fruits, the green ear, & the yellow sheaf, 435
 Uncull'd, as came to hand. A shepherd next,
 More meek, came with the firstlings of his flock,
 Choicest and best: then sacrificing, laid
 The inwards and their fat, with incense strew'd,
 On the cleft wood, and all due rites perform'd. 440
 His off'ring soon propitious fire from heav'n

Con-

* MANNA.

Consum'd, with nimble glance, and grateful steam.
 The other's not, for his was not sincere.
 Whereat he inly rag'd, and as they talk'd,
 Smote him into the midriff with a stone, 445
 That beat out life: he fell, and deadly pale
 Groan'd out his soul, with gushing blood effus'd!
 Much at the sight was ADAM in his heart
 Dismay'd, and thus in haste to th' Angel cry'd.

O Teacher! some great mischief hath befall'n 450
 To that meek man, who well had sacrific'd:
 Is piety thus, and pure devotion paid?

T'whom MICHAEL thus (he also mov'd) reply'd:
 These two are brethren, ADAM, and to come
 Out of thy loins: th' unjust the just hath slain: 455
 For envy, that his brother's offering found
 From Heav'n acceptance: but the bloody fact
 Will be aveng'd; and th' other's faith approv'd,
 Lose no reward, though here thou see him die,
 Rolling in dust and gore. To which our fire. 460

Alas, both for the deed and for the cause!
 But have I now seen DEATH? is this the way
 I must return to native dust? O sight
 Of terror, foul and ugly to behold,
 Horrid to think, how horrible to feel! 465

To whom thus MICHAEL. DEATH thou hast seen
 In his first shape on man: but many shapes
 Of DEATH, and many are the ways that lead
 To his grim cave: all dismal! yet to sense
 More terrible at th' entrance, than within. 470
 Some (as thou saw'st) by violent stroke shall die;
 By fire, flood, famine: by intemperance more
 In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring
 Diseases dire: of which a monstrous crew
 Before thee shall appear; that thou may'st know 475
 What

What misery th' in-abstinence of Eve
 Shall bring on men. Immediately a place
 Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noisom, dark,
 A lazarus-house it seem'd; wherein were laid
 Numbers of all diseas'd: all maladies 480
 Of gastly spasm, or racking torture, qualmes
 Of heart-sick agony, all feav'rous kinds,
 Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
 Intestin stone, and ulcer, cholic-pangs,
 Dæmoniac phrenzy, moaping melancholy, 485
 And moon struck madness, pining atrophy,
 Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,
 Dropsies, and asthma's, and joint-racking rheums.
 Dire was the tossing! deep the groans! DESPAIR
 Tended the sick busiest from couch to couch: 490
 And over them triumphant DEATH his dart
 Shook; but delay'd to strike, though oft invoc'd
 With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.
 Sight so deform what heart of rock could long
 Dry-ey'd behold? ADAM could not, but wept, 495
 Though not of woman born; compassion quell'd
 His best of man, and gave him up to tears
 A space; till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess,
 And scarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.

O miserable mankind! to what fall 500
 Degraded, to what wretched state reserv'd!
 Better end here unborn! Why is life giv'n
 To be thus wrested from us? rather, why
 Obtruded on us thus? who, if we knew
 What we receive, would either not accept 505
 Life offer'd; or soon beg to lay it down;
 Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus
 Th' image of GOD in man, (created once
 So goodly and erect, though faulty since;) 510
 To such unsightly sufferings be debas'd,
 Under inhuman pains? Why should not man,
 Retaining still divine similitude

In

In part, from such deformities be free,
And for his Maker's Image sake exempt?

Their Maker's Image, answer'd MICHAEL, then
Forsook them, when themselves they vilify'd 516
To serve ungovern'd appetite: and took
His image whom they serv'd, a brutish vice,
Inductive mainly to the sin of EVE:
Therefore so abject is their punishment, 520
Disfiguring not GOD's likeness, but their own:
Or if his likeness, by themselves defac'd,
While they pervert pure nature's healthful rules
To loathsome sickness; worthily, since they
God's Image did not reverence in themselves. 525

I yield it just, said ADAM, and submit?
But is there yet no other way, besides
These painful passages, how we may come
To death, and mix with our connatural dust?

There is, said MICHAEL, if thou well observe 530
The rule of not too much; by temperance taught
In what thou eat'st and drink'st; seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight:
Till many years over thy head return,
So may'st thou live; till like ripe fruit thou drop 535
Into thy mother's lap; or be with ease
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, for death mature.
This is old age: but then, thou must outlive
Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty; which will change
To wither'd, weak, and gray: thy senses then 540
Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forego,
To what thou hast; and for the air of youth,
(Hopeful, and chearful) in thy blood will reign
A melancholy damp of cold, and dry,
To weigh the spirits down; and last consume 545
The balm of life. To whom our ancestor.

Hence-

Henceforth I fly not Death, nor would prolong
 Life much: bent rather, how I may be quit
 Fairest and easiest of this cumbrous charge,
 Which I must keep till my appointed day 550
 Of rendring up, and patiently attend
 My dissolution! MICHAEL reply'd.

Nor love thy life, nor hate: but what thou liv'st
 Live well: how long, or short, permit to Heav'n.
 And now prepare thee for another fight. 555

He look'd, and saw a spacious plain, whereon
 Were tents of various hue: by some, were herds
 Of cattle grazing: others, whence the sound
 Of instruments, that made melodious chime,
 Was heard, of Harp, and Organ, and who mov'd 560
 Their stops and chords was seen: his volant touch
 Instinct through all proportions, low and high,
 Fled and persud transverse the resonant fugue.
 In other part, stood one who at the forge
 Lab'ring, two massy clods of iron and brass 565
 Had melted (whether found where casual fire
 Had wasted woods on mountain, or in vale,
 Down to the veins of earth, thence gliding hot
 To some cave's mouth, or whether wash'd by stream
 From under-ground) the liquid ore he drein'd 570
 Into fit molds prepar'd, from which he form'd
 First his own tools, then what might else be wrought
 Fusil, or grav'n in metal. After these,
 (But on the hither side) a different sort
 From the high neighb'ring hills, which was their seat,
 Down to the plain descended: by their guise 576
 Just men they seem'd, and all their study bent
 To worship GOD aright, and know his works
 Not hid; nor those things last, which might preserve
 Freedom and peace to men: they on the plain 580
 Long had not walk'd, when from the tents, behold!
 A bevy of fair women, richly gay

In gems and wanton dress; to th' harp they sung
 Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on:
 The men, tho' grave, ey'd them, & let their eyes 585
 Rove without rein, till in the amorous net
 First caught, they lik'd, and each his liking chose:
 And now of love they treat, till th' ev'ning star
 (Love's harbinger) appear'd: then, all in heat
 They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke 590
 Hymen, then first to marriage rites invok'd:
 With feast and music all the tents resound.
 Such happy interview, and fair event
 Of love and youth not lost, songs, garlands, flow'rs,
 And charming symphonies, attach'd the heart 595
 Of ADAM, (soon inclin'd t' admit delight,
 The bent of Nature!) which he thus exprest.

True opener of mine eyes, prime Angel blest!
 Much better seems this vision, and more hope
 Of peaceful days portends, than those two past: 600
 Those were of hate, & death, or pain much worse:
 Here Nature seems fulfill'd in all her ends.

To whom thus MICHAEL. Judge not what is best
 By pleasure, though to nature seeming meet,
 Created, as thou art, to nobler end, 605
 Holy and pure, conformity divine!
 Those tents thou saw'st so pleasant, were the tents
 Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his race
 Who slew his brother: studious they appear
 Of arts that polish life, inventors rare; 610
 Unmindful of their Maker, though his SPIRIT
 Taught them; but they his gifts acknowledg'd none.
 Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget:
 For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that seem'd
 Of Goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay, 615
 Yet empty of all good, wherein consists
 Woman's domestic honor, and chief praise,
 Bred only, and completed, to the taste

Of lustful appetite; to sing, to dance,
 To dress, & trouble the tongue, & roll the eye: 610
 To these, that sober race of men (whose lives
 Religious, titled them the sons of God)
 Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame,
 Ignobly / to the trains, and to the smiles
 Of these fair Atheists; and now swim in joy, 615
 (E're long to swim at large) and laugh: for which
 The world e're long a world of tears must weep!

To whom thus A D A M, of short joy bereft.
 O pity and shame! that they, who to live well
 Enter'd so fair, should turn aside to tread 630
 Paths indirect, or in the mid way faint!
 But still I see the tenor of man's woe
 Hold on the same, from woman to begin.

From man's effeminate slackness it begins,
 (Said th' Angel) who should better hold his place
 By wisdom, and superior gifts receiv'd. 635
 But now prepare thee for another scene.

He look'd, and saw wide territory spread
 Before him, towns and rural works between:
 Cities of men, with lofty gates and tow'rs; 640
 Concourse in arms; fierce faces threatening war;
 Giants of mighty bone, and bold emprise!
 Part wield their Arms, part curb the foaming steed:
 Single, or in array of battle rang'd,
 Both Horse and Foot; nor idly must'ring flood: 645
 One way, a Band select from forage drives
 A herd of beeves, fair oxen, and fair kine,
 From a fat meadow-ground; or fleecy flock,
 Ewes, and their bleating lambs, over the plain;
 Their booty: scarce with life the shepherds fly; 650
 But call in aid; which makes a bloody fray.
 With cruel tournament the squadrons join!
 Where cattle pastur'd late, now scatter'd lies

With carcasses, and arms, th' insanguin'd field,
 Deserted. Others, to a city strong 655
 Lay siege, incamp'd; by batt'ry, scale, and mine,
 Assaulting: others, from the wall defend
 With dart, and jav'lin, stones, and sulph'rous fire:
 On each hand slaughter, and gigantic deeds.
 In other part, the sceptred Heralds call 660
 To council, in the city gates: anon
 Gray-headed men and grave, with warriors mix'd,
 Assemble, and harangues are heard: but soon,
 In factious opposition: till at last,
 Of middle age one rising, eminent 665
 In wise deport, spake much of right and wrong,
 Of justice, of religion, truth and peace,
 And judgment from above. Him old and young
 Exploded, and had seiz'd with violent hands;
 Had not a cloud descending snatch'd him thence, 670
 Unseen amid the throng. So violence
 Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law
 Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.
 ADAM was all in tears, and to his Guide
 Lamenting turn'd full sad: O what are these! 675
 DEATH's minister's, not men! who thus deal death
 Inhumanly to men, and multiply
 Ten thousandfold the sin of him who slew
 His brother: for of whom such massacre
 Make they, but of their brethren; men of men? 680
 But who was that Just Man, whom had not Heav'n
 Rescu'd, had in his righteousness been lost?

To whom thus MICHAEL. These are the product
 Of those ill-mated marriages thou saw'st; [selves
 Where good with bad were match'd; who of them-
 Abhor to join: and by imprudence mix'd, 686
 Produce prodigious births, of body or mind.
 Such were these Giants; men of high renown!
 For in those days, might only shall be admir'd,
 And valor, and heroic virtue, call'd: 690
 To

To overcome in battel, and subdue
 Nations; and bring home spoils with infinite
 Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
 Of human glory; and for glory done
 Of triumph, to be styl'd great Conquerors, 695
 Patrons of mankind, Gods, and sons of Gods,
 Destroyers rightlier call'd, and plagues of men.
 Thus fame shall be achiev'd, renown on earth;
 And what most merits fame, in silence hid.
 But he, the seventh from thee, whom thou beheldst
 The only righteous in a world perverse, 701
 And therefore hated, therefore so beset
 With foes, for daring single to be just,
 And utter odious truth, that God would come
 To judge them with his Saints: him the Most High
 (Rap'd in a balmy cloud with winged steeds) 706
 Did, as thou saw'st, receive; to walk with God
 High in salvation, and the climes of bliss,
 Exempt from death: to shew thee what reward
 Awaits the good; the rest, what punishment: 710
 Which now direct thine eyes, and soon behold.

He look'd, & saw the face of things quite chang'd:
 The brazen throat of war had ceas'd to roar;
 All now was turn'd to jollity, and game,
 To luxury and riot, feast and dance; 715
 Marrying, or prostituting (as beset)
 Rape, or adultery, where passing Fair
 Allur'd them: thence from cups, to civil broils.
 At length a reverend fire among them came,
 And of their doings great dislike declar'd, 720
 And testify'd against their ways: he oft
 Frequented their assemblies, where so met,
 Triumphs, or festivals: and to them preach'd
 Conversion, and repentance; as to souls
 In prison, under judgments imminent: 725
 But all in vain: which when he saw, he ceas'd
 Contending, and remov'd his tents far off.

Then, from the mountain hewing timber tall,
 Began to build a Vessel of huge bulk;
 Measur'd by cubit, length & breadth & height; 730
 Smear'd round with pitch; and in the side a door
 Contriv'd; and of provisions laid in large,
 For man and beast: when lo, a wonder strange!
 Of every beast, and bird, and insect small
 Came sevens, & pairs, & enter'd in, as taught 735
 Their order: last the fire, and his three sons
 With their four wives: & GOD made fast the door,
 Mean while the southwind rose, & with black wings
 Wide-hov'ring, all the clouds together drove
 From under heav'n; the hills to their supply 740
 Vapor, and exhalation dusk and moist,
 Sent up again: and now, the thicken'd sky
 Like a dark ceiling stood; down rush'd the rain
 Impetuous: and continu'd till the earth
 No more was seen: the floating Vessel swum 745
 Uplifted; and secure with beaked prow
 Rode tilting o'er the waves: all dwellings else
 Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp
 Deep under water roll'd; sea cover'd sea;
 Sea without shoar! and in their palaces 750
 Where luxury late reign'd, sea-monsters whelp'd
 And stabled: of mankind, (so numerous late)
 All left, in one small bottom swum imbark'd.
 How didst thou grieve then, ADAM, to behold
 The end of all thy off-spring, end so sad, 755
 Depopulation! Thee another flood,
 Of tears and sorrow a flood, thee also drown'd,
 And sunk thee as thy sons: till gently rear'd
 By th' Angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last,
 Tho' comfortless; as when a father mourns 760
 His children, all in view destroy'd at once:
 And scarce to th' Angel utter'dst thus thy plaint.

O visions ill foreseen! Better had I
 Liv'd ignorant of future, so had born

My

My part of evil only, each day's lot 765
 Enough to bear: those now, that were dispens'd
 The burden of many ages, on me light
 At once by my foreknowledge; gaining birth
 Abortive, to torment me e're their being,
 With thought that they must be. Let no man seek
 Henceforth to be foretold, what shall befall 771
 Him or his children: evil he may be sure:
 Which neither his foreknowing can prevent;
 And he the future evil shall no less
 In apprehension, than in substance, feel; 775
 Grievous to bear! But that care now is past,
 Man is not whom to warn: those few escap'd,
 Famine, and anguish, will at last consume,
 Wandring that wat'ry desert. I had hope
 When violence was ceas'd, and war on earth, 780
 All would have then gone well; peace would have
 With length of happy days the race of man. [crown'd
 But I was far deceiv'd! For now I see
 Peace to corrupt no less, than war to waste.
 How comes it thus? Unfold, cœlestial guide! 785
 And whether here the race of man will end,

To whom thus MICHAEL. Those whom last thou
 In triumph, and luxurious wealth, are they [saw'st
 First seen in acts of prowess eminent,
 And great exploits; but of true virtue void: 790
 Who having spil'd much blood, & done much waste,
 Subduing nations; and atchiev'd thereby
 Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey;
 Shall change their course to pleasure, ease and sloth,
 Surfeit, and lust; till wantonness, and pride, 795
 Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace.
 The conquer'd also, and enslav'd by war,
 Shall, with their freedom lost, all virtue lose,
 And fear of God; from whom their piety feign'd,
 In sharp contest of battel found no aid, 800
 Against invaders: therefore cool'd in zeal,

Thenceforth shall practise how to live secure,
 Worldly, or dissolute; on what their Lords
 Shal leave them to injoy: (for th' earth shall bear
 More than enough, that temperance may be try'd:)
 So all shall turn degenerate, all deprav'd; 806
 Justice and temperance, truth and faith forgot!
 One man except, the only son of light
 In a dark age, against example good,
 Against allurements, custom, and a world 810
 Offended, fearless of reproach and scorn,
 Or violence; he of their wicked ways
 Shall them admonish; and before them set
 The paths of righteousness, how much more safe,
 And full of peace; denouncing wrath to come 815
 On their impenitence; and shall return
 Of them derided. But, of God observ'd,
 The one just man alive, by his command
 Shall build a wondrous Ark (as thou beheldst)
 To save himself and household, from amidst 820
 A world devote to universal wreck.
 No sooner he, with them of man and beast
 Select for life, shall in the Ark be lodg'd,
 And shelter'd round, but all the cataracts
 Of heav'n set open, on the earth shall pour 825
 Rain, day and night: all fountains of the deep
 Broke up, shall heave the ocean to usurp
 Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise
 Above the highest hills. Then, shall this mount
 Of Paradise, by might of waves, be mov'd 830
 Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood,
 With all his verdure spoil'd and trees adrift
 Down the great river to the opening gulf,
 And there take root, an island salt and bare,
 The haunt of Seals, & Orcs, & Sea-mews' clang; 835
 To teach thee that God attributes to place
 No sanctity, if none be thither brought
 By men who there frequent, or therein dwell.
 And now what further shall ensue, behold.

He

He look'd, & saw the Ark hull on the flood, 840
 Which now abated: for the clouds were fled,
 Driv'n by a keen north wind, that, blowing dry,
 Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decay'd;
 And the clear Sun on his wide watry glass
 Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew, 845
 As after thirst: which made their flowing shrink
 From standing lake, to tripping ebb, that stole
 With soft foot tow'rd's the deep, who now had stop'd
 His sluices, as the heav'n his windows shut.
 The Ark no more now floats, but seems on ground,
 Fast on the top of some high mountain fix'd. 851
 And now the tops of hills, as rocks, appear:
 With clamor thence the rapid currents drive,
 Tow'rd's the retreating sea, their furious tide.
 Forthwith from out the Ark a raven flies, 855
 And after him (the surer messenger)
 A dove, sent forth once and again, to spy
 Green tree, or ground, whereon his foot may light:
 The second time returning, in his bill
 An olive-leaf he brings, pacific sign! 860
 Anon dry ground appears, and from his Ark
 The antient fire descends, with all his train:
 Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
 Grateful to Heav'n, over his head beholds
 A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow 865
 Conspicuous, with three list'd colors gay,
 Betok'ning peace from GOD, and covenant new:
 Whereat the heart of ADAM, erst so sad,
 Greatly rejoyc'd, and thus his joy broke forth.

O thou who future things canst represent 870
 As present, heav'nly instructor! I revive
 At this last sight, assur'd that man shall live
 With all the creatures, and their seed preserve.
 Far less I now lament for one whole world
 Of wicked sons destroy'd, than I rejoyce 875
 For one man found so perfect, and so just,

That God vouchsafes to raise another world
 From him, and all his anger to forget.
 But say, what mean those color'd streaks in heav'n,
 Distended, as the brow of God appeas'd? 880
 Or serve they, as a flow'ry verge, to bind
 The fluid skirts of that same wat'ry cloud,
 Lest it again dissolve, and show'r the earth?

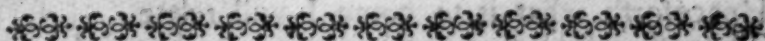
To whom th' Arch-Angel. Dextrously thou aim'st;
 So willingly doth God remit his ire, 885
 Though late, repenting him of man deprav'd;
 Griev'd at his heart, when looking down he saw
 The whole earth fill'd with violence; and all flesh
 Corrupting each their way: yet, those remov'd,
 Such grace shall one just man find in his sight, 890
 That he relents, not to blot out mankind;
 And makes a covenant never to destroy
 The earth again by flood; nor let the sea
 Surpass his bounds; nor rain to drown the world,
 With man therein, or beast: but when he brings 895
 Over the earth a cloud, will therein set
 His triple-color'd bow, whereon to look,
 And call to mind his cov'nant: day, and night,
 Seed-time, and harvest, heat, and hoary frost
 Shall hold their course; till fire purge all things new,
 Both heav'n & earth, wherein the just shall dwell. 901

The end of the eleventh Book.









PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Angel Michael continues from the flood to relate what shall succeed; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain, who that Seed of the Woman shall be, which was promised Adam & Eve in the Fall; His incarnation, Death, Resurrection, & Ascension; the state of the Church till his second coming. Adam, greatly satisfied and recomforted by these relations and promises, descends the hill with Michael; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams compos'd to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking their stations to guard the place.



So one who in his journey bates at noon,
Tho' bent on speed: so here th' Arch-
Angel paus'd,
Betwixt the world destroy'd, and world
restor'd,

If ADAM ought perhaps might interpose:
Then, with transiſion ſweet, new ſpeech reſumes. 5

Thus thou haſt ſeen one world begin, and end,
And man as from a ſecond ſtock proceed.
Much thou haſt yet to ſee; but I perceive
Thy mortal fight to fail: objects divine
Muſt needs impair, and weary human ſenſe. 10
Hence-

Henceforth what is to come I will relate,
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.

This second source of men, while yet but few,
And while the dread of judgment past remains
Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity, 15
With some regard to what is just and right
Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace;
Lab'ring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,
Corn, wine, and oil: and from the herd, or flock,
Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid, 20
With large wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred feast,
Shall spend their days in joy unblam'd; and dwell
Long time in peace, by families, and tribes,
Under paternal rule: till one shall rise
Of proud ambitious heart; who (not content 25
With fair equality, fraternal state;)
Will arrogate dominion undeserv'd,
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess
Concord, and law of nature from the earth;
Hunting (and men, not beasts, shall be his game) 30
With war, and hostile snare, such as refuse
Subjection to his empire tyrannous.
A mighty hunter thence he shall be styl'd
Before the Lord; as in despite of Heav'n,
Or from Heav'n, claiming second sov'reignty: 35
And from rebellion shall derive his name,
Though of rebellion others he accuse.
He with a crew, (whom like ambition joins
With him, or under him to tyrannize)
Marching from EDEN tow'rs the west, shall find 40
The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge
Boils out from under ground, the mouth of hell.
Of brick, and of that stuff, they cast to build
A city, and tow'r, whose top may reach to heav'n;
And get themselves a name: lest far dispers'd 45
In foreign lands, their memory be lost;
Regardless whether good or evil fame.

But

But GOD (who oft descends to visit men
 Unseen, and through their habitations walks
 To mark their doings) them beholding soon, 50
 Comes down to see their city, e're the tow'r
 Obstruct heav'n-tow'rs; and in derision sets
 Upon their tongues a various spirit, to raise
 Quite out their native language: and instead,
 To sow a jangling noise of words unknown. 55
 Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud,
 Among the builders: each to other calls
 Not understood; till hoarse, and all in rage,
 As mock'd they storm: great laughter was in Heav'n;
 And looking down, to see the hubbub strange, 60
 And hear the din: thus was the building left
 Ridiculous; and the work Confusion nam'd.

Whereto thus ADAM, fatherly displeas'd.
 O execrable son! so to aspire
 Above his brethren; to himself assuming 65
 Authority usurp'd, from GOD not giv'n.
 He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl
 Dominion absolute; that right we hold
 By his donation: but man over men
 He made not Lord: such title to himself 70
 Reserving, human left from human free.
 But this usurper his encroachment proud
 Stays not on man: to GOD his tow'r intends
 Siege, and defiance. Wretched man! what food
 Will he convey up thither to sustain 75
 Himself, and his rash army; where thin air
 Above the clouds will pine his entrails gross;
 And famish him of breath, if not of bread?

To whom thus MICHAEL. Justly thou abhorr'st
 That son, who on the quiet state of men 80
 Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue
 Rational liberty: yet know withal,
 Since by original lapse, true liberty

Is

Is lost, which always with right reason dwells
 Twin'd, and from her hath no dividual being: 85
 Reason in man obscur'd, or not obey'd,
 Immediately inordinate desires,
 And upstart passions, catch the government
 From reason; and to servitude reduce
 Man, till then free. Therefore, since he permits 90
 Within himself unworthy pow'rs to reign,
 Over free reason; G O D in judgment just
 Subjects it from without to violent Lords:
 Who oft as undeservedly inthral
 His outward freedom. Tyranny must be; 95
 Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse.
 Yet sometimes nations will decline so low
 From virtue (which is reason) that no wrong,
 But justice, and some fatal curse annex'd,
 Deprives them of their outward liberty; 100
 Their inward lost: witness th' irreverent son
 Of him who built the Ark; who for the shame
 Done to his father, heard his heavy curse,
 „ *Servant of Servants*, on his vitious race.
 Thus will this latter, as the former world, 105
 Still tend from bad to worse; till G O D at last
 Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw
 His presence from among them, and avert
 His holy eyes; resolving from thenceforth
 To leave them to their own polluted ways: 110
 And one peculiar nation to select
 From all the rest, of whom to be invok'd:
 A nation from one faithful man to spring:
 Him, on this side EUPHRATES yet residing,
 Bred up in idol-worship. O that men 115
 (Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,
 While yet the Patriarch liv'd, who scap'd the flood,
 As to forsake the living G O D, and fall
 To worship their own work in wood, and stone,
 For Gods! Yet him G O D the Most High vouchsafes
 To call by vision, from his father's house, - 121
 His

His kindred, and false Gods; into a land
 Which he will shew him: and from him will raise
 A mighty nation; and upon him show'r
 His benediction so, that in his seed 125
 All nations shall be blest: he straight obeys;
 Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes.
 I see him, (but thou canst not) with what faith
 He leaves his Gods, his friends, and native soil
 UR of CHALDÆA, passing now the ford 130
 To HARAN: after him a cumbrous train
 Of herds, and flocks, and numerous servitude:
 Not wandering poor, but trusting all his wealth
 With GOD, who call'd him, in a land unknown:
 CANAAN he now attains; I see his tents 135
 Pitch'd about SICHEM, and the neighb'ring plain
 Of MOREH. There by promise he receives
 Gift to his progeny of all that land;
 From HAMATH northward, to the Desert south;
 (Things by their names I call, tho' yet unnam'd) 140
 From HERMON east, to the great western sea;
 Mount HERMON! yonder sea! (each place behold
 In prospect, as I point them) on the shore
 Mount CARMEL; here the double-founted stream,
 JORDAN, true limit eastward: but his sons 145
 Shall dwell to SENIR, that long ridge of hills!
 This ponder, that all nations of the earth
 Shall in his seed be blessed: by that seed
 Is meant thy GREAT DELIVERER, who shall bruise
 The serpent's head; whereof to thee anon 150
 Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This Patriarch blest,
 (Whom FAITHFUL ABRAHAM due time shall call)
 A son, and of his son, a grand-child leaves;
 Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown.
 The grand-child with twelve sons increas'd, departs
 From CANAAN, to a land hereafter call'd 156
 ÆGYPT, divided by the River NILE:
 See where it flows, disgorging at seven mouths
 Into the sea! To sojourn in that land

He

He comes, invited by a younger son 160
 In time of dearth; a son, whose worthy deeds
 Raise him to be the second in that realm
 Of PHARAOH: there he dies, and leaves his race
 Growing into a nation: and now grown,
 Suspected to a sequent King, who seeks 165
 To stop their over-growth, as in-mate guests
 Too numerous: whence of guests he makes them slaves
 Inhospitably; and kills their infant males:
 Till by two brethren (those two brethren call
 MOSES, and AARON) sent from GOD to claim
 His people from inthralment, they return 171
 With glory, and spoil, back to their promis'd land.
 But first the lawless tyrant, (who denies
 To know their GOD, or message to regard)
 Must be compell'd by signs and judgments dire: 175
 To blood unshed, the rivers must be turn'd;
 Frogs, lice, and flies, must all his palace fill
 With loath'd intrusion, and fill all the land:
 His cattle must of rot and murrain die;
 Botches and blains must all his flesh imboss, 180
 And all his people: thunder mix'd with hail,
 Hail mix'd with fire, must rend th'ÆGYPTIAN sky,
 And wheel on th'earth, devouring where it rolls:
 What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,
 A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down 185
 Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green:
 Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,
 Palpable darkness! and blot out three days:
 Last, with one midnight-stroke, all the first-born
 Of ÆGYPT must lye dead. Thus with ten wounds
 The river dragon tam'd at length, submits 191
 To let his sojournors depart; and oft
 Humbles his stubborn heart; but still as ice
 More harden'd after thaw: till in his rage
 Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the sea 195
 Swallows him with his host; but them lets pass
 (As on dry land) between two chrystal walls;

Aw'd

Book XII. PARADISE LOST. 289

Aw'd by the rod of MOSES so to stand
 Divided, till his rescu'd gain their shore:
 Such wondrous pow'r GOD to his Saint will lend,
 Though present in his Angel, who shall go 201
 Before them in a cloud, and pillar of fire,
 By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire;
 To guide them in their journey, and remove
 Behind them, while th'obdurate King pursues. 205
 All night he will pursue, but his approach
 Darkness defends between, till morning watch:
 Then through the fiery pillar, and the cloud,
 GOD looking forth will trouble all his host,
 And craze their chariot-wheels: when, by command,
 MOSES once more his potent rod extends 211
 Over the sea, the sea his rod obeys:
 On their imbattl'd ranks the waves return,
 And overwhelm their war! The race elect,
 Safe towards CANAAN from the shore advance 215
 Through the wild desert; not the readiest way;
 Left entering on the CANAANITE alarm'd,
 War terrify them in-expert, and fear
 Return them back to ÆGYPT, chusing rather
 Inglorious life with servitude: (for life, 220
 To noble and ignoble, is more sweet
 Untrain'd in arms, where rashness leads not on.)
 This also shall they gain by their delay
 In the wide wilderness: there they shall found
 Their government, and their great senate chuse 225
 Thro' the twelve Tribes, to rule by laws ordain'd.
 GOD from the Mount of SINAI, (whose gray top
 Shall tremble, he descending,) will himself.
 In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpets sound
 Ordain them laws: part, such as appertain 230
 To civil justice: part, religious rites
 Of sacrifice: informing them by types,
 And shadows, of that destin'd seed to bruise
 The serpent, by what means he shall achieve
 Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of GOD 235
 To mortal ear is dreadful! They beseech

T

That

That MOSES might report to them his will,
 And terror cease: He grants what they besought;
 Instructed that to GOD is no access
 Without Mediator, whose high office now 240
 MOSES in figure bears, to introduce
 One greater, of whose day he shall foretel,
 And all the prophets in their age the times
 Of Great MESSIAH shall sing. Thus laws and rites
 Establish'd, such delight hath GOD in men 245
 Obedient to his will, that he vouchsafes
 Among them to set up his Tabernacle:
 The Holy One with mortal men to dwell.
 By his prescript a Sanctuary is fram'd
 Of cedar, overlaid with gold, therein 250
 An Ark, and in the Ark his Testimony,
 The records of his Cov'nant: over these
 A mercy-seat of gold, between the wings
 Of two bright Cherubim: before him burn
 Seven lamps, as in a zodiac representing 255
 The heav'nly fires: over the tent a cloud
 Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night,
 Save when they journey: and at length they come,
 Conducted by his Angel to the land
 Promis'd to ABRAHAM and his seed --- The rest
 Were long to tell, how many battles fought, 261
 How many Kings destroy'd, and kingdoms won,
 Or how the Sun shall in mid-heav'n stand still
 A day entire, and night's due course adjourn,
 Man's voice commanding, "Sun in GIBEON stand,
 "And thou Moon in the vale of AJALON, 266
 "Till ISRAEL overcome;" so call the third
 From ABRAHAM, son of ISAAC; and from him
 His whole descent, who thus shall CANAAN win.

Here ADAM interpos'd. O sent from Heav'n,
 Inlightner of my darkness! gracious things 267
 Thou hast reveal'd; those chiefly, which concern
 Just ABRAHAM, and his seed: now first I find
 Mine eyes true op'ning, and my heart much eas'd;
 E'er-

Book XII. PARADISE LOST. 291

E'er-while perplex'd with thought, what would become
Of me and all mankind: but now I see 276
His day, in whom all nations shall be blest:
Favor unmerited by me, who sought
Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.
This yet I apprehend not; why to those 280
Among whom GOD will deign to dwell on earth,
So many, and so various laws are giv'n:
So many laws argue so many sins
Among them: how can GOD with such reside?

To whom thus MICHAEL. Doubt not but that sin
Will reign among them, as of thee begot: 286
And therefore was law giv'n them to evince
Their natural pravity, by stirring up
Sin against law to fight: that when they see
Law can discover sin, but not remove 290
(Save by those shadowy expiations weak,
The blood of bulls and goats) they may conclude
Some blood more precious must be paid for man;
Just for unjust: that in such righteousness
To them by faith imputed, they may find 295
Justification towards GOD, and peace
Of conscience; which the law by ceremonies
Cannot appease; nor man the moral part
Perform: and not performing, cannot live.
So law appears imperfect; and but giv'n 300
With purpose to resign them, in full time,
Up to a better cov'nant; disciplin'd
From shadowy types to truth; from flesh to spirit;
From imposition of strict laws, to free
Acceptance of large grace; from servil fear 305
To filial; works of law, to works of faith.
And therefore shall not MOSES (though of GOD
Highly belov'd,) being but the Minister
Of Law, his people into CANAAN lead;
But JOSHUA: whom the Gentiles JESUS call; 310
His name and office bearing, who shall quell
The adversary serpent; and bring back

Through the world's wilderness long-wander'd man,
 Safe to eternal Paradise of rest,) 314
 Mean while they, in their earthly CANAAN plac'd,
 Long time shall dwell and prosper: but when sins
 National interrupt their publick peace,
 Provoking GOD to raise them enemies,
 From whom as oft he saves them penitent;
 By Judges first, then under Kings: of whom 320
 The second, (both for piety renown'd,
 And puissant deeds) a promise shall receive
 Irrevocable, that his regal throne
 For ever shall indure: the like shall sing
 All prophecy, that of the royal stock 325
 Of DAVID (so I name this King) shall rise
 A SON, the woman's seed to thee foretold;
 Foretold to ABRAHAM; as in whom shall trust
 All nations; and to Kings foretold, of Kings
 The last; for of his reign shall be no end. 330
 But first a long succession must ensue:
 And his next son, for wealth and wisdom fam'd,
 The clouded Ark of GOD, till then in tents
 Wand'ring, shall in a glorious Temple inshrine.
 Such follow him, as shall be register'd 335
 Part good, part bad; of bad the longer scrowl:
 Whose foul idolatries, and other faults
 Heap'd to the popular sum, will so incense
 GOD, as to leave them, and expose their land,
 Their city, his Temple, and his holy Ark, 340
 With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey
 To that proud city, whose high walls thou saw'st
 Left in confusion; BABYLON thence call'd.
 There in captivity he lets them dwell
 The space of seventy years: then brings them back;
 Remembring mercy, and his cov'nant sworn 346
 To DAVID, stablish'd as the days of heav'n.
 Return'd from BABYLON, by leave of Kings
 Their Lords, whom GOD dispos'd, the House of GOD
 They first re-edify: and for a while 350
 In mean estate live moderate: till grown

In

In wealth and multitude, factious they grow.
 But first, among the priests dissention springs;
 Men who attend the altar, and should most
 Endeavour peace: their strife pollution brings 355
 Upon the Temple it self: at last they seize
 The sceptre, and regard not DAVID'S sons:
 Then lose it to a stranger, that the true
 Anointed King MESSIAH might be born
 Barr'd of his right: yet at his birth a star, 360
 Unseen before in heav'n, proclaims him come;
 And guides the eastern Sages, who inquire
 His place, to offer incense, myrrh and gold:
 His place of birth a solemn Angel tells
 To simple shepherds keeping watch by night: 365
 They gladly thither haste; and by a choir
 Of Squadron'd Angels hear his carol sung.
 A Virgin is his Mother, but his Sire
 The Pow'r of the Most High! He shall ascend
 The throne hereditary, and bound his reign 370
 With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the heav'ns!

He ceas'd, discerning ADAM with such joy
 Surcharg'd, as had, like grief, been dew'd in tears
 Without the vent of words; which these he breath'd.

O prophet of glad tidings! finisher 375
 Of utmost hope! now clear I understand,
 What oft my steadiest thoughts have search'd in vain:
 Why our great expectation should be call'd,
 The seed of woman: Virgin Mother, hail!
 High in the love of Heav'n! Yet from my loins 380
 Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the SON
 Of GOD Most High; so GOD with Man unites.
 Needs must the serpent now his capital bruise
 Expect with mortal pain: say, where and when 384
 Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the victor's heel?

To whom thus MICHAEL. Dream not of their fight,
 As of a duel, or the local wounds

Of head or heel: not therefore joins the Son
 Manhood to GOD-HEAD, with more strength to foil
 Thy enemy: nor so is overcome 390
 SATAN, whose fall from Heav'n (a deadlier bruise!)
 Disabled not to give thee thy death's wound,
 Which he, who comes thy Saviour, shall re-cure,
 Not by destroying SATAN, but his works,
 In thee and in thy seed. Nor can this be, 395
 But by fulfilling (that which thou didst want)
 Obedience to the law of GOD, impos'd
 On penalty of death, and suffering death,
 The penalty to thy transgression due;
 And due to theirs which out of thine will grow: 400
 So only can high Justice rest appaid.
 The law of GOD exact he shall fulfil,
 Both by obedience and by love; though love
 Alone fulfil the law: thy punishment
 He shall indure, by coming in the flesh 405
 To a reproachful life, and cursed death:
 Proclaiming life to all who shall believe
 In his redemption; and that his obedience
 Imputed, becomes theirs by faith; his Merits
 To save them, not their own (tho' legal) works.
 For this he shall live hated, be blasphem'd 411
 Seis'd on by force, judg'd, & to death condemn'd,
 A shameful and accurst! nail'd to the cross
 By his own nation; slain for bringing life.
 But to the cross he nails thy enemies, 415
 The law that is against thee, and the sins
 Of all mankind, with him there crucify'd,
 Never to hurt them more, who rightly trust
 In this his satisfaction. So he dies,
 But soon revives; death over him no pow'r 420
 Shall long usurp: e're the third dawning light
 Return, the stars of morn shall see him rise
 Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,
 The ransom paid, which man from death redeems,
 His death for man, as many as offer'd life 425
 Neglect not, and the benefit embrace

By

Book XII. PARADISE LOST. 295

By faith, not void of works. This God-like act
Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have dy'd,
In sin for ever lost from life: this act
Shall bruise the head of SATAN, crush his strength,
Defeating Sin and Death, his two main arms: 431
And fix far deeper in his head their stings,
Than temporal death shall bruise the victor's heel,
Or theirs whom he redeems: a death-like sleep;
A gentle wafting to immortal life! 435
Nor after Resurrection shall he stay
Longer on earth, than certain times t' appear
To his Disciples; Men who in his life
Still follow'd him: to them shall leave in charge
To teach all nations what of him they learn'd, 440
And his Salvation; them who shall believe
Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign
Of washing them from guilt of sin, to life
Pure, and in mind prepar'd (if so befall)
For death, like that which the Redeemer dy'd. 445
All Nations they shall teach: for from that day,
Not only to the sons of ABRAHAM's loins
Salvation shall be preach'd; but to the sons
Of ABRAHAM's faith; where-ever thro' the world:
So in his seed all nations shall be blest. 450
Then to the Heav'n of heav'ns shall he ascend
With victory, triumphing through the air
Over his foes and thine; there shall surprise
The serpent, Prince of air, and drag in chains
Thro' all his realm, and there confounded leave: 455
Then enter into glory, and resume
His seat at GOD's right hand, exalted high
Above all names in Heav'n: and thence shall come,
When the world's dissolution shall be ripe,
With glory, & pow'r, to judge both quick & dead:
To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward 461
His faithful, and receive them into bliss;
Whether in heav'n or earth: for then the earth
Shall all be Paradise, far happier place
Than this of EDEN, and far happier days! 465

So spake th' Arch-Angel MICHAEL, then paus'd,
As at the world's great period: and our fire,
Replete with joy and wonder, thus reply'd.

O goodness infinite! goodness immense!
That all this good of evil shall produce, 470
And evil turn to good! more wonderful
Than that which by creation first brought forth
Light out of darkness! Full of doubt I stand,
Whether I should repent me now of sin,
By me done, and occasion'd; or rejoice 475
Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring:
To GOD more glory, more good-will to Men
From GOD, and over wrath grace shall abound.
But say, if our Deliverer up to Heav'n
Must re-ascend, what will betide the few 480
His Faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,
The enemies of truth? Who then shall guide
His people, who defend? will they not deal
Worse with his followers, than with him they dealt?

Be sure they will, said th' Angel; but from Heav'n
He to his own a COMFORTER will send, 486
The Promise of the FATHER: Who shall dwell
His SPIRIT within them; and the law of faith
Working thro' love, upon their hearts shall write,
To guide them in all truth; and also arm 490
With spiritual armor, able to resist
SATAN's assaults, and quench his fiery darts:
What man can do against them, not afraid,
Though to the death; against such cruelties
With inward consolations recompens'd; 495
And oft supported so as shall amaze
Their proudest Persecutors: for the SPIRIT
(Pour'd first on his Apostles, whom he sends
T' evangelize the Nations; then, on all
Baptiz'd,) shall them with wond'rous gifts indue,
To speak all tongues, and do all miracles, 501
As did their Lord before them. Thus they win

Great

Great numbers of each nation, to receive
 With joy the tidings brought from Heav'n: at length
 Their Ministry perform'd, and race well run, 505
 Their doctrine, and their story written left,
 They die. But in their room, as they forewarn,
 Wolves shall succeed for Teachers, grievous wolves!
 Who all the sacred mysteries of Heav'n,
 To their own vile advantages shall turn, 510
 Of lucre, and ambition; and the truth
 With superstitions, and traditions taint,
 Left only in those written records pure;
 Though not but by the SPIRIT understood.
 Then shall they seek t' avail themselves of names, 515
 Places, and titles; and with these to join
 Secular pow'r, though feigning still to act
 By spiritual: to themselves appropriating
 The SPIRIT of GOD, promis'd alike and giv'n
 To all Believers: and from that pretense 520
 Spiritual laws by carnal pow'r shall force
 On every conscience; laws which none shall find
 Left them inroll'd; or what the SPIRIT within
 Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then
 But force the SPIRIT of Grace it self, and bind
 His consort liberty? what, but unbuild 526
 His living temples, built by faith to stand,
 Their own faith, not another's? (for on earth,
 Who against faith, and conscience, can be heard
 Infallible?) Yet many will presume: 530
 Whence heavy persecution shall arise
 On all, who in the worship persevere
 Of spirit, and truth: the rest (far greater part)
 Will deem in outward rites, and specious forms,
 Religion satisfy'd; truth shall retire 535
 Bestuck with slanderous darts; and works of faith
 Rarely be found. So shall the world go on,
 To good malignant, to bad men benign;
 Under her own weight groaning; till the day
 Appear of respiration to the just, 540
 And vengeance to the wicked: at return

Of

Of HIM so lately promis'd to thy aid,
 The Woman's Seed; obscurely then foretold;
 Now amplier known thy Saviour, and thy Lord;
 Last, in the clouds, from Heav'n to be reveal'd 545
 In glory of the FATHER, to dissolve
 SATAN, with his perverted world; then raise
 From the conflagrants mass, purg'd and refin'd,
 New heav'ns, new earth, ages of endless date,
 Founded in righteousness, and peace, and love, 550
 To bring forth fruits, joy, and eternal bliss.

He ended, and thus ADAM last reply'd,
 How soon hath thy prediction, Seer blest!
 Measur'd this transient world the race of time,
 Till time stand fix'd? Beyond is all abyss, 555
 Eternity, whose end no eye can reach!
 Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,
 Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
 Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain,
 Beyond which was my folly to aspire! 560
 Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best,
 And love with fear the only GOD; to walk
 As in his presence; ever to observe
 His Providence, and on him sole depend.
 Merciful over all his works! with good 565
 Still overcoming evil; and by small
 Accomplishing great things: by things deem'd weak
 Subverting wordly strong, and wordly wise,
 By simply meek: that suffering for truth's sake,
 Is fortitude to highest victory, 570
 And, to the Faithful, Death the gate of Life:
 Taught this by his example, whom I now
 Acknowledge my Redeemer, ever blest!

To whom thus also th' Angel last reply'd:
 This having learn'd, thou hast attain'd the sum 575
 Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the stars
 Thou knew'st by name, and all th' ethereal pow'rs,
 All secrets of the deep, all nature's works,

Book XII. PARADISE LOST. 299

Or works of GOD in heav'n, air, earth, or sea,
 And all the riches of this world enjoy'dst, 580
 And all the rule, one empire: only add
 Deeds to thy knowledge answerable; add Faith,
 Add Virtue, Patience, Temperance, add Love,
 (By name to come call'd Charity, the soul
 Of all the rest) then wilt thou not be loth 585
 To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
 A Paradise within thee, happier far! ---
 Let us descend now therefore from this top
 Of speculation, for the hour precise
 Exacts our parting hence: and see! the Guards, 590
 By me incamp'd on yonder hill, expect
 Their motion; at whose front a flaming sword,
 In signal of remove, waves fiercely round.
 We may no longer stay: go! waken EVE:
 Her also I with gentle dreams have calm'd, 595
 Portending good, and all her spirits compos'd
 To meek submission: thou at season fit
 Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard:
 Chiefly, what may concern her faith to know,
 The great deliverance by her seed to come 600
 (For by the woman's seed) on all mankind.
 That ye may live (which will be many days)
 Both in one faith unanimous, though sad,
 (With cause!) for evils past, yet much more cheer'd
 With meditation on the happy end. 605

He ended, and they both descend the hill:
 Descended, ADAM to the bow'r where EVE
 Lay sleeping ran before, but found her wak'd,
 And thus with words not sad she him receiv'd.

Whence thou return'st, & whither went'st, I know;
 For GOD is also in sleep, and dreams advise; 611
 Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
 Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress
 Wearied I fell asleep: but now, lead on!
 In me is no delay; with thee to go, 615
 ls

Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,
 Is to go hence unwillingly: thou to me
 Art all things under heav'n, all places thou,
 Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence.
 This further consolation yet secure 620
 I carry hence; though all by me is lost,
 Such favor I unworthy am vouchsaf'd,
 By me the promis'd seed shall all restore.

So spake our mother EVE; and ADAM heard
 Well-pleas'd, but answer'd not: for now too nigh 625
 Th' Arch-Angel stood; and from the other hill
 To their fix'd station, all in bright array
 The Cherubim descended; on the ground
 Gliding meteorous, as ev'ning mist,
 Ris'n from a river, o'er the marsh glides; 630
 And gathers ground fast at the lab'rer's heel,
 Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd,
 The brandish'd sword of GOD before them blaz'd;
 Fierce as a Comet; which with torrid heat,
 And vapors as the LIBYAN air adust, 635
 Began to parch that temperate clime: whereat
 In either hand the hast'ning Angel caught
 Our lingring Parents; and to th' eastern gate
 Led them direct; and down the cliff as fast,
 To the subjected plain; then disappear'd. 640
 They looking back, all th' eastern side beheld
 Of Paradise, so late their happy seat!
 Wav'd over by that flaming brand; the gate
 With dreadful faces throng'd, and fiery arms.
 Some natural tears they drop'd, but wip'd them soon:
 The world was all before them, where to chuse 646
 Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
 They, hand in hand, with wandring steps and slow,
 Through EDEN took their solitary way.

THE END.

INDEX.



I N D E X.

N. B. The XII Books are denoted by the numeral letters of the Alphabet: The other numbers denote the verses.

A.

A Aron and Moses, *their mission to Egypt* xij 170.
 Abdiel (a Seraph) *opposes Satan promoting the Angels revolt*, v 803. *his reply to Satan's answer* v 877
His fidelity, &c. celebrated v 896. *His retreat from Satan's party* vj 1. *His soliloquy on view of him at their head* vj 114. *His speech thereon* vj 130. *His reply to Satan's answer* vj 171. *He encounters him in the battel* vj 189. *He vāquishes Ariel, Arioc and Ramiel, fallen Angels* vj 369.
 Abel and Cain, *their story related* xj 429.
 Abraham's and the patriarch's story xij 113. *All nations his sons by faith* xij 446.
 Acheron, *a river of hell* ij 570.
 Adam and Eve *describ'd generally* iv 288. *particularly* iv 295. *Their state of innocence* iv 312. 492. 738. v 211. 303. viij 510. *Vide Innocence.* *Their night oraison* iv 720. *Morning oraison* v 153. *Preparations to entertain the Angel Raphael* v 313. *The table and entertainment describ'd* v 391. *Their nuptial bed* iv 708. *Nuptials celebrated* viij 510. *Parting preceding the temptation* ix 385. *Behaviour after their fall* ix 1004. *Find themselves naked* ix 1051. *Make themselves coverings of fig leaves* ix 1099. *Recriminate on, and reproach each other* ix 1187. *Hide themselves from God (the Son)* x 97. *Appearance before him* x 109. *Repentance* x 1098. *Expulsion from paradise* xij 625. *Vide Similies.*

a

Adam,

I N D E X.

Adam, his discourse with Eve on the prohibition of the Tree of Knowledge iv 411. To her at night iv 610. Answer to her question about the nightly luminaries iv 660. Viewing her sleeping v 8. Answer to her relating her dream v 94. To her weeping v 129. He invites the Angel Raphael to his bower, &c. v 361. His Discourse with him v 460. Continued on various subjects viij 651. Vide Raphael. His creation and dominion, &c. over the creatures ix 524. Prohibited the Tree of Knowledge vij 542 viij 332. Account of himself, and the objects about him, &c. on his creation viij 253. Of his first view of the Divine presence, in station in Paradise, &c. viij 311. Speech to God thereon, and on his solitude there viij 357. Reply to God's answer viij 379. Sleep on the formation of Eve describ'd viij 451. His first view of her viij 481. Passion for her viij 521. Valediction to Raphael viij 644. Discourse with Eve preceding the temptation ix 265 to 384. Care and fears for her in absence ix 838. Meets her returning with the forbidden fruit ix 847. Soliloquy lamenting her transgression ix 896. Resolves to die with her ix 907. Speech to her thereon ix 921. Eats the forbidden fruit ix 996. Incites her to carnal fruition (the first effect of it) ix 1011. 1016. The place, &c. described ix 1037. After speech to her on their fall and nakedness ix 1067. Another, charging her as the aggressor ix 1132. Reply to her answer (recriminates her affected self-sufficiency, &c.) ix 1162. Answer to God (the Son) calling him to judgment x 115. Reply to him (accuses Eve) x 124. The sentence pronounced on him x 197. Soliloquy thereon x 720. Continued x 854. Wishes for his dissolution x 746. 771. Reflection on the immortality of the soul, &c. x 782. Repulsory speech to Eve attempting to console him x 866. Relents towards her x 937. Reply to her (accusing her self as the first in transgression) x 947. Answer (to her reply advising to die by their own hands) x 1013. Resolves the contrary, (submission to God's will, and repentance)

I N D E X.

- tance*) x 1028. *Speech to Eve on the efficacy of prayer, &c.* xj 140. *Hails her the mother of mankind* xj 158. *Speech to her on the Omens preceding their expulsion from Paradise* xj 193. *On the view of Michael approaching* xj 226. *Behaviour on receiving the message* xj 263. *Speech to Michael thereon* xj 295. *Resignation* xj 370. *Discourse with Michael, discovering to him in vision what should happen in the world till the flood* xj 450 to 867. *Discourse with him, relating what should happen to the general resurrection* xij 6 to 551. *General reply to him, (resolutions of future obedience, dependance on God's providence, &c.)* xij 552. *Vide Eve. Vide Michael. Vide Raphael. Vide Similies.*
Adonis (or Thammuz) a fall'n Angel i 46.
Adramalec and Asmadai, fall'n Angels, wounded, and put to flight vj 365.
Air first clouded on Adam's fall xj 182.
Allusions. Vide Similies.
Amarant, a flower transplanted from Paradise to Heaven iij 352.
Ambition censured ij 482. *A cause of Satan's fall* iv 86.
Angels (cœstrial) obey God of choice, not necessity v 535. *Imbattel'd against Satan, and the fall'n Angels* vj 15. *Their signal, and march* vj 56. *Signal to engage, and engagement* vj 202. *Prevail* vj 386. *Disposition to re-engage* vj 524. *Retreat* vj 597. *Rally again, and renew the fight* vj 634. *Their song on the creation* vij 180. 252. 557. 602. *On its dissolution and renovation* x 641. *Guardians of Paradise, their parade, watches, &c.* iv 778. 782. 861. 977. v 287. *Re-ascent to Heaven on Adam's fall* xj 17. *Appointed to expel Adam, &c. from Paradise* xj 127. *Descent there* vij 208. *Post assigned* viij 220. *March possessing it, and expelling him, &c.* xij 626. *Guardians of mankind* ix 152. *Vide God the Father and Son. Vide Similies.*
'Angels (fallen) their after-state i 50. 339. *Numbers* i 331. v 743. *Names* i 374. *Various pursuits, &c.*
ij 528.

I N D E X.

ij 528. *Loss supply'd by man's creation* *ijj* 677. *Im-*
battel'd against the Angels cœlestial *vj* 79. *Engage-*
ment *vj* 202. *Defeat* *vj* 386. *Disposition to re-engage*
vj 507. *Their artillery, --- cannon,* *vj* 572. *Prevail*
vj 597. *Entire defeat, and expulsion from Heaven* *vj*
831 to 877. Transformed to serpents *x* 519. *Further*
punish'd with an illusion of the forbidden fruit *x* 547.
Both annually continued *x* 575. *Vide Satan. Vide*
Similies.
Apostles, their mission, &c. *xij* 439. *Gift of the Holy*
Ghost *xij* 497. *Successors (wolves, false teachers, &c.)*
describ'd *xij* 508.
Argument of the Poem *i* 1. *ix* 1.
Ariel, Arioc and Ramiel (fall'n Angels) vanquisb'd *vj*
369.
Ark, its building by Noah, describ'd *xj* 728. *Vide Noah.*
Ark of the covenant described *xij* 249.
Ashtaroth and Baalim (fall'n Angels) *i* 422.
Astoreth, or Astarte (a fall'n Angel) *i* 431.
Author's hym'n on conjugal love *iv* 750. *To light* *ijj* 1
Invocations *i* 6. *ijj* 61. *vij* 1. *xj* 20. *Reflection,*
in prospect of Adam's fall *ij* 380. *On Satan's preme-*
ditated attempt *iv* 1. *On Eve's parting with Adam*
preceding it *ix* 404. *On their nakedness after the fall*
ix 1114. *On his own blindness, &c.* *ijj* 22.
Azazel (a fall'n Angel) Satan's standard bearer *i* 534.

B.

Baalim and Ashtaroth (fall'n Angels) *i* 422.
Babel, the city and tower, built by Nimrod, &c. *xij* 38.
The confusion of languages there describ'd *xij* 48.
Baptism, what the sign of *xij* 442.
Baptiz'd, the Holy Ghost given primitively to all such
xij 497.
Battel, &c. between the cœlestial, and fallen Angels,
(God the Son concluding it) describ'd *vj* 202 to 877.
Vide Angels cœlestial, and fall'n.
Beasts, part of the sixth day's creation, describ'd *vij* 453.
Bel-

I N D E X.

- Belzebub**, (*a fall'n Angel*) i 79. Described ij 299.
His answer to Satan's first speech after their fall i 128.
To his second i 272. *Speech in council, call'd by Satan*
thereon ij 310. *Promotes an attempt on the world*
ij 345.
- Belial** (*a fall'n Angel*) i 290. Describ'd ij 108. *His*
speech in council ij 119. *To Satan on their advantage*
gain'd in the re-engagement with the celestial Angels
vj 620.
- Birds, part of the fifth day's creation, describ'd* vij 417.
- Blasts, an effect of Adam's fall* x 692.
- Bridge from hell-gates to the world over Chaos, the work,*
&c. describ'd x 293.

C.

- Cain and Abel**, *their story related* xj 429.
- Cham's story** xj 807.
- Chance**, *the common notion of it exploded* ij 909.
- Chaos** describ'd ij 890. vij 210. *Its court* ij 959. *Answer*
to Satan's speech there ij 989. *Bounds since the Angels*
fall, the creation, &c. ij 998. *State before it* v 577.
A bridge made over it from hell-gates to the world,
at Adam's fall x 282. *Vide Similies.*
- Charity**, *its praises, &c.* xij 576 to 587.
- Chemos, or Peor** (*a fall'n Angel*) i 406. 412.
- Cherubim.** *Vide Angels Cœlestial, &c. Vide Similies.*
- Church**, *hirelings in it, compar'd to the Devil in para-*
dise iv 192.
- Cocytus**, *a river of hell* ij 379.
- Comparisons.** *Vide Amilies.*
- Conjugal love**, *the praises, &c. of it* iv 750. *Distinguish'd*
from an amour iv 765. *Consists in reason, not passion*
viiij 586. Defin'd viij 589. *Express'd (on the woman's*
part) in practice viij 50. *In words* xij 615. *A reci-*
procal duty of it ix 357.
- Conjugal obedience**, *woman's happiness, &c.* iv 635.
- Conjugal union**, *the reason and obligations of it* viij 494.
ix 955. 961.

I N D E X I

Conscience, God's umpire in man iij 194. *The terrors of it* iv 23. x 842. *Laws to force it, censur'd* xij 515. *No infallibility against it* xij 529.
Constellations, their appearances, motion, &c. iij 577.
Creation, the universal, describ'd iij 708. vij 221.
Creatures animal in paradise, describ'd iv 340. *Have degrees of knowledge, and reason* viij 369. *Their discord, an effect of Adam's fall* x 707. *Entry of Noah's ark* xj 733.

D.

Dagon (a fall'n Angel) i 457,
Damn'd, the vicissitudes of their torments describ'd ij 596
David, his throne why eternal xij 320.
Day and night in heav'n, describ'd vj 4.
Death and Sin, their station at hell-gates before Adam's fall ij 648. *Their union* x 249. *Make a bridge from thence over Chaos to the world, after it* x 282. *Meet Satan in his return to hell from thence* x 326. *Their journey thither, and influences describ'd* x 410. *Arrival at paradise* x 585. *After-conduct in the world* x 610. *Vide Similies.*
Death described ij 666. *Answer to Satan at hell-gates* ij 688. *The son of Satan and Sin* ij 727. *Its birth* ij 777. *Answer to Sin on Adam's fall* x 264. *To Sin's speech in paradise* x 596. *Vide Similies.*
Death natural, the causes, and variety of it, described xj 466 to 493. *More terrible in view than reality* xj 469. *Of the faithful, a sleep to immortality* xij 425. to 434. *The gate of life* xij 575.
Death eternal considered x 808.
Deluge universal. Vide Noah.
Despair, the degrees and colours of it iv 108.
Devils, why eternally excluded from grace iij 129.
Discord censured ij 496. *Daughter of Sin, &c.* x 707.
Dominion absolute in man, over men, an usurpation xij 64.
Dreams illusive, &c. their source iv 799. *Natural* v 110.
Divine xij 611.

Eagle,

I N D E X.

E.

- Eagle, a bird of prey, an effect of Adam's fall* xj 185.
Earth and Heaven. Vide Heav'n and Earth.
Earth, its general creation describ'd iij 715. vij 231.
The shadow of Heaven v 574. *Separated from the waters, part of the third day's creation, describ'd* vij 276
The fruits of it, &c. vij 313. *Its motion, or of the Heavens, speculations thereon censur'd* viij 70. *Its praises* ix 99. *The centre of the creation* ix 107. *Destruction by Noah's flood describ'd* xj 743. *Restitution after it* xij 852. *An universal paradise at the Messiah's coming to judgment* xij 463. *Vide World.*
Eden, the country bounded iv 210.
Eden, the garden of it. Vide Paradise.
Egypt, the plagues of it describ'd xij 173.
Election asserted iij 183.
Elements, &c. subsist on each other xj 415.
Enoch, his story and translation xj 664. 700.
Eve and Adam. Vide Adam and Eve, Innocence & Similies.
Eve particularly describ'd, characteriz'd, &c. iv 712. v 379. viij 470. 482. 546. 596. ix 396. 431. 457. 489. 538. 603. 896. *Answer to Adam's discourse on the prohibition of the tree of knowledge* iv 440. *Recounts her first view of the creation, Adam, &c.* iv 449. *Answer to him at night* iv 635. *To him waking her, relates her dream* v 27. *Weeping describ'd* v 129. *Attending the entertainment of Raphael* v 443. *Her formation from Adam* viij 460. *Behaviour on view of him, &c.* viij 500. *Discourse with him preceding the temptation* ix 205 to 384. *Answer to Satan (in the serpent)* ix 552. *The discourse continued* ix 732. *Soliloquy before her eating the forbidden fruit* ix 745. *Plucks and eats* ix 780. *Soliloquy after it* ix 795. *Resolution to tempt Adam* ix 830. *Speech to him thereon* ix 856. *Reply to his answer, resolving to die with her* ix 960. *Behaviour thereon* ix 990. *Gives him the fruit* ix 995. *Repeats the transgression with him*

I N D E X.

him ix 1005. Is incited by him to carnal fruition (the first effect of it) ix 1014. 1035. The place, &c. described ix 1037. Answer to him (accusing her as the aggressor) imputes it to his indulgence ix 1142. Answer to God (the Son) calling her to judgment (accuses the serpent) x 159. The sentence pronounc'd on her x 192. Behaviour, and speech on Adam's repulse of her, and her offers of consolation (accuses her self) x 909. After-behaviour thereon x 937. Reply to his answer (advises to die by their own hands) x 966. To him, hailing her the mother of mankind xj 162. Soliloquy, lamenting the threatned expulsion from Paradise xj 268. Speech to him on quitting it (affection, conjugal resolutions, and consolation on the promise of the Messiah.) xij 610. Vide Adam & Similies. Evening describ'd iv 598. Evil --- in thought unapproved --- blameless v 117. Experience --- a guide to wisdom ix 807.

F.

Faith, unnecessary endeavours to approve it, suspicious ix 1139. Faith in Christ, with works, eternal life xij 420. Laws to force it censur'd xij 515. No infallibility against it xij 529. Fame (or glory) the common notion of it censur'd xj 688. Fancy its office v 100. The eye of the soul viij 460. Fate, the will of God vij 170. Fig-tree, of which Adam, Eve, &c. made Aprons, describ'd ix 1101. Firmament, the second day's creation, describ'd vij 261. Fish, part of the fifth day's creation, describ'd vij 391. Flaming sword in Paradise on Adam's, &c. expulsion thence, describ'd xij 632. Vide Similies. Flood universal. Vide Noah. Freedom, with the loss of it, virtue, &c. degenerates xj 797.

Free

I N D E X.

Free grace asserted iij 173. *Defin'd* iij 227.
Free-will asserted iij 95. v 235. 520. viij 635. ix 350.
 x 43. *Reason the same* iij 108. ix 350. *The image of God* viij 440.
Fruition carnal, the passion of it censur'd viij 579.

G.

Gabriel, (the Arch-Angel, chief of the guardian Angels of Paradise) his station, &c. described iv 443. *In-form'd by Uriel of Satan's descent there* iv 561. *Undertakes to detect him* iv 576. *His charge to Uzziel, Ithuriel, & Zephon thereon* iv 782. *Speech to them, &c. on their taking, and return with him* iv 866. *To Satan thereon* iv 877. *Reply to his answer* iv 902. *To another* iv 946. *To another* iv 1006. *Appointed one of the chiefs of the celestial army against the revolted Angels* vj 45. *His prowess, &c. in the Battel* vj 354.
Glory (or fame) the common notion of it censured xj 688
 GOD the FATHER contemplating his works, &c. iij 56. *Speech to God the Son, on Satan's design on the creation, man, &c.* iij 80. *Reply to his answer* iij 168. *Proposes the manner, &c. of fall'n man's redemption* iij 203. *Answer to the Son undertaking it* iij 274. *Decrees his bodily resurrection as God and man* iij 303. *His the Father's attributes, &c.* iij 372. *Visibly seen in the Son* iij 383. vj 680. *Charge to Raphael to warn Adam against his fall* v 224. *Speech to the whole celestial hierarchy, conven'd at the inauguration of God the Son* v 600. *To the Son on Satan's Revolt thereon* v 719. *Speech to Abdiel on his quitting their party* vj 29. *Appoints Michael and Gabriel chiefs of the celestial army* vj 44. *Appoints God the Son to end the battel* vj 680. *Chariot (the father's) describ'd* vj 749. *Speech to the Son, resolving the creation of the world* vij 139. *Commits the work to him* vij 163. *His (the Father's) omnipresence* vij 168. 588. *Goodness, free* vij 170. *Will, fate* vij 173. *Institution of the sabbath*

I N D E X.

sabbath (by God the Father and Son) the seventh after the six days of the creation vij 581. The solemnity of it describ'd vij 594. Speech (the Father's) on the guardian Angels return from Paradise upon Adam's fall x 34. Appoints the Son judge of it x 55. Speech to the cœlestials on Sin and Death's entrance into the world thereby x 614. Promise of their dissolution, and renovation of heaven and earth x 633. Charge to the Angels, touching the changes in the creation on the fall x 649. Answer to the Son's intercession on Adam's repentance xj 45. Speech to the cœlestials, conven'd at his decreeing his expulsion from Paradise xj 84. To Michael thereon xj 99.

G O D the S O N, *at the right hand of the Father iij 62. His (the Father's) essence, &c. iij 138. His word, &c. iij 169. vij 163. Answer to him on Satan's design on the creation, man, &c. iij 144. On his proposing the manner, &c. of man's redemption iij 227. Undertakes it iij 236. Love to man, and filial obedience iij 266. The second Adam iij 285. His merits alone imputative to man iij 290. xij 406. His resurrection, as God & man, decreed iij 303. Equal to the Father iij 305. His (the Son's) attributes iij 383. Answer to the Father on Satan's revolt vj 733. The image of the Father iij 383. vj 680. vj 736. The Messiah vj 718. 881. Answer to the Father, appointing him to end the battel between the cœlestial and revolted Angels vj 723. Undertakes it vj 730. His armour, equipage, &c. describ'd vj 760. Speech to the cœlestial army vj 800. Solely attacks the revolters vj 824. Intirely defeats them vj 838. Returns in triumph vj 878. His person, equipage, &c. in the Work of the creation describ'd vij 192. Re-ascent to heaven after it vij 550. Institution of the sabbath (by God the Father, and Son) the seventh after the six days creation vij 581. The solemnity of it describ'd vij 594. Answer (the Son's) to Adam, on his solitude in Paradise viij 369. To his reply viij 398. To another (promises him a consort) viij 437. Appointed by*

I N D E X.

by the Father judge of Adam's transgression x 55. All judgment committed to him x 56. The mercy of it x 58. Answer to the Father thereon x 68. Descent to Eden x 85. Call to Adam there x 103. Reply to his answer (accusing Eve) x 119. To his reply x 144. To Eve (accusing the serpent) x 157. Sentence pronounced by him on the serpent x 163. 175. Explained x 182. On Eve x 192. On Adam x 197. Cloaths them with skins, &c. x 211. Re-ascent to the Father, and intercession for them x 224. The justice of his sentence x 754. His intercession on their repentance xj 22. Vide Messiah.

G O D, Purity of adoration more acceptable to him, than ritual iv 736. All good proceeds from, and returns to him v 469. To be contemplated in the works of the Creation v 508. Acts immediate vij 176. The centre of heaven ix 107. His absolute decrees xj 311. The fear of him, &c. with loss of freedom, degenerates xj 797. Particular presence xij 48. To obey, love, depend on his providence, &c. the sum of knowledge xij 557. And wisdom xij 575.

Gospel how to be understood xij 511.

Grace of God, man its object, and Devils eternally excluded from it, why iij 129. Man's long resistance of it alone exclusive iij 198. Repentance a fruit of it xj 22. The spirits of it, and liberty, consorts xij 525.

Gratitude exerted, a discharge of its debt iv 55.

Gunpowder, guns, &c. the original invention vj 478. ascrib'd to the Devil vj 484. Discharge describ'd vj 584.

H.

Heaven and earth, their final renovation by fire xj 898. xij 547. After-happiness therein xij 463. 549.

Heaven, the joys, &c. of it describ'd iij 344. Is Gate iij 501. v 253. Passage from thence to the world iij 526. Its general creation iij 716. Visible, the study of it how necessary viij 66. Speculations of its motions, or the earth's, censured viij 70. How situated, respecting the world, and Hell x 320.

I N D E X.

- Hell described* i 60. 228. ij 587. 618. *Its Gates* ij 645.
First open'd by sin ij 871. *How situated, respecting
 heaven, and the world* x 322. *Vide Similies.*
*Hierarchies of heav'n, before the revolt of the fall'n Angels,
 describ'd* v 579.
*Hinnom, the valley of, whence call'd Tophet, and
 Gehenna* i 399.
HOLY-GHOST, its effusion, &c. at the creation vij
 195. *Descent, &c. on the Apostles, and all baptiz'd*
 xij 485. *Promis'd and given alike to all believers* xij 518.
Hospitality, an incitation to it v 316.
Hymn to light iij 1. *To God the Father and Son* iij 372.
On conjugal love iv 750. *On the creation* vij 180. 252.
 557. 602.
Hypocrisy visible to God alone iij 682.
Hypocrites, Satan the first iv 121. *Pretenders to super-
 natural purity, &c.* iv 744.
 I.
Idolatry, the original rise of it assign'd i 364. *Of the
 post-diluvian world* xij 115.
Jealousy the lover's Hell v 449.
Immortality of the soul discuss'd x 782.
Innocence, the state of it describ'd iv 312. 492. 783.
 v 211. 303. 443. vij 40. 510.
Intellectual beings, a faculty of them ij 146.
Invocations, the author's i 6. iij 51. vij 1. xj 20.
Jove (a fall'n Angel) i 512.
*Israelites, the story of their bondage, & deliverance from
 Egypt, related* xij 163. *Of the settlement of their
 civil and sacred economy in the wilderness* xij 223.
Establishment in Canaan xij 260. *Reason, use, &c.
 of their ritual laws* xij 280. *Government by Judges
 and Kings* xij 315. *Captivity in Babylon* xij 335.
*Return from thence, after-dissentions, &c. to the birth
 of the Messiah, &c.* xij 345 to 359.
Ifis, (a fall'n Angel) i 478.
Ithuriel (a guardian Angel of Paradise) iv 788. *Detects
 Satan's first attempt on Eve there* iv 810.

Know-

I N D E X.

K.

Knowledge of good and evil, the tree of it, how situated iv 220. ix 626. *Described* ix 575. *Forbidden to Adam* vij 542. viij 323. *Satan's Encomium of it* ix 679. *Eve's* ix 795. 863.
Knowledge (or opinion) the result of reason and fancy v 100. *Without restraint, folly* vij 126. viij 188. xij 560
Of things necessary, wisdom viij 192.
Knowledge of future events, the desire of it reprehended xj 770. *Its sum, the love, fear, &c. of God* xij 557.
In animal creatures asserted viij 369. *Vide Similies.*

L.

Lethe, a river of hell, describ'd ij 582. *Medusa the guard of it* ij 610.
Leviathan describ'd i 201.
Liberty, with the loss of it, virtue, &c. degenerates xj 797. *Adam's fall, the first cause of it* xij 82.
Liberty, the same with reason xij 83.
Life, the tree of it describ'd iv 218. *Where situated* ix 69.
Life, long, by temperance xj 530. *The great rule of it respecting it self* xj 553.
Light, hymn to it iij 1. *The first day's creation, describ'd* vij 243.
Lightning how produced x 1073.
Limbo, or fools paradise, where iij 495.
Lion, a beast of prey, an effect of Adam's fall xj 187.
Love conjugal, its praises iv 750. *Distinguish'd from that of an amour* iv 763. *Love consists in reason, not passion* viij 586. *Defin'd* viij 589. *In spirits celestial, the expression of it, what, and how* viij 620.
Smiles, the food of love ix 239. *Founded in reason, one end of human life* ix 241.
Lucifer, Satan why so called x 425. *Vide Satan.*
 Lust carnal, the first effect of Adam's fall ix 1011.
The solace of it ix 1042.

I N D E X.

M.

- Mammon** (a fall'n Angel) i 678. His speech in the council call'd by Satan after their fall ij 229.
- Man** fall'n the object of grace, why iij 130. His long resistance of it alone exclusive iij 198. Redemption propos'd by God the Father iij 203. Undertaken by God the Son iij 227. The Son's merits alone imputative to him, towards it, how iij 290.
- Man** created to repair the loss of the fall'n Angels iij 667 ix 143. His creation describ'd vij 524. Dominion over the rest vij 520. Love to woman, how consistent with his superiority viij 567. The whole creation in little ix 109. Angels, his guardians ix 154. His superiority over the woman given him by God x 145. 195. Pursuing his appetites, disfigures not God's image, but his own xj 515. Conformity to the divine will, the true end of his creation xj 603. Absolute dominion over his brethren (men) an usurpation xij 64. Given him by God only over the creatures xij 67.
- Matches** conjugal, the modern censur'd viij 57. Respecting the woman particularly x 888.
- Medusa**, the guard of Lethe ij 610.
- Mercy**, God's first and last attribute iij 132.
- Messiah** promised x 181. The promise explain'd x 182. xij 386. His birth, &c. and kingdom describ'd xij 359. Why called the seed of the woman xij 376. Life, and passion xij 388. Resurrection, and mission of the Apostles xij 420. Ascension, &c. xij 451. Coming to judgment, &c. xij 538. 543.
- Michael** (the Arch-Angel) appointed one of the chiefs of the celestial army against the revolted Angels vj 44 His prowess, &c. in the battel vj 250. Speech to Satan encountering him vj 262. The combat described vj 296 Wounds Satan vj 320. The revolters defeated, incamps on the field of battel vj 410. Prepares to expel Adam, &c. from Paradise xj 126. His appearance, &c. there described xj 238. Speech to Adam thereon xj 251.
- Reply

I N D E X.

Reply to Eve lamenting the threatened expulsion xj 286
To Adam on the same subject xj 334. *Discovers to him (in vision) what should happen to the time of the Flood* xj 423 to 867. *The story of Cain and Abel* xj 429. *Death with its causes, and variety* xj 466. *The state of the antediluvian world (in common)* xj 556. *The state of it (civil, or in propriety)* xj 638. *The story of Enoch* xj 664. *Of Noah* xj 700. *The flood* xj 738 *God's covenant to destroy the world no more by water* xj 890. *Discovers to him (relatively) what should happen from the flood to the general resurrection* xij 6 to 551. *The patriarchal government* xij 13. *Nimrod's tyranny* xij 24. *The building and confusion at Babel* xij 38. *The story of Cham* xij 101. *Of Abraham, and the Patriarchs* xij 113. *Of the Israelites bondage in Ægypt, and deliverance thence* xij 163. *Of the settlement of their civil, and sacred œconomy, in the wilderness, and establishment in Canaan* xij 223. *Of their various ritual laws, their reason, use, &c.* xij 280 *Of their government by Judges and Kings* xij 315. *Of their captivity in Babylon* xij 335. *Of their return from thence, after-dissensions, the birth and kingdom of the Messiah* xij 345 to 371. *Of his life, passion, resurrection, mission of the Apostles, ascension, &c.* xij 388 to 465. *Of the mission of the Holy Ghost, gift of tongues, miracles, &c.* xij 485 to 504. *Of the Apostles successors (false teachers, &c.) their ambition, innovations, &c. the effects of them, & the Messiah's coming to judgment* xij 507 to 551. *His answer to Adam's resolutions of future obedience, &c. commends, advises him, and warns him to quit Paradise* xij 575. *Leads him and Eve out* xij 637. *Vide Similies.*
Mind, the force of is i 254. *Discourse, its food* ix 237.
Moloch (a fall'n Angel) i 392. *His speech in the council call'd by Satan after their fall* ij 51. *Defies Gabriel in the battel between the celestial and revolted Angels* vi 357. *Is wounded by him, and flies* vi 360.

Mean;

I N D E X.

Moon, suppos'd inhabited by translated saints and middle spirits iij 459. Its office iij 726. Rising describ'd iv 606. The spots in it, vapours not yet consolidated with its body v 418. Part of the fourth day's creation vij 350. Receives its light from the Sun vij 375. Motion, aspects vij 379.

Moon and stars, their courses, influences, &c. iv 661. *Moon and planets*, their noxious motion, aspects, &c. an effect of Adam's fall x 656.

Morning in heav'n describ'd vj 1. 20.

Morning, natural, describ'd v 10. xj 192. 133.

Moses and Aaron their mission to Ægypt xij 170.

Mulciber (a fall'n Angel) i 740.

N.

Night in heaven, describ'd v 642.

Night and day in heaven describ'd vj 4.

Night, natural, describ'd iv 604. 776. v 38. ix 48.

At Adam's fall x 846.

Nimrod (the first monarch) his tyranny described, and censured xij 24.

Nisroc (a fall'n Angel) vj 446. His answer to Satan in council after their defeat by the celestial Angels vj 451.

Noah, his reprehension of the antediluvion world xj 719. 808. Building the ark, &c. xj 728. Entering it, with his family, the creatures, &c. xj 733. The flood describ'd xj 738. 824. Its abatement, the ark's resting, &c. 841. His descent from it, the appearance of the rainbow, &c. xj 861.

Noon describ'd v 300.

O.

Obedience, conjugal, woman's happiness, &c. iv 635.

Of will, not necessity, only acceptable to God v 529.

Old age describ'd xj 535.

Omens of Adam's expulsion from Paradise xj 182.

Opinion (or knowledge) Vide Knowledge or Opinion.

Orbs

I N D E X.

Orbs coelestial, and terrestrial, notions about their motions, appearance, &c. doubtful, and not necessary to the improvement of happiness, viij 70 to 178.

Orus (a fall'n Angel) Osyris (another) i 478.

P.

Pandæmonium (the court of hell) describ'd i 710.

Vide Similies.

*Paradise (or the garden of Eden) describ'd iv 131. 214. v 291. viij 537. viij 304. ix 439. The eastern gate of it iv 542. Guarded by Gabriel iv 549. The bower of Adam and Eve there iv 690. The parade, watches, &c. of the guardian Angels in Paradise iv 778. 782. 861. 977. The hill there, from whence Michael discovers to Adam in vision, what should happen to the time of the flood xj 377. Adam and Eve's expulsion from Paradise describ'd xij 625. The flaming sword, &c. guarding the east gate of it xij 632. The seat of it destroy'd by Noah's flood xj 829. *Vide Similies.**

Passions inordinate, an effect of Adam's fall ix 1120.

Patriarchal government, from the flood to Nimrod's tyranny xij 13.

Patriarchs (Abraham's, &c.) their story related xij 113. Peace, the corruptions of it equal to the wastes of war xj 783.

Peor, or Chemos (a fall'n Angel) i 412.

Persecution in matters spiritual, the rise of it xij 508 to 533. Its effects xij 533.

Phlegeton (a River of Hell) ij 580.

Plagues of Ægypt describ'd xij 173.

Planets and moon, their noxious motion, aspects, &c. an effect of Adam's fall x 656.

Pleasure sensual, censur'd xj 603.

Poles, north and south, perpetual day under both, but for Adam's fall x 668. 680.

Prayer, the efficacy of its spirit xj 5. 14. 146. Unavailable against God's absolute decrees xj 311.

Predestination defin'd ij 111.

I N D E X.

Priests occasion the first dissension in the Jewish church and state xij 353.

Prosopopæia, on Eve's eating the forbidden fruit ix 782
On Adam's ix 1000.

R.

Rainbow, its first appearance after Noah's flood xj 865.
Sign of God's covenant to destroy the world no more by water xj 895.

Ramiel, Ariel, and Arioc (fall'n Angels) vanquisb'd vj 369.

Raphael (the Angel) his descent to Paradise to warn Adam against his fall v 247. *His person described* v 276. *Answer to Adam's invitation to his bower, and entertainment there* v 371, 404. *Salutation of Eve* v 388. *Discourse with Adam on various Subjects* v 468 to viij 651. *On the perfection, variety, and gradual æconomy of the creation* v 468 to 543. *On obedience, as a duty of choice, not necessity* v 520 to 543. *On the revolt and defeat of the fall'n Angels* v 577 to 897. *Thence warns him against Satan's temptations* vj 893. *Vanquishes Asmadai, and puts him to flight* vj 363. *On the creation, &c.* vij 111 to 640. *On the motion, appearances, and influences of the cœlestial & terrestrial bodies* viij 15 to 178. *Reply to Adam's account of himself on his creation, &c.* viij 560. *Reply to his question concerning love, and the expression of it in spirits cœlestial* viij 620. *Advice to Adam at parting, and re-ascent to heaven* viij 630. *Vide Similies.*

Reason, and free-will, the same iv 95. 108. ix 350. *The chief faculty of the soul* v 100. *The being of the soul, discursive of men, intuitive of Angels* v 486. *In animal creatures* viij 369. *The law of nature* ix 653. *Correlative with liberty* xij 83. *with virtue* xij 97.

Redemption of man, propos'd by God the Father iij 203. *Undertaken by God the Son* iij 227.

Repentance the grace of God iij 185. *Sincere endeavours towards it acceptable* iij 191. *In act of it* x 1086. *Its efficacy* xj 22.

Repro-

I N D E X.

Reprobation, the state of iij 198.
Reptiles, part of the sixth day's creation, described vij 473
Revolt, and defeat of the fall'n Angels v. 577 to vj 892
Rimmon (a fall'n Angel) i 467.

S.

Sabbath, its institution, the seventh, after the six days creation vij 581. *The solemnity of it describ'd* vij 594
Salvation, not only to the sons of Abraham's loins, but his faith xij 449.

SATAN (the prince of the fall'n Angels) his fall from heaven i 34. *Why so called* i 81. v 657. *Speech to Belzebub, after their fall* i 84. *Reply to Belzebub's answer* i 157
Ascent from hell i 192. *His stature looks, &c. describ'd* i 193. iv 985. v 706. *Speech to Belzebub thereon* i 242. *His shield describ'd* i 284. *His spear* i 292. *Speech to the other fall'n Angels* i 315. *His standard describ'd* i 531. *Speech to the fall'n Angels reimbattel'd* i 622. *Calls a council* i 752. *Speech to them in council* ij 11. *Undertakes an attempt on the world (the result of it)* ij 430. 465. *Ascent to the gates of hell* ij 629. *Speech to Death there* ij 681. *The father of Sin, and Death* ij 727. *Answer to Sin's speech* ij 737. *To her reply* ij 817. *Flight into Chaos* ij 917. *Arrival at the court of Chaos* ij 951. *Speech there* ij 968. *Brought sin and death first into the world* ij 1024. *Ascent to light, &c.* ij 1034. *Alights on the convex of the world's outermost orb* iij 418. *View of the world from the first step to heav'n gate* iij 540. *Descent to it describ'd* iij 561. *Stops at the sun* iij 588. *Discovers Uriel, the Angel of it, there* iij 621. *Transforms himself to a Cherub* iij 634. *Speech to Uriel* iij 654. *Deceives him* iij 681. *Is directed by him to the world* iij 724. *And Paradise* iij 733. *Alights on mount Niphates* iij 739. *Soliloquy contemplating the sun* iv 32. *The first hypocrite* iv 121. *Arrives at Paradise* iv 131. *Sits on the tree of life* iv 194. *Soliloquy on view of Adam & Eve in Paradise* iv 358. *Descends from the tree of life,*

I N D E X.

and assumes several animal shapes iv 395. Listens to Adam's discourse with Eve, on God's prohibition of the tree of knowledge iv 408. Soliloquy on the subject of it iv 505. Resolves thence to tempt them to disobedience iv 512. First attempt in the assumed shape of a toad, on Eve asleep iv 799. Answer to Ithuriel and Zephon, reprehending him thereon iv 827. Reply to their answer iv 851. Answer to Gabriel iv 886. Reply to his answer iv 925. To another iv 968. The inauguration of God the Son, the occasion of his revolt v 657. Speech to the next subordinate Angel of his party thereon v 673. The seat of his hierarchy before his fall, describ'd v 756. Speech to the Angels of his hierarchy thereon v 772. Reply to Abdiel's answer, on his speech to the Hierarchs of his party v 853. His army described vj 79. His port, and post there vj 99. Answer to Abdiel's reply vj 150. Battel between his, and the celestial army, describ'd vj 205 to 358. His prowess in the battel vj 246. Encounters Michael vj 253. Answer to Michael's speech thereon vj 281. The combat describ'd vj 296. Wounded by him vj 320. Carried off vj 335. His army defeated vj 386. Retreats and calls a council vj 414. Speech in council vj 418. Reply to Nisroc there vj 469. Gives the word for renewing the battel vj 558. Renew'd by his army, and the second Battel describ'd vj 569. 670. Speech on the celestial army's retreat vj 608. His army's intire defeat & expulsion from heav'n describ'd vj 831 to 877. Returns from compassing the earth, to Paradise by night, in a mist, in order to his temptation ix 53. His circuit, &c. describ'd ix 62. Soliloquy thereon ix 99. Enters the serpent ix 182. View (in that shape) of Eve ix 424. Soliloquy thereon ix 473. Behaviour to her ix 523. Speech to her ix 532. Reply to her answer ix 567. The discourse (his temptation of Eve to eat the forbidden fruit) continued ix 732. Leaves her after eating it ix 784. His sentence thereon (virtually) pronounced by God the Son x 171. Returns to
hell

I N D E X.

hell to avoid his presence in Paradise x 337. Meets Sin and Death upon their journey to the world on Adam's fall x 345. Answer to Sin's speech x 383. Parts with them x 410. Ascends his throne at Pandæmonium x 443. Speech to the fall'n Angels assembled there x 459. Applauded with an hiss x 504. He and they transform'd to serpents x 510. Further punish'd with an illusion of the forbidden fruit x 549. Both annually continued x 575. Himself (the serpent) drag'd in chains at the ascension of the Messiah xij 453. Dissolution (with the world) at his coming to judgment xij 545. Vide Similies.

Saturn (a fall'n Angel) i 512.

Scriptures how to be understood xij 511.

Seasons, their changes, respecting each clime, an effect of Adam's fall x 677.

Serpent describ'd ix 182. After enter'd by Satan ix 495. His sentence (formally) pronounc'd by God the Son, as the assum'd tempter of Eve x 163. 175. Vide Similies.

Sideral blasts, &c. an effect of Adam's fall x 692.

Sin and Death. Vide Death and Sin.

Sin describ'd ij 650. Her speech to Satan, and Death, at hell-gates ij 727. Reply to Satan ij 747. Her birth ij 752. Reply to his answer ij 850. Opens hell-gates to him ij 871. Speech to Death on Adam's fall x 235. To Satan, (meeting him returning to hell,) on her & Death's journey to the world after it x 354. To Death on their arrival at Paradise x 591. Reply to Death's answer x 602. Vide Similies.

Sin original, lust carnal the first effect of it ix 1011. Its solace ix 1042.

Slavery, original of it the inordinacy of the Passions xij 86. The justice of it, as consequential on deviating from virtue, &c. xij 97.

Soul, its faculties v 100. Its immortality discuss'd x 782.

Spirits, their essence, and power i 423. 789. Their invisible existence on earth iv 677. The elect, their hymn

I N D E X.

to God the Father, and Son iij 372. Material, &c. faculties in spirits v 404. 433. Vital, animal, & intellectual spirits progressive from material nutrition v 482. Their existence in life, intellect, shape, &c. defin'd vj 344.

Spring perpetual within the tropics, but for Adam's fall x 678.

Stars, their places, appearances, &c. iij 565. Fed by the air v 417. Part of the fourth day's creation vij 357. Receive their light from the sun vij 364. Vide Similies.

Stars, and Moon, their courses, influences, &c. iv 661

Storms, &c. an effect of Adam's fall xj 695.

Styx, a river of hell ij 577.

Sun, its appearance, place, & power iij 571. Brightness describ'd iij 591. Orb fed by exhalations from the grosser v 423. Part of the fourth day's creation vij 354. The fountain of light vij 364. Setting describ'd iv 352. 539. 590. vij 630. x 92. It's annual course, producing intense heat and cold, an effect of Adam's fall x 651. Its oblique motion from the equinoctial, from the same cause x 671. Vide Similies.

T.

Teachers (false) of the christian religion describ'd xij 508

Temperance, the effect of it long life xj 530

Thammuz or Adonis (a fall'n Angel) i 446.

Thunder, an effect of Adam's fall x 666.

Time, respecting eternity, defin'd v 580.

Titan, (a fall'n Angel) i 510.

Tradition censur'd xij 511.

Tree of life. Vide Life. Of knowledge. Vide knowledge.

Truth, suffering for it, fortitude, &c. xij 569.

Tyranny, Nimrod's, describ'd, and censured xij 24.

Origine of it, the inordinacy of the passions xii 86.

No excuse of the tyrant (tho' just in consequence on the subject) xij 95.

Tyrants,

I N D E X.

Tyrants, their plea for conquest, &c. compar'd with
Satan's first attempt on man iv 390.
Twilight describ'd iv 598.

V.

Vacuity, God's omnipresence an argument against it vij
168.
Valour, (or heroic virtue,) the common notion of it cen-
sur'd xj 688.
Virtue, &c. with loss of freedom degenerates xj 797.
Reason, and virtue, the same xij 98.
Union conjugal. Vide Conjugal union.
Uriel (the Angel of the sun) iij 622. His answer to
Satan iij 694. Directs him to the world iij 724.
And Paradise iij 733. Descends thither himself, and
informs Gabriel of Satan's predescent iv 555. 561.
Encounters Adramelec, (a fall'n Angel) wounds, &
puts him to flight vj 363. Vide Similies.
Uzziel (a guardian Angel of Paradise) iv 782.

W.

War, property the original of it xj 638. The corruptions
of peace equal to its wastes xj 783.
Waters separated from the earth, part of the third day's
creation vij 282. Vide Similies.
Wife, her duty in danger, distress, &c. ix 267. xj 290
Wind, the tempestuous power of it an effect of Adam's
fall x 664. 695.
Wisdom, the sum of it, the love, &c. of God xij 575.
Wolves, (or false teachers) the Apostles successors, describ'd
xij 507.
Woman, conjugal obedience her happiness, &c. iv 635.
Man's love towards her, how consistent with his su-
periority vij 567. Two of her loveliest qualities ix 232
The effect of leaving her to her own will ix 1182. His
superiority over her, given him by God x 145. 195.
A novelty, defect of nature, &c. (sarcastically) x 888.
The

I N D E X.

The advantage of her social, over her artificial accomplishments xj 614. *Every way the cause of man's misery (sarcastically)* xj 632.
Works, with faith in Christ, eternal life xij 420.
World, the convex of its outermost orb describ'd iij 418.
By whom possesst (sarcastically) iij 444. 463. *The creation of the world, committed by God the Father, to God the Son* vij 163. *Describ'd* vij 218. *Situation of it, respecting heaven and hell* x 320. *Vide Earth.*

Z.

Zephon (a guardian Angel of Paradise) iv 788. *Reprehends Satan's first attempt on Eve there* iv 823. *Reply to his answer* iv 834.
Zophiel (a cherub) vj 535. *Alarms the celestial army, on the approach of Satan's to renew the battel* vj 537.

S I M I L I E S.

Adam and Eve, after their fall, compar'd to the Americans, at first seen by Columbus ix 1115. *Their repentance --- to Deucalion and Pyrrha's address to restore human race after their flood* xj 8.
Adam caressing Eve --- to Jupiter with Juno iv 499. *His address to her sleeping --- to Zephyrus breathing on Flora* v 15. *Bower -- to Pomona's arbour* v 377. *Desires to know the story of the creation, prior to his own -- to thirst unallay'd, increasing* vij 66. *Awak'd after carnal fruition, the first effect of his fall --- to Sampson shorn by Dalilah* ix 1059. *Sorrow on the vision of Noah's flood --- to a father's mourning his children all destroy'd in his view at once* xj 760.
Angels celestial, the spears (of the guardians of Paradise) --- to ears of corn ripe for reaping iv 980. *Their march against Satan's army --- to that of the birds*

I N D E X.

birds in Paradise to receive their names from Adam vj 72. *Their hallelujahs --- to the sound of seas* x 642. (*Appointed to expel Adam, &c. from Paradise*) --- *their faces to a double Janus (four)* xj 128. *Their eyes --- to those of Argus* xj 129. *Their appearance there --- to the Angels appearing to Jacob in Mahanaim* xj 213. -- *To those in Dothan against the King of Assyria* xj 216. *Their motion --- to an evening mist* xij 628.

Angels fall'n -- to autumnal leaves i 302. -- *To floating sea-sedge after a storm* i 304. *Rousing at Satan's command --- to centinels waking from sleep on duty* i 331. *Imbattelling against the Angels celestial --- to the Egyptian plague of locusts* i 338. --- *To the irruptions of the northern Barbarians* i 351. *Their disposition to engage -- to that of the heroes of antiquity* i 549. *With them --- the greatest armies in all ages since the creation --- pigmies* i 573. *Themselves -- to oaks or pines blasted* i 612. *Their searching, &c. for the materials of Pandæmonium --- to pioneers intrenching, &c.* i 675. *Their manner of raising it -- to the Wind of an Organ* i 705. *Assembling thereat -- to bees* i 768. -- *To pigmies* i 780. -- *To fairies* i 781. *Their applause of Mammon's speech in council -- to the hollow wind after a storm* ij 285. *Their rising from council -- to thunder afar off* ij 476. *Their pleasure on the result -- to the evening sun after a foul day* ij 488. *Their after various pursuits, passions, &c. -- to the Olympick, or Pythian games* ij 530. --- *To the Phenomena of armies in the clouds* ij 533. -- *To Hercules on Oeta* ij 543. *Their numbers composing Satan's army against the celestials -- to the stars* v 745. -- *To the dew drops* v 746. *Their applause of Satan's reply to Abdiel --- to the sound of deep waters* v 872. *Throng'd together after their entire defeat by God the Son --- to a herd of goats* vj 856. *Their retreat to Pandæmonium from the frontiers of hell during Satan's expedition to the world -- to the Tartar's flight before*

d

I N D E X.

- before the Rufs -- and the Persian from the Turk -- wasting the intermeditate country* x 431. *Transformation to serpents -- to those sprung from the Gorgon's blood, &c.* x 526. *Their appearance on the Tree illustrive of the forbidden fruit -- to the snaky hair of Megæra (one of the furies)* x 558. *The fruit -- to the apples of Sodom* x 561.
- Chaos.** *Atoms, their motion -- to the Libyan quicksands* ij 900. *Confusion there -- to storming a town* ij 920. -- *To heaven and earth (suppos'd) falling, &c.* ij 924
- Death, and Sin, their making a bridge over Chaos to the world -- to polar winds, driving the ice together in the (suppos'd) north-east passage x 289. *The work to Neptune's fixing the isle of Delos* x 293. -- *To Xerxes making a bridge over the Hellespont* x 306.**
- Death's instinct of Adam's fall -- to the flight of birds of prey to a field of battel x 273. *His and Satan's frowns on each other -- to two thunder clouds meeting* ij 714.**
- Eve -- her hair -- to the vine's tendrils iv 305. *Her looks -- to the first blush of morning* v 122. *Her self -- to Pandora* iv 713. -- *To a wood nymph, or Venus* v 379. -- *To a Dryad, or Delia, (Diana)* ix 387. -- *To Pales or Pomona* ix 393. -- *To Ceres* ix 395. *Her Temptation by Satan -- alluded to by the story of Ophion and Eurynome* x 578.**
- Flaming sword in Paradise, on Adam's and Eve's expulsion thence -- to a comet xij 632. *Its heat, &c. -- to the Libyan air* xij 634.**
- Hell -- to mount Ætna (in Sicily) i 230. -- *To the bog or lake Serbonis (in Palæstine)* ij 592.**
- Knowledge, the desires of it -- to a thirst unallay'd, increasing** vij 66.
- Michael, his combat with Satan -- to two Planets rushing in opposition to each other** vj 310. *Appearance to expel Adam, &c. from Paradise -- to a man in a military vest, &c.* xj 239.
- Pandæmonium its sudden rise -- to an exhalation** i 710
Paradise,

I N D E X.

Paradise, the air of it -- to the effluvia from Arabia Fælix, at Sea iv 159. *Its self -- to the field of Enna (in Sicily)* iv 268. *To the grove of Daphne, &c. (in Thessaly)* iv 272. -- *To the ile of Nyfa, (where Bacchus was brought up* iv 275. -- *To mount Amara (in Ethiopia)* iv 280. -- *To the gardens of Adonis* ix 439. -- *Of Alcinous* ix 440. -- *Of Solomon* ix 442.

Raphael, his view of the world in his descent from Heaven to Paradise -- to that of the moon through an optic glass v 261. -- *Of Delos or Samos from the Cyclades* v 264. *Himself -- to a Phoenix* v 271. -- *to Mercury* v 285

Satan -- to Briareus, Typhon and the Leviathan i 199 201. -- *To the sun rising in a mist* i 594. -- *In eclipse* i 596. -- *To the longest train of a comet* ij 707. -- *To mount Teneriff or Atlas* iv 985. *His shield -- to the moon* i 284. *His spear -- to a mast* i 292. *His standard -- to a meteor* i 337. *The Phenomenon of his ascent to hell gates -- to a fleet in the Offin* ij 636. *His & Death's frowns on each other -- to two thunder-clouds meeting* ij 714. *Flight to the court of Chaos -- to a Gryphon's in the wilderness* ij 943. *Towards heaven -- to (the ship) Argo, thro' the Thracian Bosphorus* ij 1016. -- *To Ulysses's voyage between Scylla and Charybdis* ij 1019. *Arrival at light, &c. -- to a weather-beaten vessel towards port* ij 1043. -- *On the convex of the world's outermost orb -- to a vulture seeking his prey* iij 431. *First view of the world -- to a scout's casual prospect (after a dangerous journey) of a new country or city* iij 543. -- *Of the stars orbs -- to the Hesperian gardens, &c.* iij 568. *Appearance in the sun's orb -- to a spot in it differing from all astronomical observations* iij 688. *Meditation on his intended attempt on the world -- to a gun recoiling* iv 14. *In paradise -- to a wolf preying on a fold* iv 183. -- *To a thief breaking in at house-top, &c.* iv 188. -- *To a Tyger in view of a brace of fawns* iv 403. *Detected by Ithuriel there -- to gunpowder taking fire* iv 814. *Reprehended by Zephon -- to a speed rein'd,*

I N D E X.

- in a fret iv 857. His army against the cœlestials in number -- to the stars v 745. -- To the dew drops v 746 Their applause of his reply to Abdiel -- to the sound of deep waters vj 872. Himself recoiling on a blow receiv'd from Michael -- to a mountain sinking by an earthquake vj 193. His combat with Michael -- to two Planets rushing in opposition to each other vj 310. View (in the serpent) of Paradise and Eve there -- to a citizen's taking the Air in the country from his home confinement ix 445. Shape on his return to hell after the temptation -- to the serpent Python x 529. His tempting Eve -- alluded to by the story of Ophion and Eurynome x 578.
- Serpent, that enter'd by Satan -- to those Hermione and Cadmus were transform'd to ix 504. -- To that assum'd by Æsculapius ix 506. -- To those by Jupiter Ammon, and Capitolinus ix 508. His motion, wreathings, &c. --- to the working of a ship in shifting winds, ix 513. His crest (preceding Eve to the forbidden Tree) -- to an exhalation flaming ix 634. His address introducing the temptation -- to that of an orator of the Athenian or Roman Commonwealth ix 670.
- Sin, her middle parts -- to the (suppos'd) Dogs of Scylla ij 659. -- or of the night-hag ij 662.
- Spears -- to ears of corn ripe for reaping iv 980.
- Stars, their orbs -- to the Hesperian gardens, &c. iij 568.
- Sun, his course turn'd at Adam's eating the forbidden fruit -- as at the banquet of Thyestes x 688.
- Uriel, his descent from the sun on Paradise -- to a shooting star iv 555.
- Waters, their flux into seas, &c. on the creation -- to drops on dust vij 290. -- To armies forming themselves on sound of trumpet vij 294.

F I N I S.



N O T E S
UPON THE
TWELVE BOOKS
OF
PARADISE LOST.

Collected from the SPECTATOR.

Written by MR. ADDISON.



L O N D O N,
PRINTED FOR THE COMPANY.





NOTES

UPON

PARADISE LOST.

SPECTATOR, N^o. 267.

Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Graii. Propert.

THERE is nothing in nature more irksome than general discourses, especially when they turn chiefly upon words. For this reason I shall wave the discussion of that point which was started some years since, whether *Milton's Paradise Lost* may be called an *Heroic Poem*? Those who will not give it that title, may call it (if they please) a *Divine Poem*. It will be sufficient to its perfection, if it has in it all the beauties of the highest kind of Poetry; and as for those who alledge it is not an *Heroick Poem*, they advance no more to the diminution of it, than if they should say *Adam* is not *Æneas*, nor *Eve Helen*.

I shall therefore examine it by the rules of Epic Poetry, and see whether it falls short of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*, in the beauties which are essential to that kind of writing. The first thing to be consider'd in an Epic Poem, is the Fable, which is perfect or imperfect, according as the action which it relates is more or less so. This Action should have three qualifications in it. First, it should be but one action. Secondly,

it should be an entire action; and thirdly, it should be a great action. Let us consider the Action of the *Iliad*, *Æneid*, & *Paradise Lost*, in these three several lights. *Homer* to preserve the Unity of his Action hastens into the midst of things, as *Horace* has observed: Had he gone up to *Leda's* egg, or begun much later, even at the Rape of *Helen*, or the investing of *Troy*, it is manifest that the story of the Poem would have been a series of several actions. He therefore opens his Poem with the discord of his Princes, and artfully interweaves, in the several succeeding parts of it, an account of every thing material which relates to them, and had passed before this fatal dissension. After the same manner, *Æneas* makes his first appearance in the *Tyrrhene* Seas, and within sight of *Italy*, because the action proposed to be celebrated was that of his settling himself in *Latium*. But because it was necessary for the Reader to know what had happened to him in the taking of *Troy*, and in the preceding parts of his voyage, *Virgil* makes his Heroe relate it by way of Episode in the second & third books of the *Æneid*: the contents of both which books come before those of the first book in the thread of the story, tho' for preserving of this Unity of Action, they follow it in the disposition of the Poem. *Milton*, in imitation of these two great Poets, opens his *Paradise Lost* with an infernal Council plotting the Fall of Man, which is the Action he proposed to celebrate; and as for those great actions, the Battle of the Angels, & the Creation of the World, (which preceded in point of time, and which, in my opinion, would have entirely destroyed the Unity of his principal action, had he related them in the same order that they happened) he cast them into the fifth, *Vid. the end* of Spect. 327. sixth and seventh books, by way of Episode to this noble Poem.

ARISTOTLE himself allows, that *Homer* has nothing to boast of as to the Unity of his Fable, tho'
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PARADISE LOST.

§

at the same time that great Critick and Philosopher endeavours to palliate this imperfection in the *Greek* Poet by imputing it in some measure to the very nature of an Epic Poem. Some have been of opinion, that the *Æneid* also labours in this particular, and has Episodes which may be looked upon as excrescencies rather than as parts of the action. On the contrary, the Poem, which we have now under our consideration, hath no other Episodes than such as naturally arise from the subject, and yet is filled with such a multitude of astonishing incidents, that it gives us at the same time a pleasure of the greatest variety, and of the greatest simplicity; uniform in its nature, tho' diversified in the execution.

I must observe also, that, as *Virgil* in the Poem which was designed to celebrate the original of the *Roman* Empire, has described the birth of its great Rival, the *Carthaginian* Common wealth: *Milton*, with the like art in his Poem on the Fall of Man, has related the Fall of those Angels who are his professed Enemies. Beside the many other beauties in such an Episode, it's running parallel with the great Action of the Poem, hinders it from breaking the Unity so much as another Episode would have done, that had not so great an affinity with the principal subject. In short, this is the same kind of beauty which the Criticks admire in the *Spanish Fryar*, or the *Double Discovery*, where the two different Plots look like counterparts and copies of one another.

THE second qualification required in the Action of an Epic Poem is, that it should be an *entire* Action: An Action is entire when it is compleat in all its parts; or as *Aristotle* describes it, when it consists of a beginning, a middle, and an end. Nothing should go before it, be intermix'd with it, or follow after it, that is not related to it. As on the contrary, no single step should be omitted in that just and regular progress which it must be supposed to take from its original to

its consummation. Thus we see the Anger of *Achilles* in its birth, its continuance, & effects, and *Aeneas's* Settlement in *Italy*, carried on through all the oppositions in his way to it both by Sea and Land. The Action in *Milton* excels (I think) both the former in this particular; we see it contrived in Hell, executed upon Earth, and punished by Heaven. The parts of it are told in the most distinct manner, & grow out of one another in the most natural order.

THE third qualification of an Epic Poem is its *Greatness*. The Anger of *Achilles* was of such consequence, that it embroiled the Kings of *Greece*, destroy'd the Heroes of *Asia*, & engaged all the Gods in Factions. *Aeneas's* Settlement in *Italy* produc'd the *Cæsars*, and gave birth to the *Roman* Empire. *Milton's* subject was still greater than either of the former; it does not determine the fate of single Persons or Nations, but of a whole species. The united Powers of Hell are joined together for the destruction of Mankind, which they effected in part, and would have completed, had not Omnipotence it self interposed. The principal Actors are Man in his greatest perfection, & Woman in her highest beauty. Their Enemies are the fallen Angels: The Messiah their Friend, and the Almighty their Protector. In short, every thing that is great in the whole circle of being, whether within the verge of Nature, or out of it, has a proper part assigned it in this admirable Poem.

IN Poetry, as in Architecture, not only the whole, but the principal members, and every part of them, should be great. I will not presume to say, that the book of Games in the *Aeneid*, or that in the *Iliad*, are not of this nature; nor to reprehend *Virgil's* Simile of the Top, and many other of the same kind in the *Iliad*, as liable to any censure in this particular; but I think we may say, without derogating from those wonderful performances, that there is an indisputable and unquestioned Magnificence in every part of *Paradise*

PARADISE LOST.

Life Lost, and indeed a much greater than could have been formed upon any Pagan System.

BUT *Aristotle*, by the Greatness of the Action, does not only mean that it should be great in its nature, but also in its duration; or in other words, That it should have a due length in it, as well as what we properly call Greatness. The just measure of this kind of Magnitude, he explains by the following similitude. An Animal, no bigger than a Mite, cannot appear perfect to the eye, because the sight takes it in at once, & has only a confused idea of the whole, and not a distinct idea of all its parts; If on the contrary you should suppose an Animal of ten thousand furlongs in length, the eye would be so filled with a single part of it, that it could not give the mind an idea of the whole. What these animals are to the eye, a very short or a very long Action would be to the memory. The first would be, as it were, lost and swallowed up by it, and the other difficult to be contained in it. *Homer* and *Virgil* have shewn their principal art in this particular; the Action of the *Iliad*, & that of the *Æneid*, were in themselves exceeding short, but are so beautifully extended and diversified by the invention of *Episodes*, and the machinery of Gods, with the like poetical ornaments, that they make up an agreeable story sufficient to employ the memory without overcharging it. *Milton's* Action is enriched with such a variety of circumstances, that I have taken as much pleasure in reading the Contents of his books, as in the best invented Story I ever met with. It is possible, that the Traditions, on which the *Iliad* and *Æneid* were built, had more circumstances in them than the History of *the Fall of Man*, as it is related in Scripture. Besides it was easier for *Homer* & *Virgil* to dash the truth with fiction, as they were in no danger of offending the Religion of their country by it. But as for *Milton*, he had not only a very few circumstances upon which to raise his Poem, but was also

obliged to proceed with the greatest caution in every thing that he added out of his own invention. And, indeed, notwithstanding all the restraint he was under, he has filled his story with so many surprising incidents, which bear so close analogy with what is delivered in holy writ, that it is capable of pleasing the most delicate Reader, without giving offence to the most scrupulous.

THE modern Criticks have collected from several hints in the *Iliad* and *Aeneid* the space of time, which is taken up by the Action of each of those Poems; but as a great part of *Milton's* story was transacted in Regions that lie out of the reach of the Sun and the sphere of day, it is impossible to gratify the Reader with such a calculation, which indeed would be more curious than instructive: None of the Criticks, either antient or modern, having laid down rules to circumscribe the Action of an Epic Poem with any determined number of years, days, or hours.

But of this more particularly hereafter.

SPECTATOR, No. 273.

- - - *Notandi sunt tibi mores.* Hor.

HAVING examined the Action of *Paradise Lost*, let us in the next place consider the Actors. This is *Aristotle's* method of considering first the Fable, and secondly the Manners, or as we generally call them in *English*, the Fable and the Characters.

HOMER has excelled all the Heroic Poets that ever wrote, in the multitude and variety of his Characters. Every God that is admitted into his Poem, acts a part which would have been suitable to no other Deity. His Princes are as much distinguished by their Manners as by their Dominions; and even those among them, whose Characters seem wholly made up of Courage, differ

PARADISE LOST. 9

differ from one another as to the particular kinds of Courage in which they excel. In short, there is scarce a speech or action in the *Iliad*, which the Reader may not ascribe to the person that speaks or acts, without seeing his name at the head of it.

HOMER does not only out-shine all other Poets in the variety, but also in the novelty of his Characters. He has introduced among his *Grecian* Princes a Person, who had lived in three Ages of men, & conversed with *Theseus*, *Hercules*, *Polyphemus*, and the first Race of Heroes. His principal Actor is the Son of a Goddess, not to mention the Off-spring of other Deities, who have likewise a place in his Poem, & the venerable *Trojan* Prince who was the Father of so many Kings and Heroes. There is in these several Characters of *Homer*, a certain dignity as well as novelty, which adapts them in a more peculiar manner to the nature of an heroic Poem. Tho' at the same time, to give them the greater variety, he has described a *Vulcan*, that is, a Buffoon among his Gods, and a *Thersites* among his Mortals.

VIRGIL falls infinitely short of *Homer* in the Characters of his Poem, both as to their variety & novelty. *Aeneas* is indeed a perfect Character, but as for *Achates*, tho' he is stiled the Heroe's Friend, he does nothing in the whole Poem which may deserve that title. *Gyas*, *Mnestheus*, *Sergestus*, and *Cleanthus*, are all of them men of the same stamp and character,

--- *fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cleanthum*: Virg.

THERE are indeed several very natural incidents in the part of *Ascanius*; as that of *Dido* cannot be sufficiently admired. I do not see any thing new or particular in *Turnus*. *Pallas* and *Evander* are remote copies of *Hector* and *Priam*, as *Lausus* and *Mezentius* are almost parallels to *Pallas* & *Evander*. The Characters of *Nisus* and *Eurialus* are beautiful, but common. We must not forget the parts of *Sinon*, *Camilla*, and some few others, which are fine improvements on the

Greek Poet. In short, there is neither that variety nor novelty in the Persons of the *Æneid*, which we meet with in those of the *Iliad*.

IF we look into the Characters of *Milton*, we shall find that he has introduced all the variety his Fable was capable of receiving. The whole Species of Mankind was in two persons at the time to which the subject of his Poem is confined. We have, however, four distinct Characters in these two persons. We see Man and Woman in the highest innocence and perfection, and in the most abject state of guilt and infirmity. The two last Characters are, indeed, very common and obvious, but the two first are not only more magnificent, but more new than any Characters either in *Virgil* or *Homer*, or indeed in the whole circle of Nature.

MILTON was so sensible of this defect in the subject of his Poem, and of the few characters it would afford him, that he has brought into it two Actors of a shadowy and fictitious nature, in the persons of Sin and Death; by which means he has wrought into the body of his Fable a very beautiful and well-invented allegory. But notwithstanding the fineness of this Allegory may atone for it in some measure; I cannot think that Persons of such a chimerical existence are proper Actors in an Epic Poem; because there is not that measure of probability annexed to them, which is requisite in writings of
Vid. Spect.
 309. this kind, as I shall shew more at large hereafter.

VIRGIL has, indeed, admitted *Fame* as an Actress in the *Æneid*; but the part she acts is very short, and none of the most admired circumstances in that divine Work. We find in Mock-Heroic Poems, particularly in the *Dispensary* and the *Lutrin*, several allegorical Persons of this nature, which are very beautiful in those compositions, & may, perhaps, be used as an argument, that the Authors of them were of opinion,
 such

such Characters might have a place in an Epic work. For my own part, I should be glad the Reader would think so, for the sake of the Poem I am now examining; and must further add, that if such empty unsubstantial beings may be ever made use of on this occasion, never were any more nicely imagined, and employed in more proper actions, than those of which I am now speaking.

ANOTHER principal Actor in this Poem is the great Enemy of Mankind. The part of *Ulysses* in *Homer's Odyssey* is very much admired by *Aristotle*, as perplexing that Fable with very agreeable plots and intricacies, not only by the many adventures in his Voyage, and the subtilty of his behaviour, but by the various concealments and discoveries of his person in several parts of that Poem. But the crafty Being I have now mentioned, makes a much longer voyage than *Ulysses*, puts in practice many more wiles and stratagems, and hides himself under a greater variety of shapes & appearances, all of which are severally detected, to the great delight and surprise of the Reader.

WE may likewise observe with how much art the Poet has varied several Characters of the Persons that speak in his infernal Assembly. On the contrary, how has he represented the whole Godhead exerting it self towards Man in its full benevolence under the three-fold distinction of a Creator, a Redeemer, and a Comforter!

NOR must we omit the Person of *Raphael*, who, amidst his tenderness and friendship for Man, shews such a dignity and condescension in all his speech & behaviour, as are suitable to a superior Nature. The Angels are indeed as much diversified in *Milton*, and distinguished by their proper Parts, as the Gods are in *Homer* or *Virgil*. The Reader will find nothing ascribed to *Uriel*, *Gabriel*, *Michael*, or *Raphael*, which is not in a particular manner suitable to their respective Characters.

THERE

THERE is another circumstance in the principal Actors of the *Iliad* and *Aeneid*, which give peculiar beauty to those two Poems, and was therefore contrived with very great judgment. I mean the Authors having chosen for their Heroes Persons who were so nearly related to the people for whom they wrote. *Achilles* was a *Greek*, and *Aeneas* the remote Founder of *Rome*. By this means their Countrymen (whom they principally proposed to themselves for their Readers) were particularly attentive to all the parts of their story, & sympathized with their Heroes in all their adventures. A *Roman* could not but rejoice in the escapes, successes, and victories of *Aeneas*, and be grieved at any defeats, misfortunes, or disappointments that befel him; as a *Greek* must have had the same regard for *Achilles*. And it is plain, that each of those Poems have lost this great advantage, among those Readers to whom their Heroes are as strangers, or indifferent persons.

MILTON's Poem is admirable in this respect, since it is impossible for any of its Readers, whatever Nation, Country or People he may belong to, not to be related to the Persons who are the principal Actors in it. But what is still infinitely more to its advantage, the principal Actors in this Poem are not only our Progenitors, but our Representatives: We have an actual interest in every thing they do, and no less than our utmost happiness is concerned, and lies at stake in all their behaviour.

I shall subjoin as a Corollary to the foregoing Remark, an admirable observation out of *Aristotle*, which hath been very much misrepresented in the quotations of some Modern Criticks. „ If a Man of perfect and „ consummate Virtue falls into a misfortune, it raises „ our Pity, but not our Terror, because we do not „ fear that it may be our own case, who do not resemble the suffering Person. But as that great Philosopher adds, „ If we see a Man of Virtue, mixt „ with

„ with infirmities, fall into any misfortune, it does
 „ not only raise our Pity but our Terror; because we
 „ are afraid that the like misfortune may happen to
 „ our selves, who resemble the Character of the suffering Person.

I shall only remark in this place, that the foregoing observation of *Aristotle*, tho' it may be true in other occasions, does not hold in this; because in the present case, though the Persons who fall into misfortune are of the most perfect and consummate Virtue, it is not to be considered as what may possibly be, but what actually is our own case; since we are embark'd with them on the same bottom, and must be partakers of their happiness or misery.

IN this, & some other very few instances, *Aristotle's* Rules for Epic Poetry (which he had drawn from his reflections upon *Homer*) cannot be supposed to square exactly with the heroic Poems which have been made since his time; since it is evident to every impartial Judge, his Rules would still have been more perfect, could he have perused the *Aeneid* which was made some hundred years after his death.

IN my next, I shall go through other parts of *Milton's* Poem; & hope that what I shall there advance, as well as what I have already written, will not only serve as a comment upon *Milton*, but upon *Aristotle*.

SPECTATOR, N^o. 279.

Reddere persona scit convenientia cuique. Hor.

WE have already taken a general survey of the Fable and Characters in *Milton's Paradise Lost*: The parts which remain to be consider'd, according to *Aristotle's* method, are the *Sentiments* & the *Language*. Before I enter upon the first of these, I must advertise my Reader, that it is my design as soon as I have
 finished

finished my general Reflections on these four several heads, to give particular instances out of the Poem now before us of beauties and imperfections which may be observed under each of them, as also of such other particulars as may not properly fall under any of them. This I thought fit to premise, that the Reader may not judge too hastily of this piece of criticism, or look upon it as imperfect, before he has seen the whole extent of it.

THE Sentiments in an Epic Poem are the thoughts and behaviour which the Author ascribes to the Persons whom he introduces, & are *just* when they are conformable to the Characters of the several Persons. The Sentiments have likewise a relation to *Things* as well as *Persons*, and are then perfect when they are such as are adapted to the subject. If in either of these cases the Poet endeavours to argue or explain, to magnifie or diminish, to raise Love or Hatred, Pity or Terror, or any other Passion, we ought to consider whether the Sentiments he makes use of are proper for those ends. *Homer* is censured by the Criticks for his defect as to this particular in several parts of the *Iliad* and *Odysssey*, tho' at the same time those who have treated this great Poet with candour, have attributed this defect to the times in which he lived. It was the fault of the Age, and not of *Homer*, if there wants that delicacy in some of his Sentiments, which now appears in the works of men of a much inferior Genius. Besides, if there are blemishes in any particular thoughts, there is an infinite beauty in the greatest part of them. In short, if there are many Poets who would not have fallen into the meanness of some of his Sentiments, there are none who could have risen up to the greatness of others. *Virgil* has excelled all others in the propriety of his Sentiments. *Milton* shines likewise very much in this particular: Nor must we omit one consideration which adds to his honour and reputation. *Homer* and *Virgil* introduced Persons whose
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Characters are commonly known among men, and such as are to be met with either in History, or in ordinary Conversation. *Milton's* Characters, most of them, lie out of Nature, & were to be formed purely by his own invention. It shews a greater genius in *Shakespear* to have drawn his *Calyban*, than his *Hotspur* or *Julius Caesar*: The one was to be supplied out of his own imagination, whereas the other might have been formed upon tradition, history and observation. It was much easier therefore for *Homer* to find proper Sentiments for an Assembly of *Grecian* Generals, than for *Milton* to diversifie his infernal Council with proper Characters, & inspire them with a variety of Sentiments. The Loves of *Dido* & *Aeneas* are only copies of what has passed between other persons. *Adam* and *Eve* before the Fall, are a different Species from that of Mankind, who are descended from them; & none but a Poet of the most unbounded invention, & the most exquisite judgment, cou'd have filled their conversation and behaviour with so many apt circumstances during their state of Innocence.

NOR is it sufficient for an Epic Poem to be filled with such thoughts as are *natural*, unless it abound also with such as are *sublime*. *Virgil* in this particular falls short of *Homer*. He has not indeed so many thoughts that are low & vulgar; but at the same time has not so many thoughts that are sublime and noble. The truth of it is, *Virgil* seldom rises into very astonishing Sentiments, where he is not fired by the *Iliad*. He every where charms and pleases us by the force of his own genius; but seldom elevates & transports us where he does not fetch his hints from *Homer*.

MILTON's chief talent, and indeed his distinguishing excellence lies in the sublimity of his thoughts. There are others of the Moderns who rival him in every other part of Poetry; but in the greatness of his Sentiments he triumphs over all the Poets both modern and ancient, *Homer* only excepted. It is impossible
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for the imagination of man to distend it self with greater ideas, than those which he has laid together in his first, second and sixth Books. The seventh, which describes the Creation of the World, is likewise wonderfully sublime, tho' not so apt to stir up emotion in the mind of the Reader, nor consequently so perfect in the Epic way of writing, because it is filled with less action. Let the judicious Reader compare what *Longinus* has observed on several passages in *Homer*, and he will find parallels for most of them in the *Paradise Lost*.

FROM what has been said we may infer, that as there are two kinds of Sentiments, the Natural & the Sublime, which are always to be pursued in an heroic Poem, there are also two kinds of thoughts which are carefully to be avoided. The first are such as are affected and unnatural; the second such as are mean and vulgar. As for the first kind of thoughts we meet with little or nothing that is like them in *Virgil*: He has none of those trifling points and puerilities that are so often to be met with in *Ovid*, none of the Epigrammatick turns of *Lucan*, none of those swelling Sentiments which are so frequently in *Statius* & *Claudian*, none of those mixed embellishments of *Tasso*. Every thing is just and natural. His Sentiments shew that he had a perfect insight into humane-nature, & that he knew every thing which was the most proper to affect it.

Mr. *Dryden* has in some places, which I may hereafter take notice of, misrepresented *Virgil's* way of thinking as to this particular, in the Translation he has given us of the *Aeneid*. I do not remember that *Homer* any where falls into the faults abovementioned, which were indeed the false refinements of later Ages. *Milton*, it must be confest, has sometimes erred in this respect, as I shall shew more at large in another paper; tho' considering all the Poets of the Age in which he writ, were infected with this wrong way of thinking, it is rather

rather to be admired that he did not give more into it, than that he did sometimes comply with the vicious taste which still prevails so much among modern Writers.

BUT since several thoughts may be natural which are low and groveling, an Epic Poet should not only avoid such Sentiments as are unnatural or affected, but also such as are mean and vulgar. *Homer* has opened a great field of raillery to Men of more delicacy than greatness of genius, by the homeliness of some of his Sentiments. But, as I have before said, these are rather to be imputed to the simplicity of the Age in which he lived, to which I may also add, of that which he described, than to any imperfection in that Divine Poet. *Zoilus*, among the ancients, and *Monfieur Perrault*, among the moderns, pushed their ridicule very far upon him, on account of some such Sentiments. There is no blemish to be observed in *Virgil*, under this head, & but a very few in *Milton*.

I shall give but one instance of this impropriety of thought in *Homer*, and at the same time compare it with an instance of the same nature, both in *Virgil* and *Milton*. Sentiments which raise laughter, can very seldom be admitted with any decency into an heroic Poem, whose business is to excite passions of a much nobler nature. *Homer*, however, in his characters of *Vulcan* & *Thersites*, in his story of *Mars* and *Venus*, in his behaviour of *Irus*, and in other passages, has been observed to have lapsed into the burlesque character, & to have departed from that serious air which seems essential to the magnificence of an Epic Poem. I remember but one laugh in the whole *Æneid*, which rises in the fifth Book upon *Monates*, where he is represented as thrown overboard, and drying himself upon a rock. But this piece of mirth is so well timed, that the severest Critick can have nothing to say against it, for it is in the Book of Games & diversions,

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where the Reader's mind may be supposed to be sufficiently relaxed for such an entertainment. The only piece of pleasantry in *Paradise Lost*, is where the evil Spirits are described as rallying the Angels upon the success of their new invented Artillery. This passage I look upon to be the most exceptionable in the whole Poem, as being nothing else but a string of Puns, and those too very indifferent. B. VI. v. 607.

- - - Satan beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in derision call'd.

O friends, why come not on these victors proud!
Ere-while they fierce were coming, and when we,
To entertain them fair with open front,
And breast, (what could we more) propounded terms
Of composition; straight they changed their minds,
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
As they would dance; yet for a dance they seem'd,
Somewhat extravagant and wild; perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace; but I suppose
If our proposals once again were heard;
We should compell them to a quick result:

To whom thus Belial in like gamefome mood.
Leader, the terms we sent, were terms of weight;
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And stumbled many; who receives them right,
Had need, from head to foot, well understand;
Not understood, this gift they have besides,
They shew us when our Foes walk not upright.

Thus they among themselves in pleasant vein
Stood scoffing - - -



SPECTATOR, No. 285.

*Ne quicumque Deus, quicumque adhibebitur Heros,
Regali conspectus in auro nuper & ostro,
Migret in obscuras humili sermone tabernas:
Aut dum vitat humum, nubes & inania captet.* HOR.

HAVING already treated of the Fable, the Characters and Sentiments in the *Paradise Lost*, we are in the last place to consider the *Language*; and as the learned world is very much divided upon *Milton* as to this point, I hope they will excuse me if I appear particular in any of my opinions, & encline to those who judge the most advantageously of the Author.

IT is requisite that the Language of an Heroic Poem should be both perspicuous & sublime. In proportion as either of these two qualities are wanting, the Language is imperfect. Perspicuity is the first & most necessary qualification; insomuch that a good-natur'd Reader sometimes overlooks a little slip even in the Grammar or Syntax, where it is impossible for him to mistake the Poet's sense. Of this kind is that Passage in *Milton*, wherein he speaks of *Satan*.

- - - God and his Son except, B. II. v. 678.
Created thing nought valu'd he nor shann'd.

And that in which he describes *Adam* and *Eve*.

Adam the goodliest Man of Men since born IV. 323.
His Sons, the fairest of her Daughters Eve.

IT is plain, that in the former of these passages, according to the natural syntax, the Divine Persons mentioned in the first line are represented as created beings; and that in the other, *Adam* & *Eve* are confounded with their Sons and Daughters. Such little blemishes as these, when the thought is great & natural,

tural, we should, with *Horace*, impute to a pardonable inadvertency, or to the weakness of Human-nature, which cannot attend to each minute particular, & give the last finishing to every circumstance in so long a work. The ancient Criticks therefore, who where acted by a spirit of candour, rather than that of cavilling, invented certain Figures of Speech, on purpose to palliate little errors of this nature in the writings of those Authors who had so many greater beauties to atone for them.

IF clearness and perspicuity were only to be consulted, the Poet would have nothing else to do but to cloath his thoughts in the most plain and natural expressions. But since it often happens that the most obvious phrases, and those which are used in ordinary conversation, become too familiar to the ear, & contract a kind of meanness by passing through the mouths of the Vulgar, a Poet should take particular care to guard himself against idiomatick ways of speaking. *Ovid* and *Lucan* have many poornesses of expression upon this account, as taking up with the first phrases that offered, without putting themselves to the trouble of looking after such as would not only be natural, but also elevated and sublime. *Milton* has but a few failings in this kind, of which, however, you may meet with some instances, as in the following passages.

Embrio's and Idiots, Eremites and Fryars III. 474,
White, Black and Grey, with all their trumpery,
Here Pilgrims roam - - -

- - - *A while discourse they hold,* V. 395.
No fear least dinner cool; when thus began
Our Author - - -

Who of all Ages to succeed, but feeling X. 734.
The evil on him brought by me, will curse
My head; ill fare our Ancestor impure,
For this we may thank Adam - - -

The great Masters in Composition know very well that many an elegant phrase becomes improper for a Poet or an Orator, when it has been debased by common use. For this reason the works of ancient Authors, which are written in dead languages, have a great advantage over those which are written in languages that are now spoken. Were there any mean phrases or idioms in *Virgil* and *Homer*, they would not shock the ear of the most delicate modern Reader, so much as they would have done that of an old *Greek* or *Roman*, because we never hear them pronounced in our streets, or in ordinary conversation.

IT is not therefore sufficient, that the language of an Epic Poem be perspicuous, unless it be also sublime. To this end it ought to deviate from the common forms and ordinary phrases of speech. The judgment of a Poet very much discovers it self in shunning the common roads of expression, without falling into such ways of speech as may seem stiff and unnatural; he must not swell into a false sublime, by endeavouring to avoid the other extream. Among the *Greeks*, *Æschylus*, and sometimes *Sophocles* were guilty of this fault; among the *Latins*, *Claudian* and *Statius*, and among our own Countrymen, *Shakespeare* & *Lee*. In these Authors the affectation of greatness often hurts the perspicuity of the stile, as in many others the endeavour after perspicuity prejudices its greatness.

ARISTOTLE has observed, that the Idiomatick stile may be avoided, and the Sublime formed, by the following methods. First, by the use of Metaphors: such are those in *Milton*.

Imparadis'd in one anothers arms,
 - - - And in his hand a reed
 Stood waving tipt with fire; - - -
 The grassie clods now calv'd. - - -
 Spangled with eyes - - -

IN these & innumerable other instances, the Metaphors are very bold but just: I must however observe, that the Metaphors are not thick sown in *Milton*, which always favours too much of wit; that they never clash with one another, which, as *Aristotle* observes, turns a sentence into a kind of an enigma or riddle; and that he seldom has recourse to them where the proper and natural words will do as well.

ANOTHER way of raising the Language, and giving it a Poetical turn, is to make use of the Idioms of other tongues. *Virgil* is full of the Greek forms of speech, which the Criticks call *Hellenisms*, as *Horace* in his Odes abounds with them much more than *Virgil*. I need not mention the several Dialects which *Homer* has made use of for this end. *Milton* in conformity with the practice of the Ancient Poets, & with *Aristotle's* rule, has infused a great many *Latinisms* as well as *Gracisms*, & sometimes *Hebraisms*, into the Language of his Poem; as towards the beginning of it, B. I.

Nor did they not perceive the evil plight v. 335.

In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel.

Yet to their Gen'ral's voice they soon obey'd.

- - - Who shall tempt with wandring feet B. II. v. 404.

The dark unbottom'd infinite Abyss,

And through the palpable obscure find out

His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight

Upborn with indefatigable wings

Over the vast Abrupt!

- - - So both ascend

In the Visions of God - - -

B. XI. 377.

UNDER this head may be reckoned the placing the Adjective after the Substantive, the transposition of Words, the turning the Adjective into a Substantive, with several other foreign modes of speech, which this Poet has naturalized to give his Verse the greater sound, and throw it out of Prose.

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THE third method mentioned by *Aristotle*, is what agrees with the genius of the *Greek Language* more than with that of any other Tongue, and is therefore more used by *Homer* than by any other Poet. I mean the lengthning of a Phrase by the addition of words, which may either be inserted or omitted, as also by the extending or contracting of particular words by the insertion or omission of certain syllables. *Milton* has put in practice this method of raising his Language, as far as the nature of our Tongue will permit, as in the passage above-mentioned, *Eremita*, for what is *Hermite*, in common discourse. If you observe the Measure of his Verse, he has with great judgment suppressed a Syllable in several words, and shortned those of two Syllables into one, by which method, besides the above-mentioned advantage, he has given a greater variety to his Numbers. But this practice is more particularly remarkable in the names of Persons and of Countries, as *Beëlzebub*, *Hessebon*, & in many other particulars, wherein he has either changed the Name, or made use of that which is not the most commonly known, that he might the better depart from the Language of the Vulgar.

THE same reason recommended to him several old Words, which also makes his Poem appear the more venerable, and gives it a greater air of Antiquity.

I must likewise take notice that there are in *Milton* several Words of his own coining, as *Cerberean*, *mis-created*, *hell-doom'd*, *embryon* Atoms, & many others. If the Reader is offended at this liberty in our *English* Poet, I would recommend him to a discourse in *Plutarch*, which shews us how frequently *Homer* has made use of the same liberty.

MILTON by the above-mentioned helps, & by the choice of the noblest Words and Phrases which our Tongue would afford him, has carried our Language to a greater height than any of the *English* Poets have ever done before or after him, and made

the Sublimity of his Stile equal to that of his Sentiments.

I have been the more particular in these Observations on *Milton's Stile*, because it is that part of him in which he appears the most singular. The Remarks I have here made upon the practice of other Poets, with my observations out of *Aristotle*, will perhaps alleviate the prejudice which some have taken to his Poem upon this account; tho' after all, I must confess, that I think his Stile, tho' admirable in general, is in some places too much stiffened and obscured by the frequent use of those methods, which *Aristotle* has prescribed for the raising of it.

THIS redundancy of those several ways of Speech which *Aristotle* calls *foreign Language*, and with which *Milton* has so very much enriched, & in some places darkened the Language of his Poem, was the more proper for his use, because his Poem is written in Blank Verse. Rhyme, without any other assistance, throws the Language off from Prose, and very often makes an indifferent Phrase pass unregarded; but where the Verse is not built upon Rhymes, there Pomp of Sound, and Energy of Expression, are indispensably necessary to support the Stile, and keep it from falling into the flatness of Prose.

THOSE who have not a taste for this Elevation of Stile, and are apt to ridicule a Poet when he goes out of the common forms of expression, would do well to see how *Aristotle* has treated an Ancient Author, called *Euclid*, for his insipid mirth upon this occasion. Mr. *Dryden* used to call this sort of Men his Prose-Criticks.

I should, under this head of the Language, consider *Milton's Numbers*, in which he has made use of several Elisions, that are not customary among other *English* Poets, as may be particularly observed in his cutting off the letter *r*, when it precedes a vowel. This, and some other innovations in the Measure of his

PARADISE LOST.

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his Verse, has varied his Numbers, in such a manner, as makes them incapable of satiating the ear & cloying the Reader, which the same uniform measure would certainly have done, and which the perpetual returns of Rhyme never fail to do in long narrative Poems. I shall close these Reflections upon the Language of *Paradise Lost*, with observing that *Milton* has copied after *Homer*, rather than *Virgil*, in the length of his Periods, the copiousness of his Phrases, and the running of his Verses into one another.

SPECTATOR, N^o. 291.

- - - *Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendor maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura* - - - Hor.

I Have now consider'd *Milton's Paradise Lost* under those four great heads of the Fable, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Language; and have shewn that he excels, in general, under each of these heads. I hope that I have made several discoveries which may appear new, even to those who are versed in critical learning. Were I indeed to chuse my Readers, by whose judgment I would stand or fall, they should not be such as are acquainted only with the *French* and *Italian* Criticks, but also with the antient and modern who have written in either of the learned Languages. Above all, I would have them well versed in the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, without which a Man very often fancies that he understands a Critick, when in reality he does not comprehend his meaning.

IT is in Criticism, as in all other Sciences & speculations; one who brings with him any implicit notions and observations which he has made in his reading of the Poets, will find his own reflections methodized and explained, and perhaps several little

hints that had passed in his mind, perfected and improved in the works of a good Critick; whereas one who has not these previous lights, is very often an utter stranger to what he reads, & apt to put a wrong interpretation upon it.

NOR is it sufficient, that a Man who sets up for a Judge in Criticism, should have perused the Authors above-mentioned, unless he has also a clear & logical head. Without this talent he is perpetually puzzled and perplexed amidst his own blunders, mistakes the sense of those he would confute, or if he chances to think right, does not know how to convey his thoughts to another with clearness and perspicuity. *Aristotle*, who was the best Critick, was also one of the best Logicians that ever appeared in the world.

Mr. *Lock's* Essay on Human Understanding would be thought a very odd Book for a Man to make himself Master of, who would get a reputation by Critical Writings; though at the same time it is very certain, that an Author who has not learned the art of distinguishing between words and things, and of ranging his thoughts, & setting them in proper lights, whatever notions he may have, will lose himself in confusion and obscurity. I might further observe, that there is not a *Greek* or *Latin* Critick who has not shewn, even in the stile of his Criticisms, that he was a Master of all the elegance & delicacy of his native Tongue.

THE truth of it is, there is nothing more absurd than for a Man to set up for a Critick, without a good insight into all the parts of Learning; whereas many of those who have endeavoured to signalize themselves by works of this nature among our *English* Writers, are not only defective in the above-mentioned particulars, but plainly discover by the phrases which they make use of, & by their confused way of thinking, that they are not acquainted with the most common and ordinary systems of Arts and Sciences. A few general Rules extracted out of the *French* Authors,
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with a certain cant of words, has sometimes set up an illiterate heavy Writer for a most judicious & formidable Critick.

ONE great mark, by which you may discover a Critick who has neither taste nor learning, is this, that he seldom ventures to praise any passage in an Author which has not been before received & applauded by the publick; and that his Criticism turns wholly upon little faults and errors. This part of a Critick is so very easy to succeed in, that we find every ordinary Reader, upon the publishing of a new Poem, has wit and ill-nature enough to turn several passages of it into ridicule, and very often in the right place. This Mr. *Dryden* has very agreeably remarked in those two celebrated lines,

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;

He who would search for Pearls must dive below.

A true Critick ought to dwell rather upon excellencies than imperfections, to discover the concealed beauties of a Writer, and communicate to the world such things as are worth their observation. The most exquisite words and finest strokes of an Author are those which very often appear the most doubtful and exceptionable, to a Man who wants a relish for polite Learning; & they are these, which a soure undistinguishing Critick generally attacks with the greatest violence. *Tully* observes, that it is very easy to brand or fix a mark upon what he calls *Verbum ardens*, or, as it may be rendered into *English*, a glowing bold expression, & to turn it into ridicule by a cold ill-natured criticism. A little wit is equally capable of exposing a beauty, and of aggravating a fault; & though such a treatment of an Author naturally produces indignation in the mind of an understanding Reader, it has however its effect among the generality of those whose hands it falls into, the rabble of mankind being very apt to think that every thing which is laughed at with any mixture of wit, is ridiculous in it self.

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SUCH a mirth as this, is always unseasonable in a Critick, as it rather prejudices the Reader than convinces him, and is capable of making a beauty, as well as a blemish, the subject of derision. A Man, who cannot write with wit on a proper subject, is dull & stupid; but one who shews it in an improper place, is as impertinent & absurd. Besides, a Man who has the gift of ridicule, is apt to find fault with any thing that gives him an opportunity of exerting his beloved talent, & very often censures a passage, not because there is any fault in it, but because he can be merry upon it. Such kinds of pleasantry are very unfair & disingenuous in works of criticism, in which the greatest Masters, both antient and modern, have always appeared with a serious and instructive air.

AS I intend in my next paper to shew the defects in *Milton's Paradise Lost*, I thought fit to premise these few particulars, to the end that the Reader may know I enter upon it, as on a very ungrateful work, & that I shall just point at the imperfections, without endeavouring to enflame them with ridicule. I must also observe with *Longinus*, that the productions of a great Genius, with many lapses and inadvertencies, are infinitely preferable to the works of an inferior kind of Author, which are scrupulously exact & conformable to all the rules of correct writing.

I shall conclude my paper with a story out of *Boccacini*, which sufficiently shews us the opinion that judicious Author entertained of the sort of Criticks I have been here mentioning. A famous Critick, says he, having gathered together all the faults of an eminent Poet, made a present of them to *Apollo*, who received them very graciously, & resolved to make the Author a suitable return for the trouble he had been at in collecting them. In order to this, he set before him a sack of Wheat, as it had been just threshed out of the sheaf. He then bid him pick out the chaff from among the corn, & lay it aside by itself. The Critick
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applied himself to the task with great industry and pleasure, and after having made the due separation, was presented by *Apollo* with the chaff for his pains.

SPECTATOR, N^o. 297.

- - - - - *velut si*
Egregio inspersos reprendas corpore navos. Hor.

AFTER what I have said in my last *Saturday's* paper, I shall enter on the subject of this without farther preface, and remark the several defects which appear in the Fable, the Characters, the Sentiments, & the Language of *Milton's Paradise Lost*; not doubting but the Reader will pardon me, if I alledge at the same time whatever may be said for the extenuation of such defects. The first imperfection which I shall observe in the Fable is, that the event of it is unhappy.

THE Fable of every Poem is according to *Aristotle's* division either *Simple* or *Implex*. It is called *Simple* when there is no change of fortune in it, *Implex* when the fortune of the chief Actor changes from bad to good, or from good to bad. The *Implex* Fable is thought the most perfect; I suppose, because it is more proper to stir up the Passions of the Reader, and to surprize him with a greater variety of accidents.

THE *Implex* Fable is therefore of two kinds: In the first the chief Actor makes his way through a long series of dangers & difficulties, 'till he arrives at honour & prosperity, as we see in the story of *Ulysses*. In the second, the chief Actor in the poem falls from some eminent pitch of honour and prosperity, into misery and disgrace. Thus we see *Adam* and *Eve* sinking from a state of Innocence and Happiness, into the most abject condition of Sin and Sorrow.

THE most taking Tragedies among the Antients were built on this last sort of *Implex* Fable, particularly the

the Tragedy of *Oedipus*, which proceeds upon a story, if we may believe *Aristotle*, the most proper for Tragedy that could be invented by the wit of Man. I have taken some pains in a former paper to shew, that this kind of Implex Fable, wherein the event is unhappy, is more apt to affect an audience than that of the first kind; notwithstanding many excellent Pieces among the Antients, as well as most of those which have been written of late years in our own Country, are raised upon contrary plans. I must however own, that I think this kind of Fable, which is the most perfect in Tragedy, is not so proper for an Heroick Poem.

MILTON seems to have been sensible of this imperfection in his Fable, & has therefore endeavoured to cure it by several expedients; particularly by the mortification which the great Adversary of Mankind meets with upon his return to the Assembly of Infernal Spirits, as it is described in a beautiful passage of the tenth Book; & likewise by the Vision, wherein *Adam* at the close of the Poem sees his off-spring triumphing over his great Enemy, & himself restored to a happier *Paradise* than that from which he fell.

THERE is another objection against *Milton's* Fable, which is indeed almost the same with the former, tho' placed in a different light, namely, That the Hero in the *Paradise Lost* is unsuccessful, and by no means a Match for his Enemies. This gave occasion to Mr. *Dryden's* reflection, that the Devil was in reality *Milton's* Hero. I think I have obviated this objection in my first paper. The *Paradise Lost* is an Epic, or a Narrative Poem, & he that looks for an Hero in it, searches for that which *Milton* never intended; but if he will needs fix the name of an Hero upon any Person in it, 'tis certainly the *Messiah* who is the Hero, both in the Principal Action, and in the chief Episodes. Paganism could not furnish out a real Action for a Fable greater than that of the *Iliad* or *Aeneid*,
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and therefore an Heathen could not form a higher notion of a Poem than one of that kind which they call an Heroic. Whether *Milton's* is not of a sublimer nature I will not presume to determine: It is sufficient, that I shew there is in the *Paradise Lost* all the greatness of plan, regularity of design, and masterly beauties which we discover in *Homer* and *Virgil*.

I must in the next place observe, that *Milton* has interwoven in the texture of his Fable some particulars which do not seem to have probability enough for an Epic Poem, particularly in the actions which he ascribes to *Sin* and *Death*, and the picture which he draws of the *Limbo of Vanity*, with other passages in the second Book. Such Allegories rather favour of the spirit of *Spenser* & *Ariosto*, than of *Homer* & *Virgil*.

IN the structure of his Poem he has likewise admitted of too many digressions. It is finely observed by *Aristotle*, that the Author of an Heroic Poem should seldom speak himself, but throw as much of his work as he can into the mouths of those who are his principal Actors. *Aristotle* has given no reason for this precept; but I presume it is because the mind of the Reader is more awed and elevated when he hears *Aeneas* or *Achilles* speak, than when *Virgil* or *Homer* talk in their own persons. Besides that assuming the character of an eminent Man is apt to fire the imagination, & raise the ideas of the Author. *Tully* tells us, mentioning his Dialogue of old age, in which *Cato* is the chief speaker, that upon a review of it he was agreeably imposed upon, & fancied that it was *Cato*, and not he himself, who uttered his thoughts on that subject.

IF the Reader would be at the pains to see how the story of the *Iliad* and *Aeneid* is delivered by those persons who act in it, he will be surpris'd to find how little in either of these Poems proceeds from the Authors. *Milton* has, in the general disposition of his Fable, very finely observed this great rule; insomuch, that

that there is scarce a third part of it which comes from the Poet; the rest is spoken either by *Adam & Eve*, or by some good or evil spirit who is engaged either in their destruction or defence.

FROM what has been here observed, it appears, that Digressions are by no means to be allowed of in an Epic Poem. If the Poet, even in the ordinary course of his narration, should speak as little as possible, he should certainly never let his narration sleep for the sake of any reflections of his own. I have often observed, with a secret admiration, that the longest Reflection in the *Æneid* is in that passage of the tenth book, where *Turnus* is represented as dressing himself in the spoils of *Pallas*, whom he had slain. *Virgil* here lets his Fable stand still for the sake of the following Remark. *How is the mind of Man ignorant of futurity, and unable to bear prosperous fortune with moderation? The time will come when Turnus shall wish that he had left the body of Pallas untouched, and curse the day on which he dressed himself in these spoils.* As the great event of the *Æneid*, and the death of *Turnus*, whom *Æneas* slew, because he saw him adorned with the spoils of *Pallas*, turns upon this incident, *Virgil* went out of his way to make this reflection upon it, without which so small a circumstance might possibly have slipped out of his Reader's memory. *Lucan*, who was an injudicious Poet, lets drop his Story very frequently for the sake of his unnecessary digressions, or his *diverticula*, as *Scaliger* calls them. If he gives us an account of the Prodigies which preceded the Civil War, he declaims upon the occasion, & shews how much happier it would be for Man, if he did not feel his evil fortune before it comes to pass, and suffer not only by its real weight, but by the apprehension of it. *Milton's* complaint for his blindness, his Panegyrick on Marriage, his Reflections on *Adam* and *Eve's* going naked, of the Angels eating, & several other passages in his Poem, are liable to the same

same exception, tho' I must confess there is so great a beauty in these very Digressions that I would not wish them out of his Poem.

I have, in a former paper, spoken of the *Characters* of *Milton's Paradise Lost*, and declared my opinion, as to the Allegorical Persons who are introduced in it.

IF we look into the *Sentiments*, I think they are sometimes defective under the following heads; First, as there are several of them too much pointed, & some that degenerate even into Puns. Of this last kind, I am afraid is that in the first book, where, speaking of the Pigmies, he calls them

- - - *The small Infantry* v. 575.
Warr'd on by Cranes - - -

ANOTHER blemish that appears in some of his thoughts, is his frequent allusion to Heathen Fables, which are not certainly of a piece with the Divine subject of which he treats. I do not find fault with these allusions, where the Poet himself represents them as fabulous, as he does in some places, but where he mentions them as truths & matters of fact. The limits of my paper will not give me leave to be particular in instances of this kind: The Reader will easily remark them in his perusal of the Poem.

A Third fault in his *Sentiments*, is an unnecessary ostentation of Learning, which likewise occurs very frequently. It is certain that both *Homer* and *Virgil* were Masters of all the Learning of their times, but it shews itself in their works, after an indirect and concealed manner. *Milton* seems ambitious of letting us know, by his excursions on Free-Will & Predestination, & his many glances upon History, Anatomy, Geography and the like, as well as by the terms and phrases he sometimes makes use of, that he was acquainted with the whole circle of Arts & Sciences.

IF, in the last place, we consider the *Language* of this great Poet, we must allow what I have hinted

in a former paper, that it is often too much laboured, and sometimes obscured by old words, transpositions, and foreign idioms. *Seneca's* objection to the stile of a great Author, *Riget ejus oratio, nihil in ea placidum nihil lenè*, is what many Criticks make to *Milton*: As I cannot wholly refute it, so I have already apologized for it in another paper; to which I may further add, that *Milton's* sentiments & ideas were so wonderfully sublime, that it would have been impossible for him to have represented them in their full strength & beauty, without having recourse to these foreign assistances. Our Language sunk under him, & was unequal to that greatness of soul, which furnished him with such glorious conceptions.

A second fault in his Language is, that he often affects a kind of jingle in his words, as in the following passages, and many others:

And brought into the world a world of woe;

- - - *Begirt th' Almighty Throne*

Beseeching or besieging - - -

This tempted our attempt - - -

At one slight bound high over-leapt all bound.

I know there are Figures for this kind of speech; that some of the greatest Antients have been guilty of it, and that *Aristotle* himself has given it a place in his Rhetorick among the beauties of that Art. But as it is in itself poor and trifling, it is I think at present universally exploded by all the masters of polite writing.

THE last fault which I shall take notice of in *Milton's* Stile, is the frequent use of what the Learned call *technical words*, or terms of Art. It is one of the great beauties of Poetry, to make hard things intelligible, and to deliver what is abstruse of it self in such easy language as may be understood by ordinary Readers: Besides, that the knowledge of a Poet should rather seem born with him, or inspired, than drawn from

from Books and Systems. I have often wondered, how Mr. Dryden could translate a passage out of *Virgil*, after the following manner,

*Tack to the Larboard, and stand off to Sea,
Veer Star-board Sea and Land. - - -*

Milton makes use of *Larboard* in the same manner. When he is upon building, he mentions *Doric Pillars*, *Pilasters*, *Cornice*, *Freeze*, *Architrave*. When he talks of Heavenly bodies, you meet with *Ecliptic*, and *Ex-centric*, the *Trepidation*, *Stars dropping from the Zenith*, *Rays culminating from the Equator*. To which might be added many instances of the like kind in several other Arts and Sciences.

I shall in my next papers give an account of the many particular beauties in *Milton*, which would have been too long to insert under those general heads I have already treated of, and with which I intend to conclude this piece of Criticism.

SPECTATOR, No. 303.

*- - - volet hac sub luce videri,
Judicis argutum qua non formidat acumen. Hor.*

I Have seen in the Works of a modern Philosopher, a Map of the spots in the Sun. My last paper of the faults and blemishes in *Milton's Paradise Lost*, may be considered as a piece of the same nature. To pursue the allusion: As it is observed, that among the bright parts of the luminous body above-mentioned, there are some which glow more intensely, & dart stronger light than others; so, notwithstanding I have already shewn *Milton's Poem* to be very beautiful in general, I shall now proceed to take notice of such Beauties as appear to me more exquisite than the rest. *Milton*

has proposed the subject of his Poem in the following verses.

*Of Mans first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought Death into the world and all our woe;
With loss of Eden, 'till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing heav'nly Muse - - -*

THESE lines are perhaps as plain, simple and unadorned as any of the whole Poem; in which particular the Author has conform'd himself to the example of *Homer*, and the precept of *Horace*.

HIS Invocation to a Work which turns in a great measure upon the Creation of the World, is very properly made to the Muse who inspired *Moses* in those Books from whence our Author drew his subject, & to the Holy Spirit who is therein represented as operating after a particular manner in the first production of Nature. This whole exordium rises very happily into noble Language & Sentiment, as I think the transition to the Fable is exquisitely beautiful and natural.

THE nine-days Astonishment, in which the Angels lay entranced after their dreadful overthrow and Fall from Heaven, before they could recover either the use of thought or speech, is a noble circumstance, & very finely imagined. The division of Hell into Seas of Fire, and into firm Ground impregnated with the same furious Element, with that particular circumstance of the exclusion of *Hope* from those infernal regions, are instances of the same great and fruitful Invention.

THE Thoughts in the first Speech and Description of *Satan*, who is one of the principal Actors in this Poem, are wonderfully proper to give us a full idea of him. His pride, envy & revenge, obstinacy, despair and impertinence, are all of them very artfully inter-

woven

woven. In short, his first speech is a complication of all those passions which discover themselves separately in several other of his speeches in the Poem. The whole part of this great Enemy of Mankind is filled with such incidents as are very apt to raise and terrify the Reader's imagination. Of this nature, in the book now before us, is his being the first that awakens out of the general trance, with his posture on the burning Lake, his rising from it. and the description of his Shield and Spear. B. I. v. 192.

*Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate,
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed, his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood - - -
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool 221.
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames
Driw'n backward slope their pointing spires, and rowl'd
In billows leave i' th' midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air
That felt unusual weight - - -
- - - His pondrous Shield, 284.
Ethereal temper, massie, large and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the Moon, whose orb
Thro' optick glass the Tuscan Artists view
At ev'ning from the top of Fesole,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers or mountains on her spotty globe.
His Spear to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast
Of some great Ammiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marl - - -*

TO which we may add his call to the fallen Angels
that lay plunged and stupified in the Sea of Fire.

He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep 214.
Of Hell resounded - - -

BUT there is no single passage in the whole Poem worked up to a greater sublimity, than that wherein his person is described in those celebrated lines :

- - - He, above the rest v. 589.
In shape and gesture proudly eminent
Stood like a tower, &c.

HIS Sentiments are every way answerable to his Character, & suitable to a created Being of the most exalted and most depraved nature. Such is that in which he takes possession of his place of torments,

- - - Hail horrors, hail v. 250.
Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell
Receive thy new possessor, one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.
And afterwards, v. 258.

- - - Here at least
We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence;
Here we may reign secure; and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, tho' in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven.

AMIDST those impieties which this enraged Spirit utters in other places of the Poem, the Author has taken care to introduce none that is not big with absurdity & incapable of shocking a religious Reader; his words, as the Poet describes them, bearing only a *semblance of worth, not substance*. He is likewise with great art described as owning his adversary to be Almighty. Whatever perverse interpretation he puts on the Justice, Mercy and other attributes of the Supreme Being, he frequently confesses his Omnipotence, that being the perfection he was forced to allow him, and the only consideration which could support his pride under the shame of his defeat.

NOR

NOR must I here omit that beautiful circumstance of his bursting out in tears, upon his survey of those innumerable Spirits whom he had involved in the same guilt and ruin with himself.

- - - *He now prepared* v. 615.
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing and half enclose him round
With all his Peers: Attention held them mute.
Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spite of scorn
Tears, such as Angels weep, burst forth - - -

THE Catalogue of Evil Spirits has abundance of learning in it, and a very agreeable turn of Poetry, which rises in a great measure from its describing the places where they were worshipped, by those beautiful marks of Rivers, so frequent among the ancient Poets. The Author had doubtless in this place *Homer's Catalogue of Ships*, & *Virgil's List of Warriors* in his view. The Characters of *Moloch* & *Belial* prepare the Reader's mind for their respective speeches & behaviour in the second and sixth Book. The Account of *Thammuz*, is finely romantick, and suitable to what we read among the Antients of the worship which was paid to that Idol.

- - - *Thammuz came next behind,* v. 446,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
The Syrian Damsels to lament his fate,
In am'rous ditties all a summer's day,
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale,
Infected Sion's Daughters with like heat,
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when by the Vision led
His eye survey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. - - -

The Reader will pardon me if I insert as a Note on this beautiful passage, the account given us by the late ingenious Mr. *Maundrell* of this antient piece of worship, & probably the first occasion of such a superstition. „ We came to a fair large River -- doubtless „ the antient River *Adonis*, so famous for the idolatrous rites perform'd here in lamentation of *Adonis*. „ We had the fortune to see what may be supposed „ to be the occasion of that opinion which *Lucian* „ relates, concerning this River, *viz.* That this Stream, „ at certain seasons of the year, especially about the „ feast of *Adonis*, is of a bloody colour; which the „ Heathens looked upon as proceeding from a kind „ of sympathy in the River for the death of *Adonis*, „ who was killed by a wild Boar in the mountains, „ out of which this Stream rises. Something like this „ we saw actually come to pass; for the water was „ stain'd to a surprising redness; and, as we observ'd „ in travelling, had discolour'd the Sea a great way „ into a reddish hue, occasion'd doubtless by a sort „ of minium, or red earth, washed into the River „ by the violence of the rain, and not by any stain „ from *Adonis's* blood.

THE passage in the Catalogue, explaining the manner how Spirits transform themselves by contraction, or enlargement of their dimensions, is introduced with great judgment, to make way for several surprising accidents in the sequel of the Poem. There follows one, at the very end of the first Book, which is what the *French* Criticks call *Marvellous*, but at the same time *probable* by reason of the passage last mentioned. As soon as the infernal Palace is finished, we are told the multitude and rabble of Spirits immediately shrunk themselves into a small compass, that there might be room for such a numberless Assembly in this capacious hall. But it is the Poet's refinement upon this thought, which I most admire, and which is indeed very noble in its self. For he tells us, that
notwith-

notwithstanding the vulgar, among the fallen Spirits, contracted their forms, those of the first rank and dignity still preserved their natural dimensions.

Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms 289.
Reduc'd their shapes immense, and were at large
Though without number still amidst the hall,
Of that infernal Court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great Seraphick Lords and Cherubim,
In close recess and secret conclave sate,
A thousand Demy-Gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full - - -

THE Character of Mammon, and the Description of the Pandemonium, are full of beauties.

THERE are several other strokes in the first book wonderfully poetical, and instances of that Sublime Genius so peculiar to the Author. Such is the description of Azazel's stature, & of the infernal Standard, which he unfurls; as also of that ghastly light, by which the Fiends appear to one another in their place of torments.

The seat of desolation, void of light, 181.
Save what the glimm'ring of those livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful - - -

THE shout of the whole Host of fallen Angels when drawn up in Battel-array:

- - - The universal Host up sent v. 541.
A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the Reign of Chaos and old Night.

THE review, which the Leader makes of his infernal Army:

- - - He thro' the armed files 567.
Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views, their order due,
Their visages and stature as of Gods,
Their number last he sums, and now his heart
Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his strength
Glories - - -

THE

THE flash of light, which appeared upon the drawing of their swords;

*He spake: and to confirm his words outflew 663.
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumin'd Hell - - -*

THE sudden production of the Pandemonium;

*Anon out of the earth a fabrick huge 710.
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet.*

THE artificial illuminations made in it:

*- - - From the arched roof 726.
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky - - -*

THERE are also several noble Similes and Allusions in the first Book of *Paradise Lost*. And here I must observe, that when *Milton* alludes either to things or persons, he never quits his Simile till it rises to some very great idea, which is often foreign to the occasion that gave birth to it. The resemblance does not, perhaps, last above a line or two, but the Poet runs on with the hint, till he has raised out of it some glorious image or sentiment, proper to inflame the mind of the Reader, and to give it that sublime kind of entertainment, which is suitable to the nature of an Heroic Poem. Those, who are acquainted with *Homer's* and *Virgil's* way of writing, cannot but be pleased with this kind of structure in *Milton's* similitudes. I am the more particular on this head, because ignorant Readers, who have formed their taste upon the quaint Similes, and little turns of wit, which are so much in vogue among modern Poets, cannot relish these

these beauties which are of a much higher nature, and are therefore apt to censure *Milton's* comparisons, in which they do not see any surprizing points of likeness. Monsieur *Perrault* was a Man of this vitiated relish, & for that very reason has endeavoured to turn into ridicule several of *Homer's* Similitudes, which he calls *Comparaisons a longue queue, Long-tail'd Comparisons*. I shall conclude this paper on the first Book of *Milton* with the Answer which Monsieur *Boileau* makes to *Perrault* on this occasion; „ Comparisons, says he, „ in Odes and Epic Poems are not introduced only to „ illustrate and embellish the discourse, but to amuse „ and relax the mind of the Reader, by frequently „ disengaging him from too painful an attention to „ the principal subject, & by leading him into other „ agreeable images. *Homer*, says he, excelled in this „ particular, whose Comparisons abound with such „ images of Nature as are proper to relieve & diversify his subjects. He continually instructs the Reader, „ and makes him take notice, even in objects which „ are every day before our eyes, of such Circumstances as we should not otherwise have observed. „ To this he adds, as a Maxim universally acknowledged, „ that it is not necessary in Poetry for the points of „ the Comparison to correspond with one another „ exactly, but that a general resemblance is sufficient, „ and that too much nicety in this particular favours „ of the Rhetorician and Epigrammatist.

IN short, if we look into the conduct of *Homer*, *Virgil* and *Milton*, as the great Fable is the Soul of each Poem, so to give their works an agreeable variety, their Episodes are so many short Fables, & their Similes so many short Episodes; to which you may add, if you please, that their Metaphors are so many short Similes. If the Reader considers the Comparisons in the first Book of *Milton*, of the Sun in an Eclipse, of the sleeping *Leviathan*, of the Bees swarming about their hive, of the fairy Dance, in the view wherein

I have

I have here placed them, he will easily discover the great beauties that are in each of those passages.

SPECTATOR, No. 309.

*Di, quibus imperium est animarum, umbraque silentes;
Et Chaos, & Phlegethon, loca nocte silentia late;
Sit mihi fas audita loqui! sit numine vestro
Pandere res alta terra & caligine mersas.* Virg.

I Have before observed in general, that the persons whom *Milton* introduces into his Poem always discover such sentiments and behaviour, as are in a peculiar manner conformable to their respective characters. Every circumstance in their speeches & actions, is with great justness and delicacy adapted to the persons who speak & act. As the Poet very much excels in this consistency of his Characters, I shall beg leave to consider several passages of the second Book in this light. That superior greatness, and mock-Majesty, which is ascribed to the Prince of the fallen Angels, is admirably preserved in the beginning of this Book. His opening and closing the debate; his taking on himself that great enterprize at the thought of which the whole infernal Assembly trembled; his encountering the hideous Phantom who guarded the gates of Hell, and appeared to him in all his terrors; are instances of that proud & daring mind which could not brook submission even to Omnipotence.

*SATAN was now at hand, and from his seat 674.
The Monster moving onward came as fast
With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he strode:
Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,
Admir'd, not fear'd - - -*

THE same boldness and intrepidity of behaviour discovers it self in the several Adventures, which he meets

meets with during his passage through the Regions of unformed Matter, and particularly in his Address to those tremendous Powers who are described as presiding over it.

THE part of *Moloch* is likewise in all its circumstances full of that fire & fury, which distinguish this Spirit from the rest of the fallen Angels. He is described in the first book as besmeared with the blood of humane Sacrifices, & delighted with the tears of Parents and the cries of Children. In the second book he is marked out as the fiercest Spirit that fought in Heaven; and if we consider the figure which he makes in the sixth book, where the Battel of the Angels is described, we find it every way answerable to the same furious enraged character.

- - - *Where the might of Gabriel fought, VI. 355*
And with fierce Ensigns pierc'd the deep array
Of Moloc, furious King, who him defy'd,
And at his Chariot wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the holy one of Heav'n
Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon
Down cloven to the waste, with shatter'd arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. - - -

IT may be worth while to observe, that *Milcom* has represented this violent impetuous Spirit, who is hurried on by such precipitate passions, as the first that rises in that Assembly, to give his opinion upon their present posture of affairs. Accordingly he declares himself abruptly for War, and appears incensed at his companions, for losing so much time as even to deliberate upon it. All his sentiments are rash, audacious and desperate. Such is that of arming themselves with their tortures, and turning their punishments upon him who inflicted them.

- - - *No, let us rather chuse, II. 60.*
Arm'd with Hell-flames and fury, all at once

*O'er Heav'n's high tow'rs to force resistless war;
 Turning our Tortures into horrid Arms
 Against the Tort'rer; when to meet the noise
 Of his almighty Engine he shall hear
 Infernal Thunder, and for Lightning see
 Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
 Among his Angels; and his Throne it self
 Mixt with Tartarean Sulphur, and strange Fire;
 His own invented Torments - - -*

HIS preferring annihilation to shame or misery; is also highly suitable to his Character; as the comfort he draws from their disturbing the peace of Heaven, that if it be not Victory it is Revenge, is a sentiment truly diabolical, and becoming the bitterness of this implacable Spirit.

BELIAL is described, in the first book, as the Idol of the lewd and luxurious. He is in the second book, pursuant to that description, characterised as timorous and slothful; and if we look into the sixth book, we find him celebrated in the Battel of Angels for nothing but that scoffing speech which he makes to *Satan*, on their supposed advantage over the Enemy. As his appearance is uniform, and of a piece in these three several views, we find his sentiments in the infernal Assembly every way conformable to his character. Such are his apprehension of a second Battel, his horrors of annihilation, his preferring to be miserable rather than *not to be*. I need not observe, that the contrast of thought in this speech, and that which precedes it, gives an agreeable variety to the Debate.

MAMMON's Character is so fully drawn in the first book, that the Poet adds nothing to it in the second. We were before told, that he was the first who taught Mankind to ransack the earth for Gold & Silver, & that he was the Architect of *Pandemonium*, or the infernal Palace, where the evil Spirits were to meet in Council. His Speech in this book is every
 where

where suitable to so depraved a Character. How proper is that reflection, of their being unable to taste the happiness of Heaven were they actually there, in the mouth of one, who while he was in Heaven is said to have had his mind dazled with the outward Poms and Glories of the place, and to have been more intent on the riches of the pavement, than on the beatifick vision. I shall also leave the Reader to judge how agreeable the following Sentiments are to the same Character.

- - - *This deep world* II. 262;
Of darkness do we dread? how oft amidst
Thick cloud and dark doth Heav'n's all-ruling Sire
Chuse to reside, his glory unobscured,
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Mustring their rage, and Heav'n resembles Hell?
As he our darkness, cannot we his light
Imitate when we please? This desert soil
Wants not her hidden lustre, Gems and Gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence, and what can Heav'n shew more?

BEELEZEBUB, who is reckon'd the second in dignity that fell, and is in the first Book, the second that awakens out of the trance, & confers with Satan upon the situation of their affairs, maintains his rank in the Book now before us. There is a wonderful Majesty described in his rising up to speak. He acts as a kind of Moderator between the two opposite parties, & proposes a third undertaking, which the whole Assembly gives into. The motion he makes of detaching one of their body in search of a new World is grounded upon a project devised by Satan, & cursorily proposed by him in the following lines of the first Book.

Space

Space may produce new Worlds, whereof so rise 650
 There went a fame in Heav'n, that he e're long
 Intended to create, and therein plant
 A generation, whom his choice regard
 Should favour equal to the Sons of Heav'n;
 Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
 Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere:
 For this infernal pit shall never hold
 Celestial Spirits in bondage, nor th' abyss
 Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
 Full counsel must mature: - - -

IT is on this project that Beelzebub grounds his
 propofal.

- - - What if we find

II. 344

Some easier enterprize? There is a place
 (If ancient and prophetic fame in Heav'n
 Err not) another world, the happy seat
 Of some new race call'd MAN, about this time
 To be created like to us, though less
 In power and excellence, but favour'd more
 Of him who rules above; so was his will
 Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an oath,
 That shook Heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd.

THE Reader may observe how just it was, not to
 omit in the first Book the project upon which the
 whole Poem turns: As also that the Prince of the
 fall'n Angels was the only proper person to give it
 birth, & that he next to him in dignity was the fittest
 to second and support it.

THERE is besides, I think, something wonder-
 fully beautiful, and very apt to affect the Reader's
 imagination, in this antient Prophecy or report in
 Heaven, concerning the creation of Man. Nothing
 could shew more the dignity of the Species, than this
 tradition which ran of them before their existence.
 They are represented to have been the talk of Heaven,
 before

before they were created. *Virgil*, in compliment to the Roman Common wealth, makes the Heroes of it appear in their state of pre-existence; but *Milton* does a far greater honour to Mankind in general, as he gives us a glimpse of them even before they are in being.

THE rising of this great Assembly is described in a very sublime and poetical manner.

Their rising all at once was as the sound II. 476.
Of thunder heard remote - - -

THE diversions of the fallen Angels, with the particular account of their place of habitation, are described with great pregnancy of thought, and copiousness of invention. The diversions are every way suitable to beings who had nothing left them but strength and knowledge misapplied. Such are their contentions at the race, and in feats of Arms, with their entertainment in the following lines.

Others with vast Typhæan rage more fell 539.
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.

THEIR musick is employed in celebrating their own criminal exploits, & their discourse in sounding the unfathomable depths of Fate, Free-will, & Foreknowledge.

THE several circumstances in the description of Hell are finely imagined; as the four Rivers which disgorge themselves into the Sea of fire, the extreams of cold and heat, and the River of oblivion. The monstrous animals produced in that infernal world are represented by a single line, which gives us a more horrid idea of them, than a much longer description would have done.

- - - *Nature breeds,* 624.
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than Fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons, and Hydra's, and Chimera's dire.

D

THIS

THIS Episode of the fallen Spirits, & their place of habitation, comes in very happily to unbend the mind of the Reader from its attention to the debate. An ordinary Poet would indeed have spun out so many circumstances to a great length, and by that means have weakned, instead of illustrated, the principal Fable.

THE flight of Satan to the gates of Hell is finely imaged.

I have already declared my opinion of the Allegory concerning *Sin* and *Death*, which is however a very finished piece in its kind, when it is not considered as a part of an Epic Poem. The genealogy of the several persons is contrived with great delicacy. *Sin* is the daughter of *Satan*, & *Death* the offspring of *Sin*. The incestuous mixture between *Sin* & *Death* produces those Monsters and Hellhounds which from time to time enter into their Mother, and tear the bowels of her who gave them birth. These are the terrors of an evil conscience, & the proper fruits of *Sin*, which naturally rise from the apprehensions of *Death*. This last beautiful moral is, I think, clearly intimated in the speech of *Sin*, where complaining of this her dreadful issue, she adds,

Before mine eyes in opposition sits, 803;
Grim *Death* thy Son and foe who sets them on,
And me his Parent would full soon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involv'd - - -

I need not mention to the Reader the beautiful circumstance in the last part of this quotation. He will likewise observe how naturally the three persons concerned in this Allegory are tempted by one common interest to enter into a confederacy together, & how properly *Sin* is made the Portress of Hell, and the only being that can open the gates to that World of Tortures.

THE

THE descriptive part of this Allegory is likewise very strong, and full of sublime ideas. The figure of *Death*, the Regal Crown upon his head, his menace of *Satan*, his advancing to the combat, the outcry at his birth, are circumstances too noble to be past over in silence, & extremely suitable to this *King of Terrors*. I need not mention the justness of thought which is observed in the generation of these several symbolical Persons, that *Sin* was produced upon the first revolt of *Satan*, that *Death* appeared soon after he was cast into Hell, and that the terrors of conscience were conceived at the gate of this place of torments. The Description of the Gates is very poetical, as the opening of them is full of *Milton's* spirit.

- - - ON a sudden open fly II. 879.
 With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
 Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
 Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
 Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut
 Excell'd her power; the gates wide open stood,
 That with extended wings a banner'd host
 Under spread ensigns marching might pass through
 With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;
 So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth
 Cast forth redounding smoak and ruddy flame.

IN *Satan's* Voyage through the Chaos there are several imaginary Persons described, as residing in that immense Waste of Matter. This may perhaps be conformable to the taste of those Criticks who are pleased with nothing in a Poet which has not life & manners ascribed to it; but for my own part, I am pleased most with those passages in this description which carry in them a greater measure of probability, & are such as might possibly have happened. Of this kind is his first mounting in the smoak, that rises from the infernal Pit, his falling into a cloud of nitre, and the like combustible materials, that by their explosion still

hurried him forward in his voyage ; his springing upward like a pyramid of fire , with his laborious passage through that confusion of elements , which the Poet calls

The womb of Nature and perhaps her grave. 911.

THE glimmering light which shot into the *Chaos* from the utmost verge of the creation, with the distant discovery of the Earth that hung close by the Moon, are wonderfully beautiful and poetical.

SPECTATOR, N^o. 315.

*Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit* - - - Hor.

HORACE advises a Poet to consider thoroughly the nature and force of his genius. *Milton* seems to have known perfectly well wherein his strength lay, and has therefore chosen a subject entirely conformable to those talents, of which he was master. As his genius was wonderfully turned to the sublime, his subject is the noblest that could have entered into the thoughts of Man. Every thing that is truly great and astonishing, has a place in it. The whole systeme of the intellectual world; the *Chaos*, & the Creation; Heaven, Earth and Hell, enter into the constitution of his Poem.

HAVING in the first & second Book represented the infernal world with all its horrors, the thread of his Fable naturally leads him into the opposite regions of bliss and glory.

IF *Milton's* majesty forsakes him any where, it is in those parts of his Poem, where the Divine Persons are introduced as speakers. One may, I think, observe that the Author proceeds with a kind of fear and trembling, whilst he describes the sentiments of the Almighty.

mighty. He dares not give his imagination its full play, but chuses to confine himself to such thoughts as are drawn from the books of the most orthodox Divines, and to such expressions as may be met with in Scripture. The beauties, therefore, which we are to look for in these speeches, are not of a poetical nature, nor so proper to fill the mind with sentiments of grandeur, as with thoughts of devotion. The passions, which they are designed to raise, are a divine love and religious fear. The particular beauty of the speeches in the third Book, consists in that shortness & perspicuity of stile, in which the Poet has couched the greatest Mysteries of Christianity, & drawn together, in a regular scheme, the whole dispensation of Providence, with respect to Man. He has represented all the abstruse doctrines of Predestination, Free-Will and Grace, as also the great points of Incarnation & Redemption, (which naturally grow up in a Poem that treats of the Fall of Man,) with great energy of expression, and in a clearer and stronger light than I ever met with in any other Writer. As these points are dry in themselves to the generality of Readers, the concise and clear manner in which he has treated them is very much to be admired, as is likewise that particular art which he has made use of, in the interspersing of all those Graces of Poetry, which the subject was capable of receiving.

THE survey of the whole Creation, & of every thing that is transacted in it, is a prospect worthy of Omniscience; & as much above that, in which *Virgil* has drawn his *Jupiter*, as the Christian idea of the Supream Being is more rational and sublime than that of the Heathens. The particular objects on which he is described to have cast his eye, are represented in the most beautiful and lively manner.

*Now had th' Almighty Father from above, III. 56.
From the pure Empyrean where he sits*

*High thron'd above all height, bent down his eye,
 His own works and their works at once to view.
 About him all the Sanctities of Heav'n
 Stood thick as stars, and from his sight receiv'd
 Beatitude past utterance: On his right
 The radiant Image of his Glory sat,
 His only Son; On Earth he first beheld
 Our two first Parents, yet the only two
 Of Mankind, in the happy Garden plac'd,
 Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
 Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love,
 In blisful solitude; he then survey'd
 Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there
 Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side Night
 In the dun air sublime, and ready now
 To stoop with wearied wings and willing feet
 On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
 Firm land inbosom'd without firmament,
 Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.
 Him God beholding from his prospect high,
 Wherein past, present, future he beholds,
 Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake.*

SATAN's approach to the confines of the Creation,
 is finely imaged in the beginning of the speech, which
 immediately follows. The effects of this speech in
 the blessed Spirits, and in the divine Person to whom
 it was address'd, cannot but fill the mind of the Reader
 with a secret pleasure and complacency.

*Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd 135.
 All Heav'n, and in the blessed Spirits elect
 Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd!
 Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
 Most glorious; in him all his Father shone
 Substantially express'd, and in his face
 Divine compassion visibly appear'd,
 Love without end, and without measure grace.*

I need

I need not point out the beauty of that circumstance, wherein the whole Host of Angels are represented as standing mute; nor show how proper the occasion was to produce such a silence in Heaven. The close of this divine colloquy, with the hymn of Angels that follows upon it, are so wonderfully beautiful and poetical, that I should not forbear inserting the whole passage, if the bounds of my paper would give me leave.

*No sooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all 344.
The multitudes of Angels with a shout,
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices utt'ring joy, Heav'n rung
With jubilee, and loud hosanna's fill'd
Th' eternal regions; &c. &c. - - -*

SATAN's walk upon the outside of the Universe, which, at a distance appeared to him of a globular form, but, upon his nearer approach, looked like an unbounded plain, is natural & noble. As his roaming upon the frontiers of the creation, between that mass of matter, which was wrought into a World, & that shapeless unformed heap of materials, which still lay in chaos and confusion, strikes the imagination with something astonishingly great and wild. I have before spoken of the *Limbo of Vanity*, which the Poet places upon this outermost surface of the Universe, & shall here explain my self more at large on that, & other parts of the Poem, which are of the same shadowy nature.

ARISTOTLE observes, that the Fable of an Epic Poem should abound in circumstances that are both credible and astonishing; or, as the *French* Criticks chuse to phrase it, the Fable should be filled with the Probable and the Marvellous. This rule is as fine and just as any in *Aristotle's* whole Art of Poetry.

IF the Fable is only probable, it differs nothing from a true History; if it is only marvellous, it is no better

better than a Romance. The great secret therefore of Heroick Poetry, is to relate such circumstances, as may produce in the Reader at the same time both belief and astonishment. This is brought to pass in a *well chosen* Fable, by the account of such things as have really happened according to the received opinions of Mankind. *Milton's* Fable is a master-piece of this nature; as the War in Heaven, the condition of the fallen Angels, the State of Innocence, the temptation of the Serpent, & the Fall of Man, though they are very astonishing in themselves, are not only credible, but actual points of faith.

THE next method of reconciling miracles with credibility, is by a happy invention of the Poet; as in particular, when he introduces agents of a superior nature, who are capable of effecting what is wonderful, and what is not to be met with in the ordinary course of things. *Ulysses's* ship being turn'd into a rock, and *Aeneas's* Fleet into a shoal of Water-Nymphs, though they are very surprising accidents, are nevertheless probable, when we are told that they were the Gods who thus transformed them. It is this kind of machinery which fills the Poems both of *Homer* & *Virgil* with such circumstances as are wonderful, but not impossible, & so frequently produce in the Reader the most pleasing passion that can rise in the mind of Man, which is admiration. If there be any instance in the *Aeneid* liable to exception upon this account, it is in the beginning of the third Book, where *Aeneas* is represented as tearing up the Myrtle that dropped blood. To qualifie this wonderful circumstance, *Polydorus* tells a story from the root of the Myrtle, that the barbarous Inhabitants of the country having pierced him with spears and arrows, the wood which was left in his body took root in his wounds, and gave birth to that bleeding tree. This circumstance seems to have the marvellous without the probable, because it is represented as proceeding from natural causes, without

without the interposition of any God, or rather supernatural power capable of producing it: The spears & arrows grow of themselves, without so much as the modern help of an enchantment. If we look into the fiction of *Milton's Fable*, though we find it full of surprising incidents, they are generally suited to our notions of the things and persons described, & tempered with a due measure of probability. I must only make an exception to the *Limbo of Vanity*, with his Episode of *Sin and Death*, and some of the imaginary Persons in his *Chaos*. These passages are astonishing, but not credible; the Reader cannot so far impose upon himself as to see a possibility in them; they are the description of dreams and shadows, not of things or persons. I know that many Criticks look upon the stories of *Circe*, *Polypheme*, the *Sirens*, nay the whole *Odyssey* and *Iliad* to be allegories; but allowing this to be true, they are Fables, which considering the opinions of Mankind that prevailed in the age of the Poets, might possibly have been according to the letter. The persons are such as might have acted what is ascribed to them, as the circumstances, in which they are represented, might possibly have been truths and realities. This appearance of probability is so absolutely requisite in the greater kinds of Poetry, that *Aristotle* observes the ancient Tragick Writers made use of the names of such great Men as had actually lived in the world, tho' the Tragedy proceeded upon adventures they were never engaged in, on purpose to make the subject more credible. In a word, besides the hidden meaning of an Epic Allegory, the plain literal sense ought to appear probable. The Story should be such as an ordinary Reader may acquiesce in, whatever natural, moral, or political truth may be discovered in it by men of greater penetration.

SATAN after having long wandred upon the surface, or outmost wall of the Universe, discovers at last a wide gap in it, which led into the Creation,

and is described as the opening through which the Angels pass to and fro into the lower world, upon their errands to Mankind. His sitting upon the brink of this passage, and taking a survey of the whole face of Nature, that appeared to him new and fresh in all its beauties, with the Simile illustrating this circumstance, fills the mind of the Reader with as surprising and glorious an idea as any that arises in the whole Poem. He looks down into that vast hollow of the Universe with the eye, or (as *Milton* calls it in his first Book) with the kenn of an Angel. He surveys all the wonders in this immense Amphitheatre that lye between both the poles of Heaven, and takes in at one view the whole round of the Creation.

HIS flight between the several Worlds that shined on every side of him, with the particular description of the Sun, are set forth in all the wantonness of a luxuriant Imagination. His shape, speech and behaviour upon his transforming himself into an Angel of light, are touched with exquisite beauty. The Poet's thought of directing *Satan* to the Sun, which in the vulgar opinion of Mankind is the most conspicuous part of the Creation, and the placing in it an Angel, is a circumstance very finely contrived, and the more adjusted to a poetical probability, as it was a received doctrine among the most famous Philosophers, that every Orb had its *Intelligence*; and as an Apostle in sacred Writ is said to have seen such an Angel in the Sun. In the answer which this Angel returns to the disguised Evil Spirit, there is such a becoming Majesty as is altogether suitable to a superior being. The part of it in which he represents himself as present at the creation, is very noble in it self, & not only proper where it is introduced, but requisite to prepare the Reader for what follows in the seventh Book.

I saw when at his word the formless mass, 708.
This world's material mould, came to a heap:

Can-

*Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar
 Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd;
 Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
 Light shon, &c.*

IN the following part of the speech he points out the Earth with such circumstances, that the Reader can scarce forbear fancying himself employed on the same distant view of it.

*Look downward on the Globe whose hither side 722.
 With light from hence, tho' but reflected, shines;
 That place is Earth, the seat of Man, that light
 His day, &c.*

I must not conclude my reflections upon this third Book of *Paradise Lost*, without taking notice of that celebrated complaint of *Milton* with which it opens, and which certainly deserves all the praises that have been given it; tho' as I have before hinted, it may rather be looked upon as an excrescence, than as an essential part of the Poem. The same observation might be applied to that beautiful digression upon Hypocrisy, in the same Book, v. 683. &c.

SPECTATOR, N^o. 321.

Nec satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia sunt. Hor.

THOSE, who know how many volumes have been written on the Poems of *Homer* & *Virgil*, will easily pardon the length of my discourse upon *Milton*. The *Paradise Lost* is looked upon, by the best Judges, as the greatest production, or at least the noblest work of genius, in our language, and therefore deserves to be set before an *English* Reader in its full beauty. For this reason, tho' I have endeavoured to

to give a general idea of its graces & imperfections in my six first papers, I thought my self obliged to bestow one upon every book in particular. The three first Books I have already dispatched, and am now entring upon the fourth. I need not acquaint my Reader, that there are multitudes of beauties in this great Author, especially in the descriptive parts of his Poem, which I have not touched upon; it being my intention to point out those only, which appear to me the most exquisite, or those which are not so obvious to ordinary Readers. Every one that has read the Criticks, who have written upon the *Odyssey*, the *Iliad*, and the *Æneid*, knows very well, that though they agree in their opinions of the great beauties in those Poems, they have nevertheless each of them discovered several master-strokes, which have escaped the observation of the rest. In the same manner, I question not, but any writer, who shall treat on this subject after me, may find several beauties in *Milton*, which I have not taken notice of. I must likewise observe, that as the greatest Masters of critical learning differ among one another, as to some particular points in an Epic Poem, I have not bound my self scrupulously to the rules which any one of them has laid down upon that Art, but have taken the liberty sometimes to join with one, & sometimes with another, and sometimes to differ from all of them, when I have thought that the reason of the thing was on my side.

WE may consider the Beauties of the fourth Book under three heads. In the first are those Pictures of still-life, which we meet with in the descriptions of *Eden*, *Paradise*, *Adam's bower*, &c. In the next are the Machines, which comprehend the speeches and behaviour of the good and bad Angels. In the last is the conduct of *Adam* and *Eve*, who are the principal Actors in the Poem.

IN the description of *Paradise*, the Poet has observed *Aristotle's* rule of lavishing all the ornaments of diction on the weak unactive parts of the Fable, which are not supported by the beauty of sentiments and characters. Accordingly the Reader may observe, that the expressions are more florid and elaborate in these descriptions, than in most other parts of the Poem. I must further add, that tho' the *drawings* of Gardens, Rivers, Rainbows, and the like dead pieces of Nature, are justly censured in an heroic Poem, when they run out into an unnecessary length; the Description of *Paradise* would have been faulty, had not the Poet been very particular in it, not only as it is the scene of the principal action, but as it is requisite to give us an idea of that happiness from which our first Parents fell. The plan of it is wonderfully beautifull, and formed upon the short sketch which we have of it, in Holy Writ. *Milton's* exuberance of imagination has poured forth such a redundancy of ornaments on this seat of happiness and innocence, that it would be endless to point out each particular.

I must not quit this head, without further observing, that there is scarce a speech of *Adam* or *Eve* in the whole Poem, wherein the sentiments and allusions are not taken from this their delightful habitation. The Reader, during their whole course of action, always finds himself in the walks of *Paradise*. In short, as the Criticks have remarked, that in those Poems, wherein Shepherds are Actors, the thoughts ought always to take a tincture from the woods, fields and rivers; so we may observe, that our first Parents seldom lose sight of their happy station in any thing they speak or do; &, if the Reader will give me leave to use the expression, that their thoughts are always *paradisifical*.

WE are in the next place to consider the Machines of the fourth Book. *Satan* being now within prospect of *Eden*, and looking round upon the glories of the Creation, is filled with sentiments different from those
which

which he discovered whilst he was in Hell. The place inspires him with thoughts more adapted to it: He reflects upon the happy condition from whence he fell, and breaks forth into a speech that is softened with several transient touches of remorse & self-accusation: But at length, he confirms himself in impenitence, and in his design of drawing Men into his own state of guilt & misery. This conflict of Passions is raised with a great deal of art, as the opening of his speech to the Sun is very bold and noble.

O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd 321
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world, at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads, to thee I call
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere.

THIS speech is, I think, the finest that is ascribed to *Satan* in the whole Poem. The Evil Spirit afterwards proceeds to make his discoveries concerning our first Parents, and to learn after what manner they may be best attacked. His bounding over the walls of *Paradise*; his sitting in the shape of a Cormorant upon the tree of Life, which stood in the center of it, and over-topped all the other trees of the garden; his alighting among the herd of animals, which are so beautifully represented as playing about *Adam* and *Eve*; together with his transforming himself into different shapes, in order to hear their conversation; are circumstances that give an agreeable surprize to the Reader, and are devised with great art, to connect that series of adventures in which the Poet has engaged this great Artificer of fraud.

THE thought of *Satan's* transformation into a Cormorant, and placing himself on the tree of Life, seems raised upon that passage in the *Iliad*, where two Deities

Deities are described, as perching on the top of an Oak in the shape of Vulturs.

HIS planting himself at the ear of *Eve* under the form of a Toad, in order to produce vain dreams & imaginations, is a circumstance of the same nature; as his starting up in his own form is wonderfully fine, both in the literal description, & in the moral which is concealed under it. His answer upon his being discovered, & demanded to give an account of himself, is conformable to the pride and intrepidity of his Character.

*Know ye not then, said Satan, fill'd with scorn, 827
Know ye not Me? ye knew me once no Mate
For You, there sitting where you durst not soar;
Not to know me argues your-selves unknown,
The lowest of your throng; - - -*

ZEPHON's rebuke, with the influence it had on *Satan*, is exquisitely graceful & moral. *Satan* is afterwards led away to *Gabriel*, the chief of the guardian Angels, who kept watch in *Paradise*. His disdainful behaviour on this occasion is so remarkable a beauty, that the most ordinary Reader cannot but take notice of it. *Gabriel's* discovering his approach at a distance, is drawn with great strength and liveliness of imagination.

*O Friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet 866.
Hast'ning this way, and now by glimps discern
Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade;
And with them comes a third of regal port,
But faded splendor wan; who by his gait
And fierce demeanor seems the Prince of Hell,
Not likely to part hence without contest;
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.*

THE conference between *Gabriel* & *Satan* abounds with sentiments proper for the occasion, and suitable to the persons of the two Speakers. *Satan's* cloathing himself

himself with terror, when he prepares for the combat, is truly sublime, and at least equal to *Homer's* description of *Discord* celebrated by *Longinus*, or to that of *Fame* in *Virgil*, who are both represented with their feet standing upon the Earth, & their heads reaching above the clouds.

While thus he spake, th' Angelic Squadron bright 977;
Turn'd fiery red, sharpening in mooned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported spears, &c. -

- - - *On th' other side, Satan alarm'd,* 985;

Collecting all his might dilated stood
Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd.
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
Sat horror plum'd; - - -

I must here take notice, that *Milton* is every where full of hints, and sometimes literal translations, taken from the greatest of the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets. But this I may reserve for a discourse by it self, because I would not break the thread of these speculations, that are designed for *English* Readers, with such reflections as would be of no use but to the *Learned*.

I must however observe in this place, that the breaking off the combat between *Gabriel* and *Satan*, by the hanging out of the golden scales in *Heaven*, is a refinement upon *Homer's* thought, who tells us, that before the battle between *Hector* and *Achilles*, *Jupiter*, weighed the event of it in a pair of scales. The Reader may see the whole passage in the 22d *Iliad*.

VIRGIL, before the last decisive combat, describes *Jupiter* in the same manner, as weighing the fates of *Turnus* and *Aeneas*. *Milton*, though he fetched this beautiful circumstance from the *Iliad* and *Aeneid*, does not only insert it as a poetical embellishment, like the Authors above-mentioned; but makes an artful use of it for the proper carrying on of his fable, and for the breaking off the combat between the two

War-

Warriors, who were upon the point of engaging. To this we may further add, that *Milton* is the more justified in this passage, as we find the same noble Allegory in Holy writ, where a wicked Prince, some few hours before he was assaulted and slain, is said to have been *weigh'd in the scales, and to have been found wanting*. Dan. V. 27.

I must here take notice under the head of the Machines, that *Uriel's* gliding down to the Earth upon a Sun-beam, with the Poet's device to make him descend, as well in his return to the Sun, as in his coming from it, is a prettiness that might have been admired in a little fanciful Poet, but seems below the genius of *Milton*. The description of the Host of armed Angels walking their nightly round in *Paradise*, is of another spirit;

So saying, on he led his radiant files, 797.
Dazling the Moon;

as that account of the hymns, which our first Parents used to hear them sing in these their midnight-walks, is altogether divine, and inexpressibly amusing to the imagination.

WE are, in the last place, to consider the parts which *Adam* and *Eve* act in the fourth Book. The description of them as they first appeared to *Satan*, is exquisitely drawn, and sufficient to make the fallen Angel gaze upon them with all that astonishment, & those emotions of envy, in which he is represented.

Two of far nobler shape erect and tall, 288.
God-like erect, with native honour clad
In naked majesty seem'd lords of all,
And worthy seem'd, for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure;
Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd:
For contemplation he and valour form'd,

E

For

For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
 He for God only, she for God in him:
 His fair large front, and eye sublime declar'd
 Absolute rule; and Hyacinthin locks
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad;
 She as a vail down to her slender waste
 Her unadorned golden tresses wore
 Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd.
 So pass'd they naked on, nor shun'd the sight
 Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill:
 So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
 That ever since in love's embraces met.

THERE is a fine spirit of Poetry in the lines which follow, wherein they are described as sitting on a bed of flowers by the side of a fountain, amidst a mixed assembly of animals.

THE speeches of these two first Lovers flow equally from passion & sincerity. The professions they make to one another are full of warmth; but at the same time founded on truth. In a word, they are the Gallantries of Paradise.

- - - When Adam first of Men - - -
 Sole partner and sole part of all these joys 411.
 Dearer thy self than all; - - -
 But let us ever praise him, and extol 436.
 His bounty, following our delightful task,
 To prune those growing plants, and tend these flowers,
 Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.
 To whom thus Eve reply'd, O thou for whom
 And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,
 And without whom am to no end, my guide
 And head, what thou hast said is just and right.
 For we to him indeed all praises owe,
 And daily thanks, I chiefly who enjoy
 So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
 Praeminent by so much odds, while thou
 Like consort to thy self canst no where find, &c.

THE

THE remaining part of *Eve's* Speech, in which she gives an account of her self upon her first creation, and the manner in which she was brought to *Adam*, is I think as beautiful a passage as any in *Milton*, or perhaps in any other Poet whatsoever. These passages are all worked off with so much art, that they are capable of pleasing the most delicate Reader, without offending the most severe.

That day I oft remember, when from sleep, &c. 449.

A Poet of less judgment and invention than this great Author, would have found it very difficult to have filled these tender parts of the Poem with sentiments proper for a state of Innocence; to have described the warmth of love, & the professions of it, without artifice or hyperbole; to have made the Man speak the most endearing things, without descending from his natural dignity, and the Woman receiving them without departing from the modesty of her character; in a word, to adjust the prerogatives of wisdom and beauty, and make each appear to the other in its proper force & loveliness. This mutual subordination of the two sexes is wonderfully kept up in the whole Poem, as particularly in the speech of *Eve* I have before-mentioned, and upon the conclusion of it in the following Lines;

So spake our general mother, and with eyes 492.
Of conjugal attraction unprov'd,
And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd
On our first father; half her swelling breast
Naked met his under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid; he in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms
Smil'd with superior love, - - -

THE Poet adds, that the Devil turned away with envy at the sight of so much happiness.

WE have another view of our first Parents in their evening discourses, which is full of pleasing images, & sentiments suitable to their condition & characters. The speech of *Eve*, in particular, is dressed up in such a soft and natural turn of words and sentiments, as cannot be sufficiently admired.

I shall close my Reflections upon this Book, with observing the masterly transition which the Poet makes to their evening worship, in the following lines.

*Thus at their staid lodge arriv'd, both stood, 720.
Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd
The God that made both sky, air, earth and heav'n
Which they beheld, the Moons resplendent globe,
And starry pole: Thou also mad'st the night,
Maker omnipotent, and thou the day, &c.*

MOST of the modern heroic Poets have imitated the Ancients, in beginning a speech without premising, that the person said thus or thus: but as it is easie to imitate the Ancients in the omission of two or three words, it requires judgment to do it in such a manner as they shall not be missed, and that the speech may begin naturally without them. There is a fine instance of this kind out of *Homer*, in the twenty third chapter of *Longinus*.

SPECTATOR, No. 327.

--- Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo, Virg.

WE were told in the foregoing Book how the Evil Spirit practised upon *Eve* as she lay asleep, in order to inspire her with thoughts of vanity, pride and ambition. The Author, who shews a wonderful art throughout his whole Poem, in preparing the Reader for the several occurrences that arise in it, sounds upon the above mention'd circumstance the first part

Part of the fifth Book. *Adam* upon his awaking finds *Eve* still asleep, with an unusual discomposure in her looks. The posture in which he regards her, is described with a tenderness not to be express'd, as the whisper with which he awakens her is the softest that ever was conveyed to a Lover's ear,

His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve V. 9.
With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek
As through inquiet rest: he on his side
Leaning half-rai'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: Awake
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight,
Awake: the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us, we lose the prime to mark how spring
Our tended plants, how blows the Citron grove,
What drops the Myrrhe, and what the balmie Reed;
How Nature paints her colours; how the Bee
Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet.
Such whispering wak'd her, but with startled eye
On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake.
O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My glory, my perfection, glad I see
Thy face, and morn return'd - - -

I cannot but take notice that *Milton*, in the conferences between *Adam* and *Eve*, had his eye very frequently upon the book of *Canticles*, in which there is a noble spirit of eastern poetry, & very often not unlike what we meet with in *Homer*, who is generally placed near the Age of *Solomon*. I think there is no question but the Poet in the preceding speech remember'd those two passages which are spoken on the like occasion, and fill'd with the same pleasing images of Nature.

MY beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, & come away; For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over & gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the Turtle is heard in our Land. The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the Vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, & come away. Cant. II. 10.

COME, my beloved, let us go forth into the field; let us get up early to the Vineyards, let us see if the Vine flourish, whether the tender Grape appear, & the Pomegranates bud forth. Cant. VII. 11.

HIS preferring the Garden of Eden to that

- - - Where the Sapient King IX. 441.
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian Spouse,

shews that the Poet had this delightful scene in his mind.

EVE's Dream is full of those high conceits engendring pride, which, we are told, the Devil endeavoured to instill into her. Of this kind is that part of it where she fancies herself awaken'd by Adam in the following beautiful lines.

Why sleep'st thou Eve? now is the pleasant time, 38.
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song; now reigns
Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light
Shadowy sets off the face of things: In vain
If none regard. Heav'n wakes with all his eyes
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire,
In whose sight all things joy, with rapture
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze!

AN injudicious Poet would have made Adam talk thro' the whole work, in such sentiments as these. But flattery and falsehood are not the courtship of
Milton's

PARADISE LOST. 71

Milton's Adam, and could not be heard by *Eve* in her State of Innocence, excepting only in a dream produc'd on purpose to taint her imagination. Other vain sentiments of the same kind in this relation of her dream, will be obvious to every Reader. Tho' the catastrophe of the Poem is finely presaged on this occasion, the particulars of it are so artfully shadow'd, that they do not anticipate the story which follows in the ninth Book. I shall only add, that tho' the Vision it self is founded upon truth, the circumstances of it are full of that wildness and inconsistency which are natural to a dream. *Adam*, conformable to his superior character for wisdom, instructs and comforts *Eve* upon this occasion.

*So cheer'd he his fair Spouse, & she was cheer'd, 129.
But silently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair;
Two other precious drops that ready stood,
Each in their chrystal sluice, he e're they fell
Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.*

THE morning Hymn is written in imitation of one of those Psalms, where, in the overflowings of gratitude and praise, the Psalmist calls not only upon the Angels, but upon the most conspicuous parts of the inanimate creation, to joyn with him in extolling their common Maker. Invocations of this nature fill the mind with glorious ideas of God's works, and awaken that divine enthusiasm, which is so natural to devotion. But if this calling upon the dead parts of nature is at all times a proper kind of worship, it was in a particular manner suitable to our first Parents, who had the creation fresh upon their minds, & had not seen the various dispensations of providence, nor consequently could be acquainted with those many topicks of praise which might afford matter to the devotions of their posterity. I need not remark the

beautiful spirit of Poetry, which runs through this whole Hymn, nor the holiness of that resolution with which it concludes.

HAVING already mentioned those speeches which are assigned to the persons in this Poem, I proceed to the description which the Poet gives of *Raphael*. His departure from before the throne, and his flight thro' the choirs of Angels, is finely imaged. As *Milton* every where fills his Poem with circumstances that are marvellous and astonishing, he describes the Gate of Heaven as framed after such a manner, that it open'd of it self upon the approach of the Angel who was to pass through it.

- - - 'till at the Gate

253.

Of Heav'n arriv'd, the Gate self-open'd wide,

On golden hinges turning, as by work

Divine the sovereign Architect had framed.

THE Poet here seems to have regarded two or three passages in the 18th *Iliad*, as that in particular, where, speaking of *Vulcan*, *Homer* says, that he had made twenty *Tripodes* running on golden wheels, which, upon occasion, might go of themselves to the Assembly of the Gods, &, when there was no more use for them, return again after the same manner. *Scaliger* has rallied *Homer* very severely upon this point, as *Mad. Dacier* has endeavoured to defend it. I will not pretend to determine, whether in this particular of *Homer*, the marvellous does not lose sight of the probable. As the miraculous workmanship of *Milton's* Gates is not so extraordinary as this of the *Tripodes*, so I am persuaded he would not have mentioned it, had not he been supported in it by a passage in the Scripture, which speaks of wheels in Heaven that had life in them, & moved of themselves, or stood still, in conformity with the Cherubims, whom they accompanied. *Ezek. I. 15. &c.*

THERE

THERE is no question but *Milton* had this circumstance in his thoughts, because in the following Book he describes the Chariot of the *Messiah* with living wheels, according to the plan in *Ezekiel's* Vision.

- - - *Forth rush'd with whirlwind sound* VI. 749.
The Chariot of Paternal Deity,
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
It self instinct with Spirit - - -

I question not but *Bossu*, and the two *Daciers*, who are for vindicating every thing that is censured in *Homer*, by something parallel in Holy Writ, would have been very well pleased had they thought of confronting *Vulcan's Tripodes* with *Ezekiel's* Wheels.

RAPHAEL's descent to the Earth, with the figure of his person, is represented in very lively colours. Several of the *French*, *Italian*, & *English* Poets have given a loose to their imaginations in the description of Angels; but I do not remember to have met with any so finely drawn, & so conformable to the notions which are given of them in Scripture, as this in *Milton*. After having set him forth in all his heavenly plumage, and represented him as alighting upon the Earth, the Poet concludes his description with a circumstance, which is altogether new, and imagined with the greatest strength of fancy.

- - - *Like Maia's Son he stood* 285.
And shook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide - - -

RAPHAEL's reception by the Guardian Angels; his passing through the wilderness of sweets; his distant appearance to *Adam*, have all the graces that Poetry is capable of bestowing. The Author afterwards gives us a particular description of *Eve* in her domestick employments,

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
 She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent,
 What choice to chuse for delicacy best,
 What order, so contriv'd as not to mix
 Tastes, not well joyn'd inelegant, but bring
 Taste after taste, upheld with kindest change;
 Bestirs her then, &c. - - -

331.

THOUGH in this, and other parts of the same book, the subject is only the housewifery of our first Parent, it is set off with so many pleasing images & strong expressions, as make it none of the least agreeable parts in this divine Work.

THE natural Majesty of *Adam*, and at the same time his submissive behaviour to the superior being, who had vouchsafed to be his Guest; the solemn *Hail* which the Angel bestows upon the mother of Mankind, with the figure of *Eve* ministring at the table, are circumstances which deserve to be admired.

RAPHAEL's behaviour is every way suitable to the dignity of his nature, and to that character of a sociable Spirit, with which the Author has so judiciously introduced him. He had received instructions to converse with *Adam*, as one Friend converses with another, and to warn him of the Enemy, who was contriving his destruction: Accordingly he is represented as sitting down at a table with *Adam*, and eating of the fruits of *Paradise*. The occasion naturally leads him to his discourse on the food of Angels. After having thus entered into conversation with Man upon more indifferent subjects, he warns him of his obedience, and makes a natural transition to the history of that fallen Angel, who was employed in the circumvention of our first Parents.

HAD I follow'd Monsieur *Bossu*'s method, in my first paper on *Milton*, I should have dated the Action of *Paradise Lost* from the beginning of *Raphael*'s speech in this Book, as he supposes the Action of the *Aeneid*

to begin in the second Book of that Poem. I could alledge many reasons for my drawing the Action of the *Aeneid* rather from its immediate beginning in the first Book, than from its remote beginning in the second, and shew why I have considered the sacking of *Troy* as an *Episode*, according to the common acceptance of that word. But as this would be a dry unentertaining piece of criticism, and perhaps unnecessary to those who have read my first paper, I shall not enlarge upon it. Which ever of the notions be true, the unity of *Milton's* Action is preserved according to either of them; whether we consider the Fall of Man in its immediate beginning, as proceeding from the resolutions taken in the infernal Council; or in its more remote beginning, as proceeding from the first Revolt of the Angels in Heaven. The occasion which *Milton* assigns for this revolt, as it is founded on hints in Holy Writ, & on the opinion of some great Writers, so it was the most proper that the Poet could have made use of.

THE Revolt in Heaven is described with great force of imagination, and a fine variety of circumstances. The learned Reader cannot but be pleased with the Poet's imitation of *Homer* in the last of the following lines.

At length into the limits of the north 755
 They came, and Satan took his Royal seat
 High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
 Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and tow'rs
 From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of Gold,
 The Palace of great Lucifer, (so call
 That structure in the dialect of Men
 Interpreted) - - -

HOMER mentions persons and things, which he tells us in the language of the Gods are call'd by different names from those they go by in the language of Men. *Milton* has imitated him with his usual judgment in

In this particular place, wherein he has likewise the authority of Scripture to justify him. The part of *Abdiel*, who was the only Spirit that in this infinite host of Angels preserved his allegiance to his Maker, exhibits to us a noble moral of religious singularity. The zeal of the Seraph breaks forth in a becoming warmth of sentiments & expressions, as the character which is given us of him denotes that generous scorn & intrepidity which attends heroic virtue. The Author doubtless designed it as a pattern to those who live among mankind in their present state of degeneracy and corruption.

So spake the Seraph Abdiel faithful found, 896.
Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshaken, unseduc'd, untterrify'd;
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal:
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,
Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd
Superior, nor of violence fear'd ought;
And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd
On those proud Tow'rs to swift destruction doom'd.

SPECTATOR, N^o. 333.

- - - *vocat in certamina Divos.* Virg.

WE are now entering upon the sixth Book of *Paradise Lost*, in which the Poet describes the Battel of Angels; having raised his Reader's expectation, and prepar'd him for it by several passages in the preceding Books. I omitted quoting these passages in my observations on the former Books, having purposely reserved them for the opening of this, the subject
of

of which gave occasion to them. The Author's imagination was so inflamed with this great scene of action, that whatever he speaks of it, he rises, if possible, above himself. Thus where he mentions *Satan* in the beginning of his Poem.

- - - Him the Almighty Power I. 441
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' etherial skie,
 With hideous ruin and combustion down
 To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
 In adamantin chains and penal fire,
 Who durst defie the Omnipotent to Arms.

WE have likewise several noble hints of it in the infernal conference.

O Prince, O Chief of many throned Powers I. 1281
 That led th' embattel'd Seraphim to war,
 Too well I see and rue the dire event,
 That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
 Hath lost us Heav'n and all this mighty host
 In horrible destruction laid thus low.
 But see the angry Victor has recall'd
 His Ministers of vengeance and pursuit
 Back to the gates of Heav'n: The sulphurous hail,
 Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid
 The fiery surge, that from the precipice
 Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling, and the Thunder
 Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
 Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
 To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.

THERE are several other very sublime images on the same subject in the first book, as also in the second. v. 165.

What! when we fled amain, pursu'd and strook
 With Heav'n's afflicting Thunder, and besought
 The Deep to shelter us; this Hell then seem'd
 A refuge from those wounds - - -

IN

IN short, the Poet never mentions any thing of this Battel, but in such images of greatness & terrour as are suitable to the subject. Among several others, I cannot forbear quoting that passage where the Power, who is describ'd as presiding over the Chaos, speaks in the same book.

Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old 988.
With faultering speech and visage incompas'd
Answer'd, I know thee, Stranger, who thou art,
That mighty leading Angel, who of late
Made head against Heav'n's King, tho' overthrown,
I saw and heard; for such a numerous Host
Fled not in silence through the frighted Deep
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded; and Heav'n's gates
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
Pursuing. - - -

IT required great pregnancy of invention, & strength of imagination, to fill this Battel with such circumstances as should raise and astonish the mind of the Reader; &, at the same time, an exactness of judgment to avoid every thing that might appear light or trivial. Those who look into *Homer*, are surpriz'd to find his Battels still rising one above another, and improving in horror, to the conclusion of the *Iliad*. *Milton's* fight of Angels is wrought up with the same beauty. It is usher'd in with such signs of wrath as are suitable to Omnipotence incensed. The first engagement is carried on under a cope of fire, occasion'd by the flights of innumerable burning darts and arrows which are discharged from either host. The second onset is still more terrible, as it is filled with those artificial thunders, which seem to make the victory doubtful, & produce a kind of consternation even in the good Angels. This is follow'd by the tearing up of mountains & promontories; till, in the last place, *Messiah* comes forth in the fullness of Majesty & terrour. The pomp
of

of his appearance, amidst the roarings of his thunders, the flashes of his lightnings, & the noise of his chariot-wheels, is described with the utmost flights of humane imagination.

THERE is nothing in the first and last day's engagement which does not appear natural, & agreeable enough to the ideas most readers would conceive of a fight between two Armies of Angels.

THE second day's engagement is apt to startle an imagination, which has not been raised and qualified for such a description, by the reading of the antient Poets, and of *Homier* in particular. It was certainly a very bold thought in our Author, to ascribe the first use of Artillery to the rebel Angels. But as such a pernicious invention may be well supposed to have proceeded from such Authors, so it entered very properly into the thoughts of that Being, who is all along described as aspiring to the Majesty of his Maker. Such engines were the only instruments he could have made use of to imitate those Thunders, that in all Poetry, both sacred and prophane, are represented as the Arms of the Almighty. The tearing up the hills was not altogether so daring a thought as the former. We are, in some measure, prepared for such an incident by the description of the Giants war, which we meet with among the ancient Poets. What still made this circumstance the more proper for the Poet's use, is the opinion of many learned men, that the Fable of the Giants War, which makes so great a noise in antiquity, and gave birth to the sublimest Description in *Hesiod's* works, was an Allegory founded upon this very tradition of a Fight between the good and bad Angels.

IT may, perhaps, be worth while to consider with what judgment *Milton*, in this narration, has avoided every thing that is mean and trivial in the descriptions of the *Latin* and *Greek* Poets; and, at the same time, improv'd every great hint which he met with in their works

works upon this subject. *Homer* in that passage, which *Longinus* has celebrated for its sublimeness, and which *Virgil* and *Ovid* have copied after him, tells us that the Giants threw *Ossa* upon *Olympus*, & *Pelion* upon *Ossa*. He adds an epithet to *Pelion* (*ειροσιφυλλον*) which very much swells the idea, by bringing up to the Reader's imagination all the woods that grew upon it. There is further a great beauty in his singling out by name these three remarkable mountains, so well known to the *Greeks*. This last is such a beauty as the scene of *Milton's* war could not possibly furnish him with. *Claudian*, in his Fragment upon the Gyants War, has given full scope to that wildness of imagination which was natural to him. He tells us, that the Giants tore up whole Islands by the roots, and threw them at the Gods. He describes one of them in particular taking up *Lemnos* in his arms, and whirling it to the skies, with all *Vulcan's* Shop in the midst of it. Another tears up Mount *Ida*, with the River *Enipeus*, which ran down the sides of it; but the Poet, not content to describe him with this mountain upon his shoulders, tells us, that the River flow'd down his back, as he held it up in that posture. It is visible to every judicious Reader, that such ideas favour more of burlesque than of the sublime. They proceed from a wantonness of imagination, and rather divert the mind than astonish it. *Milton* has taken every thing that is sublime in these several passages, & composes out of them the following great image.

*From their foundations loosning to and fro VI. 643:
They pluck'd the seated hills with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops
Up-lifting bore them in their hands: - - -*

WE have the full majesty of *Homer* in this short description, improved by the imagination of *Claudian*, without its puerilities.

I need

I need not point out the description of the fallen Angels seeing the promontories hanging over their heads in such a dreadful manner, with the other numberless beauties in this Book, which are so conspicuous, that they cannot escape the notice of the most ordinary Reader.

THERE are indeed so many wonderful strokes of Poetry in this Book, & such a variety of sublime ideas, that it would have been impossible to have given them a place within the bounds of this paper. Besides that, I find it in a great measure done to my hand at the end of my Lord Roscommon's Essay on translated Poetry. I shall refer my Reader thither for some of the master-strokes in the sixth Book of *Paradise Lost*, though at the same time there are many others which that noble Author has not taken notice of.

MILTON, notwithstanding the sublime genius he was master of, has in this book drawn to his assistance all the helps he could meet with among the ancient Poets. The sword of *Michael*, which makes so great a havock among the bad Angels, was given him, we are told, out of the Armory of God.

- - - But the Sword

320.

Of Michael from the Armory of God
Was giv'n him temper'd so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge; it met
The Sword of Satan with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheers. - - -

THIS passage is a copy of that in *Virgil*, wherein the Poet tells us, that the sword of *Aeneas*, which was given him by a Deity, broke into pieces the sword of *Turnus*, which came from a mortal forge. As the moral in this place is divine, so by the way we may observe, that the bestowing on a Man who is favour'd by Heav'n such an allegorical weapon, is very conformable to the old eastern way of thinking. Not only

Homer has made use of it, but we find the *Jewish* Hero in the II. Book of *Maccabees*, 15. 15. who had fought the Battels of the chosen People with so much glory and success, receiving in his dream a sword from the hand of the Prophet *Jeremiah*. The following passage, wherein *Satan* is described as wounded by the sword of *Michael*, is in imitation of *Homer*.

The griding sword with discontinuous wound 329.
Pass'd through him, but th' ethereal substance clos'd
Not long divisible, and from the gash
A stream of nectarous humour issuing flow'd
Sanguin, such as celestial Spirits may bleed,
And all his armour stain'd - - -

HOMER tells us in the same manner, that upon *Diomedes* wounding the Gods, there flow'd from the wound an *ichor*, or pure kind of blood, which was not bred from mortal viands; and that tho' the pain was exquisitely great, the wound soon closed up and healed in those beings who are vested with immortality.

I question not but *Milton* in his description of his furious *Moloe* flying from the Battel, and bellowing with the wound he had received, had his eye on *Mars* in the *Iliad*, who, upon his being wounded, is represented as retiring out of the fight, and making an outcry louder than that of a whole Army when it begins the charge. *Homer* adds, that the *Greeks* and *Trojans*, who were engaged in a general battel, were terrified on each side with the bellowing of this wounded Deity. The Reader will easily observe how *Milton* has kept all the horror of this image without running into the ridicule of it.

- - - *Where the might of Gabriel fought, 355.*
And with fierce Ensigns pierc'd the deep array
Of Moloe furious King, who him defy'd,
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd;

*Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heav'n
Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon
Down cloven to the waste, with shatter'd Arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. - - -*

MILTON has likewise raised his description in this Book with many images taken out of the poetical parts of Scripture. The Messiah's Chariot, as I have before taken notice, is form'd upon a Vision of *Ezekiel*, who, as *Grotius* observes, has very much in him of *Homer's* spirit in the poetical parts of his Prophecy.

THE following lines in that glorious commission which is given the Messiah to extirpate the Host of Rebel Angels, is drawn from a sublime passage in the *Psalms*. 45. 3.

*Go then thou mightiest in thy Father's might 710.
Ascend my Chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That shake Heav'n's basis, bring forth all my War,
My Bow, my Thunder, my almighty Arms,
Gird on thy Sword on thy puissant thigh.*

THE Reader will easily discover many other strokes of the same nature.

THERE is no question but *Milton* had heated his imagination with the fight of the Gods in *Homer*, before he entered upon this engagement of the Angels. *Homer* there gives us a scene of Men, Heroes, & Gods mixed together in battel. *Mars* animates the contending Armies, & lifts up his voice in such a manner, that it is heard distinctly amidst all the shouts & confusion of the fight. *Jupiter* at the same time thunders over their heads; while *Neptune* raises such a tempest, that the whole field of battel, and all the tops of the mountains, shake about them. The Poet tells us, that *Pluto* himself, whose habitation was in the very center of the Earth, was so affrighted at the shock, that he leapt from his Throne. *Homer* afterwards describes *Vulcan* as pouring down a storm of fire upon

the River *Xanthus*, and *Minerva* as throwing a rock at *Mars*; who, he tells us, covered seven acres in his fall.

AS *Homer* has introduced into his Battel of the Gods every thing that is great and terrible in Nature, *Milton* has filled his Fight of good and bad Angels with all the like circumstances of horror. The shout of Armies, the ratling of brazen chariots, the hurling of rocks & mountains, the earthquake, the fire, the thunder, are all of them employ'd to lift up the Readers imagination, and give him a suitable idea of so great an Action. With what art has the Poet represented the whole body of the Earth trembling, even before it was created.

*All Heaven resounded, and had Earth been then, 218.
All Earth had to its center shook - - -*

IN how sublime and just a manner does he afterwards describe the whole Heaven shaking under the wheels of the *Messiah's* Chariot, with that exception to the Throne of God?

*- - - Under his burning wheels 832.
The steadfast Empyrean shook throughout;
All but the Throne it self of God - - -*

NOTWITHSTANDING the *Messiah* appears cloathed with so much terrour and Majesty, the Poet has still found means to make his Readers conceive an idea of him beyond what he himself was able to describe.

*Yet half his strength he put not forth, but checks 853;
His thunder in mid volley, for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heav'n.*

IN a word, *Milton's* genius, which was so great in it self, & so strengthened by all the helps of learning, appears in this book every way equal to his subject, which was the most sublime that could enter into the thoughts

thoughts of a Poet. As he knew all the arts of affecting the mind; he knew it was necessary to give it certain resting-places and opportunities of recovering it self from time to time: he has therefore with great address interspersed several speeches, reflections, similitudes, & the like reliefs, to diversifie his narration, and ease the attention of the Reader, that he might come fresh to his great action; and by such a contrast of ideas, have a more lively taste of the nobler parts of his Description.

SPECTATOR, N^o. 339.

--- *Ut his exordia primis*

Omnia, & ipse tener mundi concreverit orbis.

Tum durare solum & discludere Nerea ponto

Cœperit, & rerum paullatim sumere formas. Virg.

LONGINUS has observed, that there may be a loftiness in sentiments, where there is no passion, and brings instances out of ancient Authors to support this his opinion. The Pathetick, as that great Critick observes, may animate and inflame the Sublime, but is not essential to it. Accordingly, as he further remarks, we very often find that those who excel most in stirring up the passions, very often want the talent of writing in the great and sublime manner; and so on the contrary. *Milton* has shewn himself a Master in both these ways of writing. The seventh Book, which we are now entering upon, is an instance of that Sublime which is not mixt & work'd up with passion. The Author appears in a kind of composed & sedate majesty; and tho' the sentiments do not give so great an emotion as those in the former Book, they abound with as magnificent ideas. The sixth Book, like a troubled ocean, represents greatness in confusion; the seventh affects the imagination like the ocean

in a calm, & fills the mind of the Reader, without producing in it any thing like tumult or agitation.

THE Critick above mentioned, among the rules which he lays down for succeeding in the sublime way of writing, proposes to his Reader, that he should imitate the most celebrated Authors who have gone before him, and been engaged in works of the same nature; as in particular that if he writes on a poetical subject, he should consider how *Homer* would have spoken on such an occasion. By this means one great Genius often catches the flame from another, and writes in his spirit without copying servilely after him. There are a thousand shining passages in *Virgil*, which have been lighted up by *Homer*.

MILTON, tho' his own natural strength of genius was capable of furnishing out a perfect work, has doubtless very much raised and ennobled his conceptions, by such an imitation as that which *Longinus* has recommended.

IN this Book, which gives us an account of the Six days Works, the Poet received but very few assistances from Heathen writers, who were strangers to the wonders of Creation. But as there are many glorious strokes of Poetry upon this subject in holy writ, the Author has numberless allusions to them through the whole course of this Book. The great Critick I have before mentioned, though an Heathen, has taken notice of the sublime manner in which the Law-giver of the *Jews* has described the Creation in the first Chapter of *Genesis*: and there are many other passages in Scripture, which rise up to the same Majesty, where this subject is touched upon. *Milton* has shewn his judgment very remarkably, in making use of such of these as were proper for his Poem, and in duly qualifying those high strains of Eastern Poetry, which were suited to Readers whose imaginations were set to an higher pitch, than those of colder climates.

ADAM's speech to the Angel, wherein he desires an account of what had passed within the Regions of Nature before the Creation, is very great & solemn. The following lines, in which he tells him, that the day is not too far spent for him to enter upon such a subject, are exquisite in their kind.

*And the great light of day yet wants to run 98:
Much of his race though sleep, suspense in Heav'n
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he hears,
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His generation, &c. - - -*

THE Angel's encouraging our first Parents in a modest pursuit after knowledge, with the causes which he assigns for the creation of the World, are very just and beautiful. The *Messiah*, by whom, as we are told in Scripture, the worlds were made, comes forth in the power of his Father, surrounded with an host of Angels, and cloathed with such a Majesty as becomes his entering upon a work, which, according to our conceptions, appears the utmost exertion of Omnipotence. What a beautiful description has our Author raised upon that hint in one of the Prophets; *And behold there came four Chariots cut from between two mountains, & the mountains were mountains of brass? Zech. 6. 1.*

*About his chariot numberless were pour'd 197:
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And Virtues, winged Spirits, and Chariots wing'd,
From the armory of God, where stand of old
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd
Against a solemn day, harness at hand;
Celestial equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them spirit liv'd
Attendant on their Lord: Heav'n open'd wide
Her ever during gates, harmonious sound
On golden hinges moving - - -*

I have before taken notice of these Chariots of God; and of these Gates of Heaven, & shall here only add, that *Homer* gives us the same idea of the latter as opening of themselves, tho' he afterwards takes off from it, by telling us, that the *Hours* first of all removed those prodigious heaps of clouds which lay as a barrier before them.

I do not know any thing in the whole Poem more sublime than the description which follows, where the *Messiah* is represented at the head of his Angels, as looking down into the *Chaos*, calming its confusion, riding into the midst of it, and drawing the first outline of the Creation.

On heav'nly ground they stood, & from the shore 210.
They view'd the vast immeasurable Abyss
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
And surging waves, as mountains to assault
Heav'n's height, and with the center mix the Pole.

Silence ye troubled waves, and thou Deep, peace,
Said then th' Omnisc Word, your discord end:

Nor staid, but on the wings of Cherubim
Up-listed, in paternal glory rode
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn;
For Chaos heard his voice: him all his train
Follow'd in bright procession to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.

Then staid the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden Compasses, prepared

In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
This Universe, and all created things.

One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd,
Round through the vast profundity obscure,
And said, thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy just circumference, O World.

THE thought of the golden compasses is conceiv'd altogether in *Homer's* spirit, & is a very noble incident
in

In this wonderful description. *Homer*, when he speaks of the Gods, ascribes to them several Arms and Instruments with the same greatness of imagination. Let the Reader only peruse the description of *Minerva's Aegis*, or Buckler, in the fifth Book of the *Iliad*, with her Spear which would overturn whole Squadrons, and her Helmet, that was sufficient to cover an Army drawn out of an hundred Cities. The golden Compasses in the above-mentioned passage appear a very natural instrument in the hand of him, whom *Plato* somewhere calls the divine Geometrician. As Poetry delights in cloathing abstracted ideas in allegories and sensible images, we find a magnificent description of the Creation form'd after the same manner in one of the Prophets, wherein he describes the Almighty Architect as measuring the waters in the hollow of his hand, meteing out the heavens with his span, comprehending the dust of the earth in a measure, weighing the mountains in scales, & the hills in a balance. *Is.* 40. 12. Another of them describing the Supreme Being in this great work of Creation, represents him as laying the foundations of the Earth, & stretching a line upon it. *Job* 38. 4, 5. And in another place as garnishing the heavens, stretching out the north over the empty place, & hanging the Earth upon nothing. *Job* 26. 7. 13. This last noble thought *Milton* has express'd in the following verse.

And Earth self-balanc'd on her center hung. 242.

THE beauties of description in this Book lie so very thick, that it is impossible to enumerate them in this paper. The Poet has employ'd on them the whole energy of our tongue. The several great scenes of the Creation rise up to view one after another, in such a manner, that the Reader seems present at this wonderful work, and to assist among the Choirs of Angels, who are the spectators of it. How glorious is the conclusion of the first day.

- - - Thus was the first day Ev'n and Morn. 252.
 Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung
 By the Celestial Quires, when orient light
 Exhaling first from darkness they beheld;
 Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth; with joy and shout
 The hollow universal Orb they fill'd.

WE have the same elevation of thought in the third day; when the mountains were brought forth, & the deep was made.

*Immediately the Mountains huge appear 285.
 Emergent, and their broad bare backs up-heave
 Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky:
 So high as heav'd the tumid hills, so low
 Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
 Capacious bed of waters - - -*

WE have also the rising of the whole vegetable world describ'd in this day's work, which is filled with all the graces that other Poets have lavished on their description of the Spring, & leads the Reader's imagination into a theatre equally surprizing and beautiful.

THE several glories of the Heavens make their appearance on the fourth day.

*First in his east the glorious lamp was seen 370.
 Regent of day, and all the horizon round
 Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
 His longitude thro' Heav'n's high road: the gray
 Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danced,
 Shedding sweet influence: less bright the Moon,
 But opposite in levell'd west was set,
 His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
 From him, for other light she needed none
 In that aspect, and still the distance keeps
 Till night; then in the east her turn she shines
 Revolv'd on Heav'n's great axle, and her reign
 With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
 With thousand thousand stars that then appear'd
 Spangling the hemisphere - - -*

ONE would wonder how the Poet could be so concise in his description of the six days works, as to comprehend them within the bounds of an Episode, & at the same time so particular, as to give us a lively idea of them. This is still more remarkable in his account of the fifth and sixth days, in which he has drawn out to our view the whole animal Creation, from the Reptil to the Behemoth. As the Lion and the Leviathan are two of the noblest productions in the world of living Creatures, the Reader will find a most exquisite spirit of Poetry in the account which our Author gives us of them. The sixth day concludes with the formation of Man, upon which the Angel takes occasion, as he did after the Battel in Heaven, to remind *Adam* of his obedience, which was the principal design of this his visit.

THE Poet afterwards represents the Messiah returning into Heaven, & taking a survey of his great work. There is something inexpressibly sublime in this part of the Poem, where the Author describes that great period of time, filled with so many glorious circumstances; when the Heavens & Earth were finished; when the Messiah ascended up in triumph through the everlasting gates; when he looked down with pleasure upon his new Creation; when every part of Nature seem'd to rejoice in its existence; when the morning Stars sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for joy.

So Ev'n and Morn accomplish'd the sixth day: 550.

Yet not till the Creator from his work

Desisting, tho' unwearied, up return'd,

Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high abode,

Thence to behold this new created World

Th' addition of his Empire; how it shew'd

In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair;

Answering his great Idea. Up he rode

Follow'd with acclamation and the sound

Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tun'd

Angelic

*Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air
 Resounding, (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st)
 The Heavens and all the Constellations rung,
 The Planets in their station list'ning stood,
 While the bright pomp ascended jubilant,
 Open ye everlasting gates, they sung,
 Open ye Heav'ns, your living doors, let in
 The great Creator from his work return'd
 Magnificent, his six days work, a World.*

I cannot conclude this Book upon the Creation, without mentioning a Poem which has lately appear'd under that Title. The work was undertaken with so good an intention, and is executed with so great a mastery, that it deserves to be looked upon as one of the most useful and noble productions in our *English* verse. The Reader cannot but be pleased to find the depths of Philosophy enlivened with all the charms of Poetry, & to see so great a strength of reason, amidst so beautiful a redundancy of the imagination. The Author has shewn us that design in all the works of Nature, which necessarily leads us to the knowledge of its first Cause. In short, he has illustrated, by numberless & incontestable instances, that divine Wisdom, which the Son of *Sirach* has so nobly ascribed to the Supreme Being in his formation of the World, when he tells us, that *He created her, and saw her, & numbered her, and poured her out upon all his works.*

SPECTATOR, No. 345.

*Sanctius his animal, mentisque capacius alta
 Deerat adhuc, & quod dominari in cetera posset.
 Natus homo est - - -* Ov. Met.

THE accounts which *Raphael* gives of the Battel of Angels, & the Creation of the World, have in them those qualifications which the Criticks judge requisite

requisite to an Episode. They are nearly related to the principal Action, and have a just connection with the Fable.

THE eighth Book opens with a beautiful description of the impression which this discourse of the Arch-Angel made on our first Parents. *Adam* afterwards, by a very natural curiosity, enquires concerning the motions of those Celestial Bodies which make the most glorious appearance among the six days works. The Poet here, with a great deal of art, represents *Eve* as withdrawing from this part of their conversation to amusements more suitable to her Sex. He well knew, that the Episode in this book, which is filled with *Adam's* account of his passion and esteem for *Eve*, would have been improper for her hearing, and has therefore devised very just and beautiful reasons for her retiring.

So spake our Sire, and by his count'nance seem'd 39.
 Ent'ring on studious thoughts abstruse: which *Eve*
 Perceiving where she sat retired in sight,
 With lowliness majestick from her seat,
 And grace that won who saw to wish her stay;
 Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flowers;
 To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,
 Her nursery: they at her coming sprung,
 And touch'd by her fair tendance gladlier grew:
 Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
 Delighted, or not capable her ear
 Of what was high: Such pleasure she reserv'd,
 Adam relating, she sole auditress;
 Her husband the relater she preferr'd
 Before the Angel, and of him to ask
 Chose rather: he, she knew, would intermix
 Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
 With conjugal caresses; from his lip
 Not words alone pleas'd her. (O when meet now
 Such pairs in love, and mutual honour joyn'd!)

THE

THE Angel's returning a doubtful answer to *Adam's* enquiries, was not only proper for the moral reason which the Poet assigns, but because it would have been highly absurd to have given the sanction of an Arch-Angel to any particular System of Philosophy. The chief points in the *Ptolemaick* and *Copernican* Hypothesis are described with great conciseness and perspicuity, & at the same time dressed in very pleasing and poetical images.

ADAM, to detain the Angel, enters afterwards upon his own history, & relates to him the circumstances in which he found himself upon his creation; as also his conversation with his Maker, and his first meeting with *Eve*. There is no part of the Poem more apt to raise the attention of the Reader, than this discourse of our great Ancestor; as nothing can be more surprizing and delightful to us, than to hear the sentiments that arose in the first Man while he was yet new and fresh from the hands of his Creator. The Poet has interwoven every thing which is delivered upon this subject in Holy writ with so many beautiful imaginations of his own, that nothing can be conceived more just and natural than this whole Episode. As our Author knew this subject could not but be agreeable to his Reader, he would not throw it into the Relation of the six Days works, but reserved it for a distinct Episode, that he might have an opportunity of expatiating upon it more at large. Before I enter on this part of the Poem, I cannot but take notice of two shining passages in the dialogue between *Adam* and the Angel. The first is that wherein our Ancestor gives an account of the pleasure he took in conversing with him, which contains a very noble moral.

For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heav'n, 210.

And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear

Than fruits of palm-tree pleasantest to thirst

And hunger, both from labour, at the hour

*Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill,
Tho' pleafant; but thy words with grace divine
Imbu'd, bring to their sweetness no fatisfy.*

THE other I fhall mention is that in which the Angel gives a reafon why he fhould be glad to hear the Story *Adam* was about to relate.

*For I that day was abfent, as befell, 229.
Bound on a Voyage uncouth and obfcure,
Far on excurfion towards the gates of Hell,
Squar'd in full legion (fuch command we had)
To fee that none thence iffued forth a fpy,
Or enemy, while God was in his work,
Left he incenft at fuch eruption bold,
Defttruction with Creation might have mix'd.*

THERE is no queftion but our Poet drew the image in what follows from that in *Virgil's* fixth Book, where *Aeneas* & the Sybil ftand before the adamantine gates, which are there defcrib'd as fhut upon the place of torments, and liften to the groans, the clank of chains, and the noife of iron whips, that were heard in thofe regions of pain and forrow.

*- - - Faft we found, faft fcout 240.
The difmal gates, and barricadoed ftrong;
But long e're our approaching heard within
Noife, other than the found of dance or fong;
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.*

ADAM then proceeds to give an account of his condition & fentiments immediately after his creation. How agreeably does he represent the pofture in which he found himfelf, the delightful landfkip that furrounded him, and the gladnefs of heart which grew up in him on that occafion.

*- - - As new waked from foundeft fleep, 253.
Soft on the flowry herb I found me laid
In balmy fweat, which with his beams the Sun
Soon*

Soon dried, and on the reaking moisture fed.
 Streight toward Heav'n my wondering eyes I turn'd;
 And gaz'd a while the ample sky, till rais'd
 By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,
 As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
 Stood on my feet: About me round I saw
 Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains;
 And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these,
 Creatures that liv'd, and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew;
 Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd:
 With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.

ADAM is afterwards describ'd as surpriz'd at his own existence, and taking a survey of himself, & of all the works of Nature. He likewise is represented as discovering by the light of Reason, that he & every thing about him must have been the effect of some Being infinitely good & powerful, and that this Being had a right to his worship and adoration. His first address to the Sun, and to those parts of the creation which made the most distinguished figure, is very natural and amusing to the imagination,

- - - Thou Sun, said I, fair light; 273.
 And thou enlight'ned Earth, so fresh and gay,
 Ye hills and Dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
 And ye that live and move, fair creatures tell,
 Tell if you saw, how came I thus, how here?

HIS next sentiment, when upon his first going to sleep he fancies himself losing his existence, & falling away into nothing, can never be sufficiently admired. His Dream, in which he still preserves the consciousness of his existence, together with his removal into the Garden which was prepared for his reception, are also circumstances finely imagined, and grounded upon what is delivered in sacred Story.

THESE and the like wonderful incidents in this part of the work, have in them all the beauties of novelty,

novelty, at the same time that they have all the graces of Nature. They are such as none but a great Genius could have thought of, though, upon the perusal of them, they seem to rise of themselves from the subject of which he treats. In a word, though they are natural they are not obvious, which is the true character of all fine writing.

THE impression which the interdiction of the Tree of Life left in the mind of our first Parent, is described with great strength & judgment; as the image of the several beasts and birds passing in review before him is very beautiful and lively.

- - - *Each Bird and Beast behold* 349.
Approaching two and two, these cowering low
With blandishment; each bird stoop'd on his wing:
I nam'd them as they pass'd - - -

ADAM, in the next place, describes a conference which he held with his Maker upon the subject of solitude. The Poet here represents the supreme Being, as making an essay of his own work, and putting to the trial that reasoning faculty with which he had endued his Creature. *Adam* urges, in this divine colloquy, the impossibility of his being happy, tho' he was the inhabitant of *Paradise*, & Lord of the whole Creation, without the conversation and society of some rational creature, who should partake those blessings with him. This dialogue, which is supported chiefly by the beauty of the thoughts, without other poetical ornaments, is as fine a part as any in the whole Poem: The more the Reader examines the justness and delicacy of its sentiments, the more he will find himself pleased with it. The Poet has wonderfully preserved the character of Majesty & condescension in the Creator, & at the same time that of humility and adoration in the Creature, as particularly in the following lines,

G

Thus

Thus I presumptuous; and the Vision bright, 367½
 As with a smile more brightned, thus reply'd, &c.
 - - - I with leave of speech implor'd 377.
 And humble deprecation thus reply'd.
 Let not my words offend thee, heavenly power,
 My Maker, be propitious while I speak, &c.

A D A M then proceeds to give an account of his second sleep, & of the dream in which he beheld the formation of *Eve*. The new passion that was awakened in him at the sight of her is touched very finely.

Under his forming hands a Creature grew 470.
 Manlike, but different sex; so lovely fair,
 That what seem'd fair in all the world seem'd now
 Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,
 And in her looks, which from that time insus'd
 Sweetness into my heart, unselt before,
 And into all things from her air inspir'd
 The spirit of love and amorous delight.

A D A M's distress upon losing sight of this beautiful phantom, with his exclamations of joy and gratitude at the discovery of a real Creature, who resembled the apparition which had been presented to him in his dream; the approaches he makes to her, and his manner of courtship, are all laid together in a most exquisite propriety of sentiments.

T H O' this part of the Poem is work'd up with great warmth and spirit, the love which is described in it is every way suitable to a state of Innocence. If the Reader compares the description which *Adam* here gives of his leading *Eve* to the nuptial bower, with that which *Mr. Dryden* has made on the same occasion in a Scene of his *Fall of Man*, he will be sensible of the great care which *Milton* took to avoid all thoughts on so delicate a subject, that might be offensive to Religion or good manners. The sentiments are chaste, but not cold, and convey to the mind

mind ideas of the most transporting passion, & of the greatest purity. What a noble mixture of rapture and innocence has the Author joined together, in the reflection which *Adam* makes on the pleasures of love, compared to those of sense.

*Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought 521.
My story to the sum of earthly bliss
Which I enjoy, and must confess to find
In all things else delight indeed, but such
As us'd or not, works in the mind no change;
Nor vehement desire, these delicacies
I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flowers,
Walks, and the melody of birds; but here
Far otherwise, transported I behold,
Transported touch, here passion first I felt,
Commotion strange; in all enjoyments else
Superiour and unmov'd, here only weak
Against the charm of Beauty's powerful glance:
Or Nature fail'd in me, and left some part
Not proof enough such object to sustain,
Or from my side subducting, took perhaps
More than enough; at least on her bestow'd
Too much of ornament, in outward shew
Elaborate, of inward less exact.*

- - - When I approach

546.

*Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
And in herself compleat, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best;
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded: Wisdom in discourse with her
Loses discountenanc'd, and like folly shews;
Authority and reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally; and to consummate all,
Greatness of mind, and nobleness their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelick plac'd.*

THESE sentiments of love, in our first Parent, gave the Angel such an insight into humane nature, that he seems apprehensive of the evils which might befall the species in general, as well as *Adam* in particular, from the excess of this passion. He therefore fortifies him against it by timely admonitions; which very artfully prepare the mind of the Reader for the occurrences of the next Book, where the weakness, of which *Adam* here gives such distant discoveries, brings about that fatal event—which is the subject of the Poem. His discourse, which follows the gentle rebuke he receiv'd from the Angel, shews that his love however violent it might appear, was still founded in reason, & consequently not improper for *Paradise*.

Neither her outside form so fair, nor ought 596.
In procreation common to all kinds
(Though higher of the genial bed by far,
And with mysterious reverence I deem)
So much delights me as those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions mixt with love
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of mind, or in us both one Soul;
Harmony to behold in wedded pair,
More gratefull than harmonious sound to th' ear.

ADAM's speech, at parting with the Angel, has in it a deference & gratitude agreeable to an inferior nature, and at the same time a certain dignity and greatness suitable to the Father of Mankind in his state of Innocence.



SPECTATOR, N^o. 351.

--- *In te omnis domus inclinata recumbit.* Virg.

IF we look into the three great Heroic Poems which have appear'd in the world, we may observe that they are built upon very slight foundations. *Homer* lived near 300 years after the *Trojan War*, &, as the writing of History was not then in use among the *Greeks*, we may very well suppose, that the Tradition of *Achilles* and *Ulysses* had brought down but very few particulars to his knowledge, tho' there is no question but he has wrought into his two Poems such of their remarkable adventures as were still talked of among his contemporaries.

THE story of *Aeneas*, on which *Virgil* founded his Poem, was likewise very bare of circumstances, and by that means afforded him an opportunity of embellishing it with fiction, and giving a full range to his own invention. We find, however, that he has interwoven, in the course of his Fable, the principal particulars, which were generally believed among the *Romans*, of *Aeneas* his voyage & settlement in *Italy*.

THE Reader may find an abridgment of the whole story as collected out of the ancient Historians, & as it was received among the *Romans* in *Dionysius Halicarnassaus*.

SINCE none of the Criticks have considered *Virgil's* Fable, with relation to this history of *Aeneas*; it may not, perhaps, be amiss to examine it in this light, so far as regards my present purpose. Whoever looks into the abridgment above-mentioned, will find that the character of *Aeneas* is filled with piety to the Gods, and a superstitious observation of prodigies, oracles, and predictions. *Virgil* has not only preserved this Character in the person of *Aeneas*, but has given a place in his Poem to those particular prophecies which

he found recorded of him in history and tradition. The Poet took the matters of fact as they came down to him, & circumstanced them after his own manner, to make them appear the more natural, agreeable, or surprizing. I believe very many Readers have been shocked at that ludicrous prophecy, which one of the *Harpies* pronounces to the *Trojans* in the third Book, namely, that before they had built their intended City, they should be reduced by hunger to eat their very tables. But, when they hear that this was one of the circumstances that had been transmitted to the *Romans* in the History of *Aeneas*, they will think the Poet did very well in taking notice of it. The Historian above-mentioned acquaints us, a Prophetess had foretold *Aeneas*, that he should take his voyage westward, till his companions should eat their Tables; and that accordingly, upon his landing in *Italy*, as they were eating their flesh upon cakes of bread, for want of other conveniencies, they afterwards fed on the cakes themselves; upon which one of the company said merrily, *We are eating our Tables*. They immediately took the hint, says the Historian, and concluded the Prophecy to be fulfilled. As *Virgil* did not think it proper to omit so material a particular in the History of *Aeneas*, it may be worth while to consider with how much judgment he has qualified it, and taken off every thing that might have appeared improper for a passage in an Heroic Poem. The Prophetess who foretells it is an hungry *Harpy*, as the person who discovers it is young *Ascanius*.

Heus etiam mensas consumimus inquit Iulus!

SUCH an observation, which is beautiful in the mouth of a boy, would have been ridiculous from any other of the company. I am apt to think that the changing of the *Trojan Fleet* into *Water-Nymphs*, which is the most violent Machine in the whole *Æneid*, and has given offence to several Criticks, may be accounted

counted for the same way. *Virgil* himself, before he begins that relation, premises that what he was going to tell appeared incredible, but that it was justified by tradition. What further confirms me that this change of the Fleet was a celebrated circumstance in the History of *Æneas* is, that *Ovid* has given a place to the same *Metamorphosis* in his account of the heathen Mythology.

NONE of the Criticks I have met with having considered the Fable of the *Æneid* in this light, and taken notice how the Tradition, on which it was founded, authorizes those parts in it which appear the most exceptionable; I hope the length of this Reflection will not make it unacceptable to the curious part of my Readers.

THE History, which was the basis of *Milton's* Poem, is still shorter than either that of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*. The Poet has likewise taken care to insert every circumstance of it in the body of his Fable. The ninth Book, which we are here to consider, is raised upon that brief account in Scripture, wherein we are told that the Serpent was more subtle than any Beast of the field, that he tempted the Woman to eat of the forbidden Fruit, that she was overcome by this temptation, and that *Adam* followed her example. From these few particulars *Milton* has formed one of the most entertaining Fables that invention ever produced. He has disposed of these several circumstances among so many agreeable and natural fictions of his own, that his whole story looks only like a comment upon sacred Writ, or rather seems to be a full and compleat relation of what the other is only an epitome. I have insisted the longer on this consideration, as I look upon the disposition and contrivance of the Fable to be the principal beauty of the ninth Book, which has more *Story* in it, and is fuller of incidents, than any other in the whole Poem. *Satan's* traversing the Globe, and still keeping within the shadow of the

Night, as fearing to be discovered by the Angel of the Sun, who had before detected him, is one of those beautiful imaginations with which he introduces this his second series of Adventures. Having examined the nature of every creature, & found out one which was the most proper for his purpose, he again returns to Paradise; and, to avoid discovery, sinks by night with a river that ran under the Garden, and rises up again through a fountain that issued from it by the Tree of Life. The Poet, who, as we have before taken notice, speaks as little as possible in his own person, and, after the example of *Homer*, fills every part of his work with manners and characters, introduces a soliloquy of this infernal Agent, who was thus restless in the destruction of Man. He is then describ'd as gliding through the Garden under the resemblance of a mist, in order to find out that Creature in which he design'd to tempt our first Parents. This description has something in it very poetical and surprizing.

*So saying, through each thicket dank or dry 179.
Like a black Mist, low creeping, he held on
His midnight search, where soonest he might find
The Serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found
In labyrinth of many a round self-roll'd,
His head the midst, well stor'd with subtle wiles.*

THE Author afterwards gives us a description of the Morning, which is wonderfully suitable to a Divine Poem, & peculiar to that first season of Nature: He represents the Earth before it was curst as a great Altar breathing out its incense from all parts, & sending up a pleasant savour to the nostrils of its Creator; to which he adds a noble idea of *Adam* and *Eve*, as offering their morning worship, and filling up the universal consort of praise and adoration.

*Now when as sacred light began to dawn 192.
In Eden on the humid flowers, that breathed*

Their

*Their morning incense, when all things that breath
From th' Earth's great Altar sent up silent praise
To the Creator, and his nostrils fill
With grateful smell; forth came the human pair,
And joyn'd their vocal worship to the choir
Of Creatures wanting voice - - -*

THE dispute which follows between our two first Parents is represented with great art: It proceeds from a difference of judgment, not of passion, and is managed with reason, not with heat: It is such a dispute as we may suppose might have happened in *Paradise*, had Man continued happy and innocent. There is a great delicacy in the moralities which are interspersed in *Adam's* discourse, and which the most ordinary Reader cannot but take notice of. That force of love which the Father of Mankind so finely describes in the eighth Book, & which is inserted in the foregoing paper, shews it self here in many fine instances: As in those fond regards he cast towards *Eve* at her parting from him.

*Her long with ardent look his eye pursued 397.
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.
Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated; she to him as oft engaged
To be return'd by noon amid the bowre.*

IN his impatience and amusement during her absence.

- - - *Adam the while 838.
Waiting desirous her return, had wove
Of choicest flowers a Garland to adorn
Her tresses, and her rural labours crown,
As reapers oft are wont their harvest-Queen.
Great joy he promised to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, so long delay'd.*

BUT particularly in that passionate speech, where seeing her irrecoverably lost, he resolves to perish with her rather than to live without her.

- - - Some cursed fraud 904.
 Of enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,
 And me with thee hath ruin'd, for with thee
 Certain my resolution is to die;
 How can I live without thee, how forego
 Thy sweet converse, and love so dearly joyn'd,
 To live again in these wild woods forlorn?
 Should God create another Eve, and I
 Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
 Would never from my heart; no, no, I feel
 The link of Nature draw me: Flesh of flesh,
 Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
 Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

THE beginning of this speech, & the preparation to it are animated with the same spirit as the conclusion, which I have here quoted.

THE several wiles which are put in practice by the Tempter, when he found *Eve* separated from her Husband, the many pleasing images of Nature which are intermixt in this part of the story, with its gradual and regular progress to the fatal catastrophe, are so very remarkable, that it would be superfluous to point out their respective beauties.

I have avoided mentioning any particular Similitudes in my remarks on this great work, because I have given a general account of them in my paper on the first Book. There is one, however, in this part of the Poem which I shall here quote, as it is not only very beautiful, but the closest of any in the whole Poem; I mean that where the Serpent is describ'd as rolling forward in all his pride, animated by the evil Spirit, and conducting *Eve* to her destruction, while *Adam* was at too great a distance from her to give her his assistance. These several particulars are all of them wrought into the following Similitude.

- - - Hope elevates, and joy 633.
 Brightens his crest; as when a wand'ring fire
Compac

*Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night
Condenses, and the cold invirons round,
Kindled through agitation to a flame,
(Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit attends)
Hovering and blazing with delusive light,
Misleads th' amaz'd night-wanderer from his way
To bogs and mires, and oft thro' pond or pool,
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far.*

THAT secret intoxication of pleasure, with all those transient flushings of guilt and joy which the Poet represents in our first Parents upon their eating the forbidden Fruit, to those flaggings of spirit, damps of sorrow, and mutual accusations which succeed it, are conceiv'd with a wonderful imagination, & described in very natural sentiments.

WHEN *Dido* in the fourth *Aeneid* yielded to that fatal temptation which ruin'd her, *Virgil* tells us the Earth trembled, the Heavens were filled with flashes of Lightning, & the Nymphs howled upon the mountain tops. *Milton*, in the same poetical Spirit, has described all Nature as disturbed upon *Eve's* eating the forbidden Fruit.

*So saying, her rash hand in evil hour 780.
Forth reaching to the Fruit, she plucks, she eat:
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat
Sighing thro' all her works gave signs of woe
That all was lost - - -*

UPON *Adam's* falling into the same guilt, the whole Creation appears a second time in convulsions.

*- - - He scrupled not to eat 997.
Against his better knowledge, not deceiv'd,
But fondly overcome with female charm;
Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan,
Sky lowred, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops
Wept at completing of the mortal sin - - -*

AS

AS all Nature suffer'd by the guilt of our first Parents, these symptoms of trouble & consternation are wonderfully imagined, not only as prodigies, but as marks of her sympathizing in the Fall of Man.

ADAM's converse with *Eve*, after having eaten the forbidden Fruit, is an exact copy of that between *Jupiter* & *Juno* in the fourteenth *Iliad*. *Juno* there approaches *Jupiter* with the Girdle which she had received from *Venus*; upon which he tells her, that she appeared more charming and desirable than she had ever done before, even when their loves were at the highest. The Poet afterwards describes them as reposing on a summit of Mount *Ida*, which produced under them a bed of flowers, the *Lotus*, the *Crocus*, and the *Hyacinth*, and concludes his description with their falling asleep.

LET the Reader compare this with the following passage in *Milton*, which begins with *Adam's* speech to *Eve*.

For never did thy beauty since the day 1029.
I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd
With all perfections, so inflame my sense
With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now
Than ever; bounteous of this virtuous tree.
So said he, and forbore not glance or toy
Of amorous intent, well understood
Of *Eve*, whose eye darted contagious fire.
Her hand he seiz'd, and to a shady bank
Thick over-head with verdant roof embowr'd
He led her nothing loath: Flow'rs were the couch,
Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,
And hyacinth, earth's freshest softest lap.
There they their fill of love, and love's disport
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,
The solace of their sin, till dewy sleep
Oppress'd them - - -

AS no Poet seems ever to have studied *Homer* more, or to have resembled him more in the greatness of genius than *Milton*, I think I should have given but a very imperfect account of his beauties, if I had not observed the most remarkable passages which look like parallels in these two great Authors. I might, in the course of these criticisms, have taken notice of many particular lines and expressions which are translated from the *Greek* Poet; but as I thought this would have appeared too minute and over-curious, I have purposely omitted them. The greater incidents, however, are not only set off by being shown in the same light with several of the same nature in *Homer*, but by that means may be also guarded against the cavils of the tasteless or ignorant.

SPECTATOR, N^o. 357.

- - - *quis talia fando*

Temperet à lacrymis? - - - Virg.

THE tenth Book of *Paradise Lost* has a greater variety of persons in it than any other in the whole Poem. The Author upon the winding up of his action introduces all those who had any concern in it, & shews with great beauty the influence which it had upon each of them. It is like the last Act of a well written Tragedy, in which all who had a part in it are generally drawn up before the audience, & represented under those circumstances in which the determination of the action places them.

I shall therefore consider this Book under four heads, in relation to the celestial, the infernal, the human, and the imaginary persons, who have their respective parts allotted in it.

TO begin with the celestial Persons: The guardian Angels of *Paradise* are described as returning to Heaven upon

upon the Fall of Man, in order to approve their vigilance; their arrival, their manner of reception, with the sorrow which appeared in themselves, & in those Spirits who are said to rejoice at the conversion of a Sinner, are very finely laid together in the following lines.

Up into Heav'n from Paradise in haste 17.
Th' angelic guards ascended, mute and sad
For Man, for of his state by this they knew,
Much wond'ring how the jubile Fiend had stoln
Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome news
From Earth arriv'd at Heaven-gate, displeas'd
All were who heard, dim sadness did not spare
That time Celestial visages, yet mixt
With pity, violated not their bliss.
About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes
Th' Æthereal People ran, to hear and know
How all befell: They tow'rs the Throne supream
Accountable made haste to make appear
With righteous plea, their utmost vigilance,
And easily approv'd; when the most High
Eternal Father from his secret cloud
Amidst, in thunder utter'd thus his voice.

THE same Divine Person, who in the foregoing parts of this Poem interceded for our first Parents before their Fall, overthrew the Rebel Angels, & created the World, is now represented as descending to *Paradise*, and pronouncing sentence upon the three Offenders. The cool of the evening, being a circumstance with which Holy Writ introduces this great scene, it is poetically described by our Author, who has also kept religiously to the form of words, in which the three several Sentences were passed upon *Adam*, *Eve*, & the *Serpent*. He has rather chosen to neglect the numerousness of his verse, than to deviate from those speeches which are recorded on this great occasion. The guilt and confusion of our first Parents
standing

standing naked before their Judge, is touched with great beauty. Upon the arrival of *Sin* and *Death* into the works of the creation, the Almighty is again introduced as speaking to his Angels that surrounded him.

*See with what heat these dogs of Hell advance 616.
To waste and havock yonder World, which I
So fair and good created, &c.*

THE following passage is formed upon that glorious image in Holy Writ, which compares the Voice of an innumerable host of Angels, uttering Hallelujahs, to the Voice of mighty thunderings, or of many Waters.

*He ended, and the Heav'nly Audience loud 641.
Sung Hallelujah, as the sound of Seas,
Through multitude that sung: „ Just are thy ways,
„ Righteous are thy decrees in all thy works,
„ Who can extenuate Thee - - -*

THOUGH the Author in the whole course of his Poem, and particularly in the Book we are now examining, has infinite allusions to places of Scripture, I have only taken notice in my remarks of such as are of a poetical nature, and which are woven with great beauty into the body of this Fable. Of this kind is that passage in the present Book, where describing *Sin* & *Death* as marching through the works of Nature, he adds,

*- - - Behind her Death 588.
Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale horse! - - -*

Which alludes to that passage in Scripture so wonderfully poetical, and terrifying to the imagination. *And I looked, and behold a pale Horse, & his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him: and power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, & with hunger, & with sickness,*
and

and with the beasts of the earth. Apoc. 6. 8. Under this first head of Celestial Persons we must likewise take notice of the command which the Angels received, to produce the several changes in Nature, and sully the beauty of the Creation. Accordingly they are represented as infecting the Stars and Planets with malignant influences, weakning the light of the Sun, bringing down the Winter into the milder regions of Nature, planting Winds and Storms in several quarters of the Sky, storing the Clouds with Thunder, and in short, perverting the whole frame of the Universe to the condition of its criminal Inhabitants. As this is a noble incident in the Poem, the following lines, in which we see the Angels heaving up the Earth, and placing it in a different posture to the Sun from what it had before the Fall of Man, is conceived with that sublime imagination which was so peculiar to this great Author.

*Some say he bid his Angels turn asance 668.
The Poles of Earth twice ten degrees and more
From the Sun's axle; they with labour push'd
Oblique the centrick Globe. - - -*

WE are in the second place, to consider the Internal Agents under the view which *Milton* has given of them in this Book. It is observed by those who would set forth the greatness of *Virgil's* plan, that he conducts his Reader through all the parts of the Earth which were discovered in his time. *Asia, Africk, & Europe* are the several Scenes of his Fable. The Plan of *Milton's* Poem is of an infinitely greater extent, & fills the mind with many more astonishing circumstances. *Satan*, having surrounded the Earth seven times, departs at length from *Paradise*. We then see him steering his course among the Constellations, & after having traversed the whole Creation, pursuing his voyage thro' the *Chaos*, and entering into his own Infernal Dominions.

HIS

HIS first appearance in the Assembly of fallen Angels, is work'd up with circumstances which give a delightful surprize to the Reader: but there is no incident in the whole Poem which does this more than the transformation of the whole Audience, that follows the account their Leader gives them of his Expedition. The gradual change of *Satan* himself is described after *Ovid's* manner, and may vie with any of those celebrated transformations which are looked upon as the most beautiful parts in that Poet's works. *Milton* never fails of improving his own hints, and bestowing the last finishing touches to every incident which is admitted into his Poem. The unexpected Hiss which rises in this Episode, the dimensions and bulk of *Satan* so much superior to those of the infernal Spirits who lay under the same transformation, with the annual change which they are supposed to suffer, are instances of this kind. The beauty of the diction is very remarkable in this whole Episode, as I have observed in the sixth paper of these Remarks the great judgment with which it was contrived.

THE parts of *Adam* and *Eve*, or the Humane Persons, come next under our consideration. *Milton's* art is no where more shewn than in his conducting the parts of these our first Parents. The representation he gives of them, without falsifying the story, is wonderfully contrived to influence the Reader with pity and compassion towards them. Though *Adam* involves the whole Species in misery, his crime proceeds from a weakness which every Man is inclined to pardon and commiserate, as it seems rather the frailty of humane-nature, than of the person who offended. Every one is apt to excuse a fault which he himself might have fallen into. It was the excess of love for *Eve* that ruin'd *Adam* & his posterity. I need not add, that the Author is justify'd in this particular by many of the Fathers, & the most orthodox Writers. *Milton* has by this means filled a great part of his Poem

H

with

with that kind of writing which the *French Criticks* call the *Tender*, and which is in a particular manner engaging to all sorts of Readers.

ADAM and *Eve*, in the book we are now considering, are likewise drawn with such sentiments as do not only interest the Reader in their afflictions, but raise in him the most melting passions of humanity and commiseration. When *Adam* sees the several changes in Nature produced about him, he appears in a disorder of mind suitable to one who had forfeited both his innocence & his happiness: he is filled with horror, remorse, despair; in the anguish of his heart he expostulates with his Creator for having given him an unasked existence:

*Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay 743.
To mould me Man? Did I solicit thee
From darkness to promote me, or here place
In this delicious garden? As my will
Concurr'd not to my being, 'twere but right
And equal to reduce me to my dust,
Desirous to resign, and render back
All I receiv'd - - -*

He immediately after recovers from his presumption, owns his doom to be just, and begs that the death which is threatned him may be inflicted on him.

- - - *Why delays 771.
His hand to execute what his decree
Fix'd on this day? Why do I overlive?
Why am I mock'd with Death, and lengthen'd out
To deathless pain? How gladly would I meet
Mortality my sentence, and be earth
Insensible! how glad would lay me down
As in my Mother's lap? There should I rest
And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more
Would thunder in my ears: no fear of worse
To me and to my off-spring, would torment me
With cruel expectation. - - -*

THIS

THIS whole speech is full of the like emotion, and varied with all those sentiments which we may suppose natural to a mind so broken and disturb'd. I must not omit that generous concern which our first Father shews in it for his posterity, and which is so proper to affect the Reader.

- - - Hide me from the face 723.
Of God, whom to behold was then my height
Of happiness: yet well if here would end
The misery; I deserv'd it, and would bear
My own deservings; but this will not serve:
All that I eat, or drink, or shall beget,
Is propagated curse. O voice once heard
Delightfully, encrease and multiply,
Now Death to hear! - - -

- - - In me all 817.
Posterity stands curst: Fair patrimony
That I must leave you, Sons: O were I able
To waste it all my self, and leave you none!
So disinherited how would you bless
Me now your curse! Ah, why should all Mankind
For one Man's fault thus guiltless be condemned,
If guiltless? But from me what can proceed
But all corrupt - - -

WHO can afterwards behold the Father of Mankind extended upon the earth, uttering his midnight complaints, bewailing his existence, and wishing for death, without sympathizing with him in his distress?

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud 845.
Through the still night, not now, as e're Man fell,
Wholesome and cool and mild, but with black air
Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,
Which to his evil conscience represented
All things with double terror: on the ground
Outstretch'd he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
Curs'd his creation, Death as oft accus'd
Of tardy execution. - - -

THE part of *Eve* in this Book is no less passionate, and apt to sway the Reader in her favour. She is represented with great tenderness as approaching *Adam*, but is spurn'd from him with a spirit of upbraiding & indignation conformable to the nature of Man, whose passions had now gained the Dominion over him. The following passage wherein she is described as renewing her addresses to him, with the whole speech that follows it, have something in them exquisitely moving and pathetick.

*He added not, and from her turn'd: but Eve 909.
Not so repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,
And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet
Fell humble, and embracing them besought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.
For sake me not thus Adam, witness Heav'n
What love sincere and reverence in my heart
I bear thee, and unwitting have offended,
Unhappily deceiv'd; thy Suppliant
I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,
My only strength and stay: Forlorn of thee
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps;
Between us two let there be peace, &c.*

ADAM's reconciliation to her is work'd up in the same spirit of tenderness. *Eve* afterwards proposes to her Husband, in the blindness of her despair, that to prevent their guilt from descending upon posterity they should resolve to live childless; or, if that could not be done, they should seek their own deaths by violent methods. As those sentiments naturally engage the Reader to regard the Mother of Mankind with more than ordinary commiseration, they likewise contain a very fine moral. The resolution of dying, to end our miseries, does not shew such a degree of magnani-

magnanimity as a resolution to bear them, & submit to the dispensations of Providence. Our Author has therefore, with great delicacy, represented *Eve* as entertaining this thought, & *Adam* as disapproving it.

WE are, in the last place, to consider the imaginary Persons, or *Death* and *Sin*, who act a large part in this Book. Such beautiful extended allegories are certainly some of the finest compositions of genius; but, as I have before observed, are not agreeable to the nature of an Heroic Poem. This of *Sin* and *Death* is very exquisite in its kind, if not considered as a part of such a work. The truths contained in it are so clear and open, that I shall not lose time in explaining them; but shall only observe, that a Reader who knows the strength of the *English* tongue, will be amazed to think how the Poet could find such apt words & phrases to describe the actions of those two imaginary persons, and particularly in that part where *Death* is exhibited as forming a Bridge over the *Chaos*; a work suitable to the genius of *Milton*.

SINCE the subject I am upon gives me an opportunity of speaking more at large of such shadowy and imaginary Persons as may be introduced into Heroic Poems, I shall beg leave to explain myself in a matter which is curious in its kind, & which none of the Criticks have treated of. It is certain *Homer* & *Virgil* are full of imaginary Persons, who are very beautiful in Poetry when they are just shewn without being engaged in any series of action. *Homer* indeed represents *Sleep* as a Person, and ascribes a short part to him in his *Iliad*; but we must consider that tho' we now regard such a Person as entirely shadowy & unsubstantial, the Heathens made statues of him, placed him in their Temples, and looked upon him as a real Deity. When *Homer* makes use of other such allegorical Persons, it is only in short expressions, which convey an ordinary thought to the mind in the most pleasing manner, & may rather be looked upon

as poetical phrases than allegorical descriptions. Instead of telling us that Men naturally fly when they are terrified, he introduces the persons of *Flight* and *Fear*, who, he tells us, are inseparable companions. Instead of saying that the time was come when *Apollo* ought to have received his recompence, he tells us that the *Hours* brought him his reward. Instead of describing the effects which *Minerva's Aegis* produced in battel, he tells us that the brims of it were encompassed by *Terrour*, *Rout*, *Discord*, *Fury*, *Pursuit*, *Massacre*, and *Death*. In the same figure of speaking, he represents *Victory* as following *Diomedes*; *Discord* as the mother of Funerals & Mourning; *Venus* as dressed by the *Graces*; *Bellona* as wearing *Terrour* and *Consternation* like a garment. I might give several other instances out of *Homer*, as well as a great many out of *Virgil*. *Milton* has likewise very often made use of the same way of speaking, as where he tells us, that *Victory* sat on the right hand of the *Messiah* when he marched forth against the Rebel Angels; that at the rising of the Sun the *Hours* unbarr'd the gates of light; that *Discord* was the daughter of *Sin*. Of the same nature are those expressions, where describing the singing of the Nightingale, he adds, *Silence was pleased*; & upon the *Messiah's* bidding peace to the *Chaos*, *Confusion* heard his voice. I might add innumerable instances of our Poet's writing in this beautiful figure. It is plain that these I have mentioned, in which Persons of an imaginary nature are introduced, are such short Allegories as are not designed to be taken in the literal sense, but only to convey particular circumstances to the Reader after an unusual and entertaining manner. But when such Persons are introduced as principal Actors, & engaged in a series of Adventures, they take too much upon them, & are by no means proper for an Heroic Poem, which ought to appear credible in its principal parts. I cannot forbear therefore thinking that *Sin* & *Death* are as improper Agents in a work of this nature, as

Strength

Strength & Necessity in one of the Tragedies of *Eſchylus*, who represented those two Persons nailing down *Prometheus* to a Rock, for which he has been justly censured by the greatest Criticks. I do not know any imaginary Person made use of in a more sublime manner of thinking than that in one of the Prophets, who describing God as descending from Heaven, and visiting the sins of Mankind, adds that dreadful circumstance, *Before him went the Pestilence*. Hab. 3. 5. It is certain this imaginary Person might have been described in all her purple spots. The *Fever* might have marched before her, *Pain* might have stood at her right hand, *Phrenzy* on her left, & *Death* in her rear. She might have been introduced as gliding down from the tail of a Comet, or darted upon the Earth in a flash of Lightning: She might have tainted the Atmosphere with her breath; the very glaring of her eyes might have scattered infection. But I believe every Reader will think, that in such sublime writings the mentioning of her as it is done in Scripture, has something in it more just, as well as great, than all that the most fanciful Poet could have bestowed upon her in the richness of his imagination.

SPECTATOR, N^o. 363.

- - - *Crudelis ubique*

Luctus, ubique pavor, & plurima Mortis imago. Virg.

MILTON has shewn a wonderful art in describing that variety of passions which arise in our first Parents upon the breach of the commandment that had been given them. We see them gradually passing from the triumph of their guilt thro' remorse, shame, despair, contrition, prayer, and hope, to a perfect and compleat repentance. At the end of the tenth Book they are represented as prostrating themselves

upon the ground, and watering the earth with their tears: To which the Poët joins this beautiful circumstance, that they offer'd up their penitential prayers on the very place where their Judge appeared to them when he pronounced their Sentence.

- - - *They forthwith to the place* X. 1098.
Repairing where he judg'd them, prostrate fell
Before him reverent, and both confess'd
Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears
Watering the ground - - -

THERE is a beauty of the same kind in a Tragedy of *Sophocles*, where *Oedipus*, after having put out his own eyes, instead of breaking his neck from the Palace battlements (which furnishes so elegant an entertainment for our *English* audience) desires that he may be conducted to mount *Citharon*, in order to end his life in that very place where he was exposed in his infancy, and where he should then have died, had the will of his Parents been executed.

AS the Author never fails to give a poetical turn to his sentiments, he describes in the beginning of this Book the acceptance which these their Prayers met with, in a short Allegory form'd upon that beautiful passage in holy Writ; And another Angel came and stood at the Altar, having a golden Censer; and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the Prayers of all Saints upon the golden Altar, which was before the Throne: And the smoak of the incense which came with the Prayers of the Saints ascended up before God. Apoc. 8. 3.

- - - *To Heav'n their Prayers* XI. 14.
Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds
Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they pass'd
Dimensionless thro' heav'nly doors, then clad
With incense, where the Golden Altar fum'd,
By their great Intercessor, came in sight
Before the Father's throne - - -

WE have the same thought expressed a second time in the intercession of the *Messiah*, which is conceived in very emphatick sentiments and expressions.

AMONG the poetical parts of Scripture which *Milton* has so finely wrought into this part of his narration, I must not omit that wherein *Ezekiel* speaking of the Angels who appeared to him in a Vision, adds, that *every one had four faces, & that their whole bodies, and their backs, and their hands, and their wings were full of eyes round about.*

- - - *The Cohort bright* 127.

*Of watchful Cherubim; four faces each
Had, like a double Janus, all their shape
Spangled with Eyes - - -*

THE assembling of all the Angels of Heaven to hear the solemn decree passed upon Man, is represented in very lively ideas. The Almighty is here describ'd as remembring mercy in the midst of judgment, & commanding *Michael* to deliver his message in the mildest terms, lest the spirit of Man, which was already broken with the sense of his guilt & misery, should fail before him.

- - - *Yet least they faint* 108.

*At the sad Sentence rigorously urg'd,
(For I behold them softened and with tears
Bewailing their excess,) all terror hide.*

THE conference of *Adam* & *Eve* is full of moving sentiments. Upon their going abroad after the melancholy night which they had passed together, they discover the Lion and the Eagle pursuing each of them their prey towards the eastern gates of *Paradise*. There is a double beauty in this incident, not only as it presents great and just omens, which are always agreeable in Poetry, but as it expresses that enmity which was now produced in the Animal creation. The Poet, to shew the like changes in Nature, as well

as to grace his Fable with a noble Prodigy, represents the Sun in an Eclipse. This particular incident has likewise a fine effect upon the imagination of the Reader, in regard to what follows; for at the same time that the Sun is under an Eclipse, a bright cloud descends in the western quarter of the Heavens, filled with an Host of Angels, and more luminous than the Sun it self. The whole Theatre of Nature is darkned, that this glorious Machine may appear in all its lustre and magnificence.

- - - *Why in the East*

203.

*Darkness e're day's mid-course? and morning light
More orient in that western cloud that draws
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
And slow descends, with something heav'nly fraught?
He err'd not, for by this the heav'nly bands
Down from a sky of Jasper lighted now
In Paradise, and on a hill made halt;
A glorious apparition - - -*

I need not observe how properly this Author, who always suits his parts to the Actors whom he introduces, has employed *Michael* in the expulsion of our first Parents from *Paradise*. The Archangel on this occasion neither appears in his proper shape, nor in that familiar manner with which *Raphael* the sociable Spirit entertained the Father of Mankind before the Fall. His person, his port, & behaviour are suitable to a Spirit of the highest rank, & exquisitely describ'd in the following passage.

- - - *Th' Archangel soon drew nigh,*

238.

*Not in his shape celestial, but as Man
Clad to meet Man; over his lucid Arms
A military vest of purple flow'd
Livelier than Melibæan, or the grain
Of Sarra, worn by Kings and Heroes old
In time of truce; Iris had dypt the wooff.*

His

*His starry Helm, unbuckled, shew'd him prime
In manhood where youth ended; by his side
As in a glistering zodiack hung the Sword,
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the Spear.
Adam bow'd low: He kingly from his state
Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declared.*

EVE's complaint upon hearing that she was to be removed from the garden of *Paradise* is wonderfully beautiful: The sentiments are not only proper to the subject, but have something in them particularly soft and womanish.

*Must I then leave thee, Paradise? thus leave 268.
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of Gods? Where I had hope to spend
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both. O flow'rs
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave you names;
Who now shall rear you to the Sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from th'ambrosial fount?
Thee, lastly, nuptial Bowre, by me adorn'd
With what to sight or smell was sweet: from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild, how shall we breath in other air
Less pure, accusom'd to immortal fruits?*

ADAM's speech abounds with thoughts which are equally moving, but of a more masculine & elevated turn. Nothing can be conceived more sublime and poetical than the following passage in it.

*This most afflicts me, that departing hence 315.
As from his face I shall be hid, deprived
His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent,*

With

With worship, place by place where he vouchsafed
 Presence divine, and to my Sons relate;
 On this mount he appear'd; under this tree
 Stood visible; among these pines his voice
 I heard; here with him at this fountain talk'd:
 So many grateful Altars I would rear
 Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
 Of lustre from the brook, in memory
 Or monument to ages, and thereon
 Offer sweet smelling gums and fruits and flowers.
 In yonder nether World where shall I seek
 His bright appearances, or footsteps trace?
 For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd
 To life prolong'd and promised race I now
 Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
 Of glory, and far off his steps adore.

THE Angel afterwards leads *Adam* to the highest
 mount of *Paradise*, and lays before him a whole
 Hemisphere, as a proper stage for those Visions which
 were to be represented on it. I have before observed
 how the Plan of *Milton's Poem* is in many particulars
 greater than that of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*. *Virgil's Hero*,
 in the last of these Poems, is entertained with a sight
 of all those who are to descend from him; but tho'
 that Episode is justly admired as one of the noblest
 designs in the whole *Æneid*, every one must allow
 that this of *Milton* is of a much higher nature. *Adam's*
 Vision is not confined to any particular Tribe of
 Mankind, but extends to the whole species.

IN this great review which *Adam* takes of all his
 Sons and Daughters, the first objects he is presented
 with exhibit to him the story of *Cain & Abel*, which
 is drawn together with much closeness & propriety of
 expression. That curiosity and natural horror which
 arises in *Adam* at the sight of the first dying Man,
 is touched with great beauty.

*But have I now seen Death? is this the way 462,
I must return to native dust? O sight
Of terrour foul and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!*

THE second Vision sets before him the image of Death in a great variety of appearances. The Angel to give him a general idea of those effects which his guilt had brought upon his Posterity, places before him a large Hospital, or Lazar-Houze, fill'd with persons lying under all kinds of mortal diseases. How finely has the Poet told us that the sick persons languished under lingring and incurable distempers, by an apt & judicious use of such imaginary beings as those I mentioned in my last Paper.

*Dire was the tossing, deep the groans, Despair 489,
Tended the sick, busy from couch to couch;
And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invoked
With vows as their chief good and final hope.*

THE passion which likewise rises in Adam on this occasion is very natural.

*Sight so deform what heart of rock could long 494.
Dry-eyed behold? Adam could not, but wept,
Tho' not of Woman born; Compassion quell'd
His best of Man, and gave him up to tears.*

THE discourse between the Angel & Adam which follows, abounds with noble morals.

AS there is nothing more delightful in Poetry than a contrast and opposition of incidents, the Author, after this melancholy prospect of death and sickness, raises up a scene of mirth, love and jolity. The secret pleasure that steals into Adam's heart as he is intent upon this vision, is imagined with great delicacy. I must not omit the description of the loose female troupe, who seduced the Sons of God as they are called in Scripture.

For

For that fair female troupe thou saw'st, that seem'd *614*
 Of Goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
 Yet empty of all good, wherein consists
 Woman's domestick honour and chief praise;
 Bred only and compleated to the taste
 Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,
 To dress and trouble the tongue, and roul the eye:
 To these that sober race of Men, whose lives
 Religious tited them the Sons of God,
 Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame,
 Ignobly to the trains and to the smiles
 Of those fair Atheists - - -

THE next Vision is of a quite contrary nature,
 and filled with the horrors of War. *Adam* at the sight
 of it melts into tears, & breaks out in that passionate
 speech,

- - - O what are these 675.
 Death's ministers, not Men: who thus deal death
 Inhumanly to Men, and multiply
 Ten thousand fold the sin of him who slew
 His Brother: for of whom such massacre
 Make they but of their Brethren, Men of Men?

MILTON, to keep up an agreeable variety in his
 Visions, after having raised in the mind of his Reader
 the several ideas of terror which are conformable to
 the description of War: passes on to those softer images
 of Triumphs & Festivals, in that Vision of lewdness
 and luxury which ushers in the flood.

AS it is visible that the Poet had his eye upon
Ovid's account of the universal Deluge, the Reader
 may observe with how much judgment he has avoided
 every thing that is redundant or puerile in the *Latin*
 Poet. We do not here see the Wolf swimming among
 the Sheep, nor any of those wanton imaginations
 which *Seneca* found fault with, as unbecoming the
 great catastrophe of Nature. If our Poet has imitated
 that verse in which *Ovid* tells us that there was nothing
 but

but Sea, & that this Sea had no shore to it, he has not set the thought in such a light as to incur the censure which Criticks have passed upon it. The latter part of that verse in *Ovid* is idle and superfluous, but just and beautiful in *Milton*.

*Jamque mare & tellus nullum discrimen habebant,
Nil nisi pontus erat, deerant quoque littora ponto.* *Ovid;*

- - - Sea cover'd Sea, 749.
Sea without shore - - - Milton.

IN *Milton* the former part of the description does not forestall the latter. How much more great and solemn on this occasion is that which follows in our *English* Poet,

- - - And in their Palaces 750.
Where Luxury late reign'd, Sea Monsters whelp'd
And stabb'd - - -

than that in *Ovid*, where we are told that the Sea-calfs lay in those places where the Goats were used to browse? The Reader may find several other parallel passages in the *Latin* and *English* descriptions of the Deluge, wherein our Poet has visibly the advantage. The sky's being over-charged with clouds, the descending of the rains, the rising of the Seas, and the appearance of the Rainbow, are such descriptions as every one must take notice of. The circumstance relating to *Paradise* is so finely imagined and suitable to the opinions of many learned Authors, that I cannot forbear giving it a place in this paper.

- - - Then shall this mount 829.
Of *Paradise* by might of waves be mov'd
Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood,
With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift
Down the great River to the op'ning Gulf,
And there take root an Island salt and bare,
The haunt of Seals and Orcs and Sea-Mews isleang.

THE

THE transition which the Poet makes from the Vision of the Deluge, to the concern it occasioned in *Adam*, is exquisitely graceful, and copied after *Virgil*, though the first thought it introduces is rather in the Spirit of *Ovid*.

*How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold 754
The end of all thy Off-spring! end so sad,
Depopulation! thee another flood
Of tears and sorrow, a flood thee also drown'd,
And sunk thee as thy Sons; 'till gently rear'd
By th' Angel, on thy feet thou stoodst at last
Though comfortless, as when a Father mourns
His Children, all in view destroy'd at once.*

I have been the more particular in my quotations out of the eleventh Book of *Paradise Lost*, because it is not generally reckoned among the most shining Books of this Poem; for which reason the Reader might be apt to overlook those many passages in it which deserve our admiration. The eleventh & twelfth are indeed built upon that single circumstance of the Removal of our first Parents from *Paradise*; but though this is not in it self so great a subject as that in most of the foregoing Books, it is extended and diversified with so many surprizing incidents & pleasing Episodes, that these two last Books can by no means be looked upon as unequal parts of this Divine Poem. I must further add, that had not *Milton* represented our first Parents as driven out of *Paradise*, his Fall of Man would not have been compleat, and consequently his Action would have been imperfect.



SPECTATOR, No. 269.

*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus --- Hor.*

MILTON, after having represented in vision the history of Mankind to the first great period of Nature, dispatches the remaining part of it in narration. He has devised a very handsome reason for the Angel's proceeding with *Adam* after this manner; though doubtless the true reason was the difficulty which the Poet would have found to have shadowed out so mix'd & complicated a story in visible objects. I could wish however that the Author had done it, whatever pains it might have cost him. To give my opinion freely, I think that the exhibiting part of the history of Mankind in vision, and part in narrative, is as if an History-Painter should put in colours one half of his subject, & write down the remaining part of it. If *Milton's* Poem flags any where, it is in this narration, where in some places the Author has been so attentive to his divinity, that he has neglected his poetry. The narration, however, rises very happily on several occasions, where the subject is capable of poetical ornaments, as particularly in the confusion which he describes among the Builders of *Babel*, & in his short sketch of the Plagues of *Ægypt*. The storm of hail and fire, with the darkness that overspread the land for three days, are described with great strength. The beautiful passage which follows, is raised upon noble hints in Scripture.

--- Thus with ten wounds 190.

The River-Dragon tamed at length submits
To let his Sojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his stubborn heart; but still as ice
More harden'd after thaw: till in his rage
Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the Sea

↓

swallows

*Swallows him with his host, but then lets pass
As on dry land between two chrystal-walls,
Aw'd by the rod of Moses, so to stand
Divided - - -*

THE River-Dragon is an allusion to the Crocodile, which inhabits the Nile, from whence Ægypt derives her plenty. This allusion is taken from that sublime passage in Ezekiel 29. 3. *Thus saith the Lord God, behold I am against thee Pharaoh King of Egypt, the great Dragon that lieth in the midst of his rivers, which hath said, My river is mine own, and I have made it for my self.* Milton has given us another very noble and poetical image in the same description, which is copied almost word for word out of the History of Moses. Exod. 14. 24.

*All night he will pursue, but his approach 206.
Darkness defends between till morning watch;
Then thro' the fiery pillar and the cloud
God looking forth, will trouble all his host,
And craze their chariot-wheels: when by command
Moses once more his potent rod extends
Over the Sea; the Sea his Rod obeys;
On their embattel'd ranks the waves return
And overwhelm their war: - - -*

AS the principal design of this Episode was to give Adam an idea of the holy Person, who was to re-instate Humane-nature in that happiness and perfection from which it had fallen, the Poet confines himself to the line of Abraham, from whence the Messiah was to descend. The Angel is described as seeing the Patriarch actually travelling towards the Land of Promise, which gives a particular liveliness to this part of the narration.

*I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith 128.
He leaves his Gods, his friends, his native soil
Ur of Chaldæa, passing now the ford
To Haran, after him a cumbrous train
Of Herds and Flocks and numerous servitude;*

Not

Not wand'ring poor, but trusting all his wealth
 With God who call'd him, in a Land unknown.
 Canaan he now attains, I see his Tents
 Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighbouring plain
 Of Moroh, there by promise he receives
 Gift to his progeny of all that Land,
 From Hamath northward to the desert South,
 (Things by their names I call, though yet unnamed.)

AS Virgil's Vision in the sixth *Æneid* probably gave Milton the hint of this whole *Episode*, the last line is a translation of that verse, where *Anchises* mentions the names of places, which they were to bear hereafter.

Hæc tum nomina erunt, nunc sunt sine nomine terra.

THE Poet has very finely represented the joy & gladness of heart which rises in *Adam* upon his discovery of the *Messiah*. As he sees his day at a distance through types and shadows, he rejoices in it; but when he finds the redemption of Man compleated, & *Paradise* again renewed, he breaks forth in rapture and transport,

O goodness infinite, goodness immense! 469.
 That all this good of evil shall produce, &c.

I have hinted in my sixth paper on *Milton*, that an Heroick Poem, according to the opinion of the best Criticks, ought to end happily, and leave the mind of the Reader, after having conducted it through many doubts and fears, sorrows and disquietudes, in a state of tranquility and satisfaction. *Milton's Fable*, which had so many other qualifications to recommend it, was deficient in this particular. It is here therefore, that the Poet has shewn a most exquisite judgment, as well as the finest invention, by finding out a method to supply this natural defect in his subject. Accordingly he leaves the Adversary of Mankind, in the last view which he gives us of him, under the lowest state of

mortification & disappointment. We see him chewing ashes, groveling in the dust, and loaden with super-numerary pains and torments. On the contrary, our two first Parents are comforted by dreams & visions, cheered with promises of salvation, &, in a manner, raised to a greater happiness than that which they had forfeited: In short, *Satan* is represented miserable in the height of his triumphs, and *Adam* triumphant in the height of misery.

MILTON's Poem ends very nobly. The last speeches of *Adam* & the Arch-Angel are full of moral & instructive sentiments. The sleep that fell upon *Eve*, and the effects it had in quieting the disorders of her mind, produces the same kind of consolation in the Reader, who cannot peruse the last beautiful speech which is ascribed to the Mother of Mankind, without a secret pleasure and satisfaction.

*Whence thou return'st, & whither went'st, I know; 610,
For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise,
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress
Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;
In me is no delay: with thee to go
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
Art all things under heav'n, all places thou
Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence.
This farther consolation yet secure
I carry hence; though all by me is lost,
Such favour, I unworthy am vouchsaf'd,
By me the promised seed shall all restore.*

THE following lines, which conclude the Poem, rise in a most glorious blaze of poetical images and expressions.

HELIODORUS in his *Æthiopicks* acquaints us, that the motion of the Gods differs from that of Mortals, as the former do not stir their feet, nor proceed step by step, but slide o'er the surface of the Earth

Earth by an uniform swimming of the whole body. The Reader may observe with how poetical a description Milton has attributed the same kind of motion to the Angels who were to take possession of *Paradise*.

*So spake our Mother Eve, and Adam heard 624.
Well pleas'd, but answer'd not; for now too nigh
Th' Arch-Angel stood, and from the other hill
To their fix'd station, all in bright array
The Cherubim descended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as ev'ning mist
Ris'n from a river, o'er the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the lab'rer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd
The brandish'd sword of God before them blaz'd
Fierce as a Comet - - -*

THE Author helped his invention in the following passage, by reflecting on the behaviour of the Angel, who, in Holy writ, has the conduct of *Lor* and his Family. The circumstances drawn from that relation are very gracefully made use of on this occasion.

*In either hand the hastning Angel caught 637.
Our ling'ring Parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct; and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; then disappear'd.
They looking back, &c.*

THE scene which our first Parents are surprized with upon their looking back on *Paradise*, wonderfully strikes the Reader's imagination, as nothing can be more natural than the tears they shed on that occasion.

*They looking back, all th' eastern side beheld 645.
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms:
Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wiped them soon.
The world was all before them, where to chuse
Their place of rest, and Providence their Guide.*

IF I might presume to offer at the smallest alteration in this divine work, I should think the Poem would end better with the passage here quoted, than with the two verses which follow.

*They hand in hand with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.*

THESE two verses, though they have their beauty, fall very much below the foregoing passage, & renew in the mind of the Reader that anguish which was pretty well laid by that consideration,

*The world was all before them, where to chuse
Their place of rest, and Providence their Guide.*

THE number of Books in *Paradise Lost* is equal to those of the *Æneid*. Our Author in his first Edition had divided his Poem into ten Books, but afterwards broke the seventh & the tenth each of them into two different Books, by the help of some small additions. This second division was made with great judgment, as any one may see who will be at the pains of examining it. It was not done for the sake of such a chimerical beauty as that of resembling *Virgil* in this particular, but for the more just and regular disposition of this great work.

THOSE who have read *Bossu*, and many of the Criticks who have written since his time, will not pardon me if I do not find out the particular Moral which is inculcated in *Paradise Lost*. Though I can by no means think, with the last-mentioned *French* Author, that an Epick Writer first of all pitches upon a certain Moral, as the ground-work and foundation of his Poem, and afterwards finds out a Story to it: I am, however, of opinion, that no just Heroic Poem ever was, or can be made, from whence one great Moral may not be deduced. That which reigns in *Milton* is the most universal and most useful that can be imagined; it is in short this, *that obedience to the will of God makes Men happy, & that disobedience makes them*

them miserable. This is visibly the Moral of the principal Fable which turns upon *Adam* and *Eve*, who continued in *Paradise* while they kept the command that was given them, and were driven out of it as soon as they had transgressed. This is likewise the Moral of the principal Episode, which shews us how an innumerable multitude of Angels fell from their state of bliss, & were cast into Hell upon their disobedience. Besides this great Moral, which may be looked upon as the Soul of the Fable, there are an infinity of under Morals which are to be drawn from the several parts of the Poem, and which makes this work more useful and instructive than any other Poem in any Language.

THOSE who have criticised on the *Odyssey*, the *Iliad*, and *Æneid*, have taken a great deal of pains to fix the number of months or days contained in the Action of each of those Poems. If any one thinks it worth his while to examine this particular in *Milton*, he will find that from *Adam's* first appearance in the fourth Book, to his expulsion from *Paradise* in the twelfth, the Author reckons ten days. As for that part of the action which is described in the three first books, as it does not pass within the regions of nature, I have before observed that it is not subject to any calculations of time.

I have now finished my observations on a work which does an honour to the *English* Nation. I have taken a general view of it under those four heads, the Fable, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Language, and made each of them the subject of a particular paper. I have in the next place spoken of the censures which our Author may incur under each of these heads, which I have confined to two papers, though I might have enlarged the number, if I had been disposed to dwell on so ungrateful a subject. I believe, however, that the severest Reader will not find any little fault in Heroic Poetry, which this Author
has

has fallen into, that does not come under one of those heads among which I have distributed his several blemishes. After having thus treated at large of *Paradise Lost*, I could not think it sufficient to have celebrated this Poem in the whole, without descending to particulars. I have therefore bestowed a paper upon each Book, and endeavoured not only to prove that the Poem is beautiful in general, but to point out its particular beauties, & to determine wherein they consist. I have endeavoured to shew how some passages are beautiful by being sublime; others by being soft; others by being natural: which of them are recommended by the passion; which by the moral; which by the sentiment, & which by the expression. I have likewise endeavoured to shew how the genius of the Poet shines by a happy invention; a distant allusion; or a judicious imitation: how he has copied or improved *Homer* or *Virgil*, and raised his own imaginations by the use which he has made of several poetical passages in Scripture. I might have inserted also several passages of *Tasso*, which our Author has imitated; but as I do not look upon *Tasso* to be a sufficient voucher, I would not perplex my Reader with such quotations, as might do more honour to the *Italian* than the *English* Poet. In short I have endeavoured to particularize those innumerable kinds of beauty, which it would be tedious to recapitulate, but which are essential to Poetry, and which may be met with in the Works of this great Author. Had I thought, at my first engaging in this design, that it would have led me to so great a length, I believe I should never have entred upon it; but the kind reception which it has met with among those whose judgments I have a value for, give me no reason to repent of the pains I have been at in composing them.



R I N I S.